SONG TREASURY

CARTWRIGHT

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Valley Station, Ky

SONG TREASURY

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Revised with the assistance of

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PREFACE

The Song Treasury is designed to furnish attractive and appropriate music for school assemblies and choruses where singers of varying ages and unequal in musical ability, unite in singing for the sheer joy and companionability of it. For this purpose, no material is more beautiful than the national and folk songs of many nations, through which are expressed the many vital moods and experiences of life. In the sympathetic interpretation of tneir beauties, the singer young or old finds a new element of world kinship, increasing their educational value and his own spiritual enjoyment as well.

The charm of the folk song is in its melodic beauty. Often it needs neither vocal nor instrumental harmonization. Therefore it is most suitable for unison singing.

In translating the songs of other nations, there have been many labors of love. Almost without exception, the translations have been either made or edited by natives of the countries represented—scholars who have loved these songs so much that they wish Americans, both children and grown-ups, to know and love them too.

The Song Treasury is a book for all occasions. In addition to folk songs, it contains art songs by the world's greatest composers, a rich collection of hymns and Christmas carols and national songs of many nations.

In this revised edition, part songs for treble voices have been added, adapting the book for use by girls' high schools, academies and women's choral clubs.

My thanks are due to the Rev. Vincent Pisek, D.D., for permission to use the Bohemian songs "Good-Night," "The Quest," "Under Our Cottage Window" and "My Homeland"; to Katharine Lee Bates for "America the Beautiful"; to Mrs. Jane Byrde-Radcliffe-Whitehead for the use of "Skye Boat Song," and "The Sea Breeze"; to Oliver Ditson & Company for the arrangements from "Echoes of Naples"; to Joseph Katz for "The Miller's Tears"; to the Century Company for "Nun Danket"; to Silver, Burdette & Company for the use of "Sardis"; to G. Schirmer, Inc., for permission to use "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," "Hymn of Thanks," the piano arrangements of "Vermeland," "Flowers of Joy," and "Come Thou Handsome Lad" from "Songs of Sweden," "Menuet d'Exaudet," the part arrangement of "Lullaby" by Brahms, and for the translations of the Italian and Belgian hymns; to Mr. Sveinbjörnsson and his publisher R. W. Pentland of Edinburgh, for permission to use "Dandelions"; to H. W. Gray for permission to use "The Boar's Head Carol," "O Night Peaceful and Blest" and "The Wassail Song"; to Whaley Royce & Company, Ltd., for the use of "O Canada, Our Fathers' Land of Old"; to the editors of the "Tucker Hymnal" for the use of the hymn "God of our Fathers"; to J. Curwen & Sons for "The Farmers Song"; to the Arthur P. Schmidt Company for the arrangement of "Songs My Mother Taught Me"; to Mr. Cecil Sharp and Prof. Charles H. Farnsworth for permission to use material from their books and for much helpful advise; and to all those who, by their help and encouragement, have made this little book possible.

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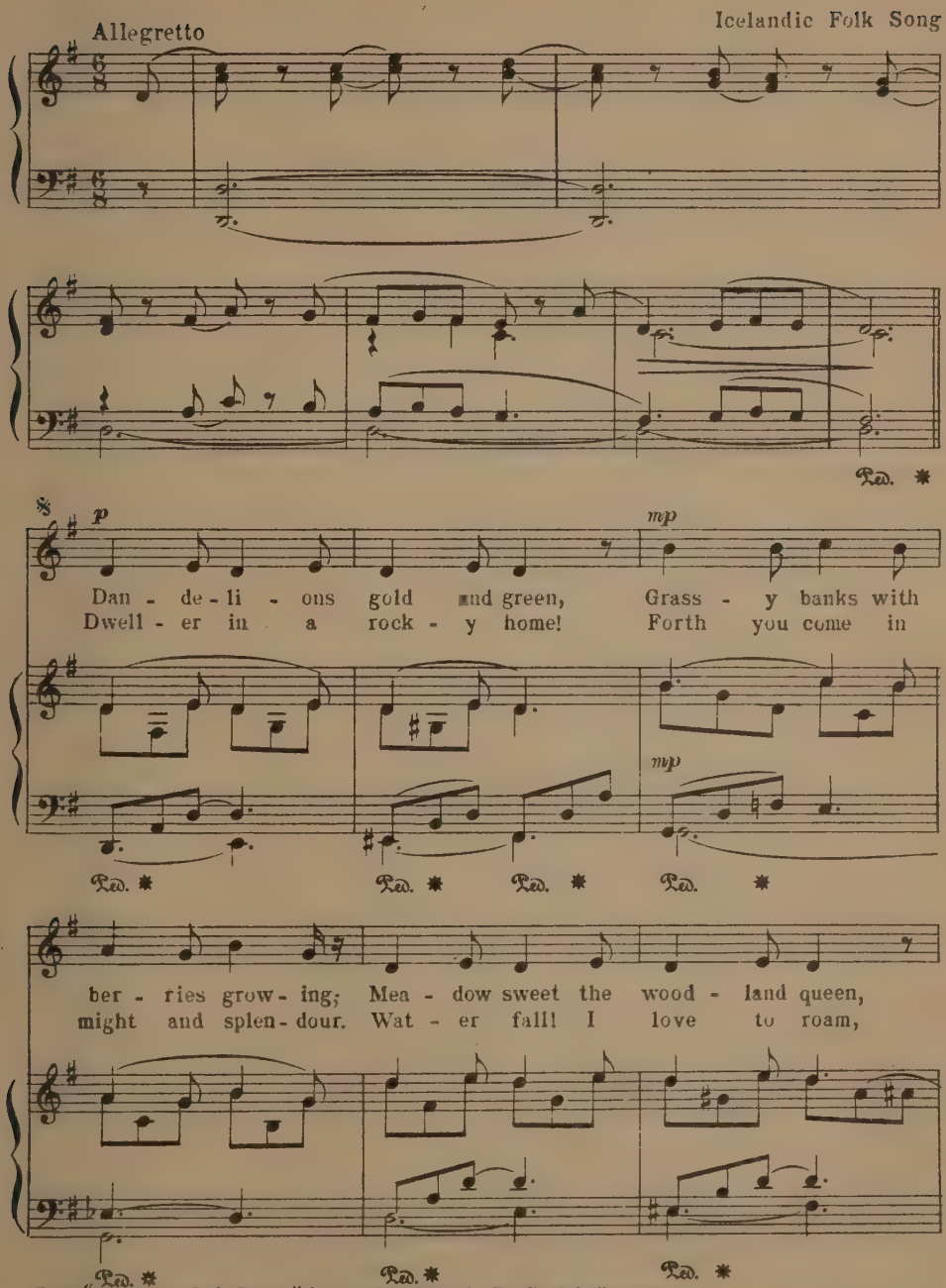
Dandelions Gold and Green

Icelandic Folk Song



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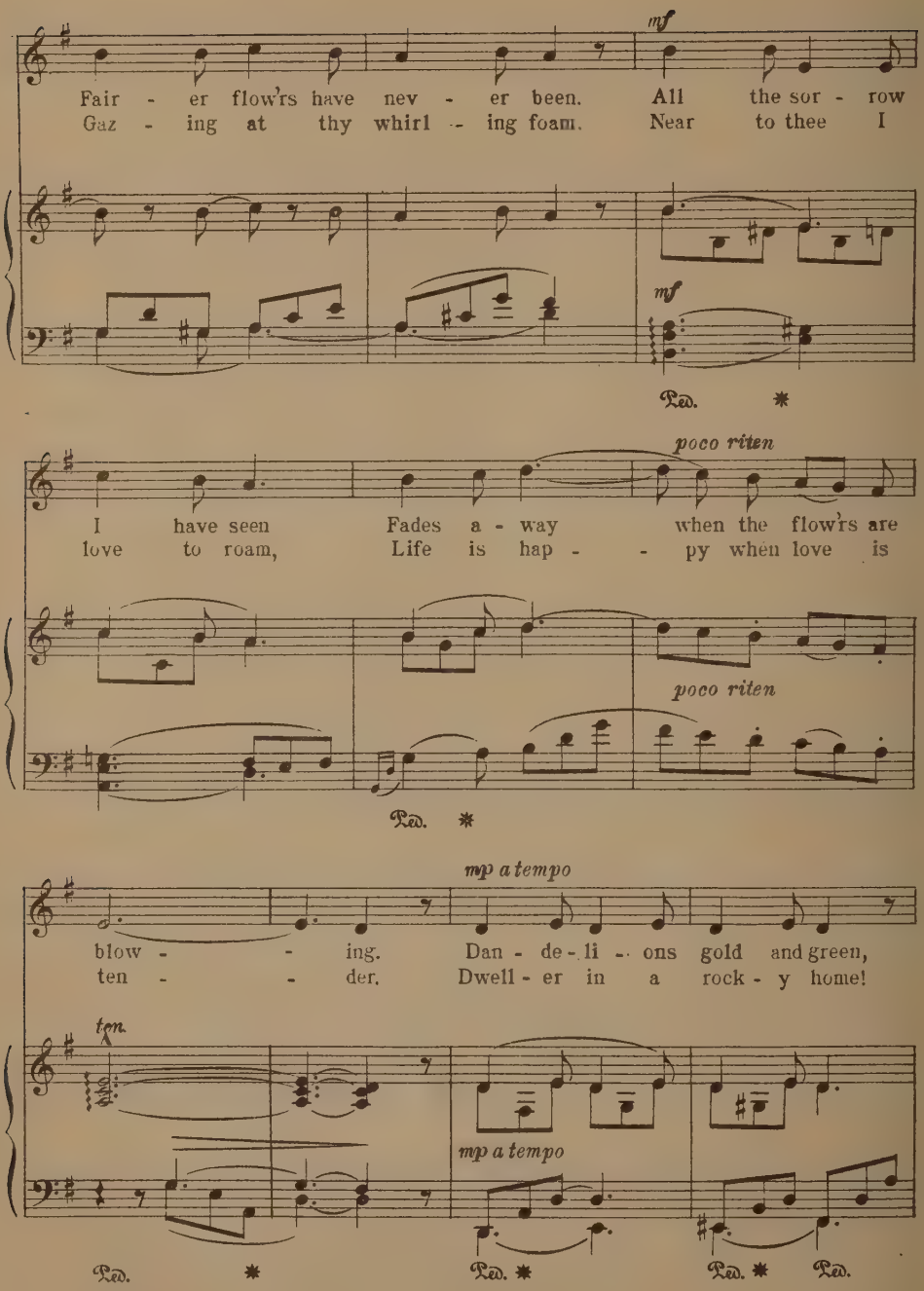
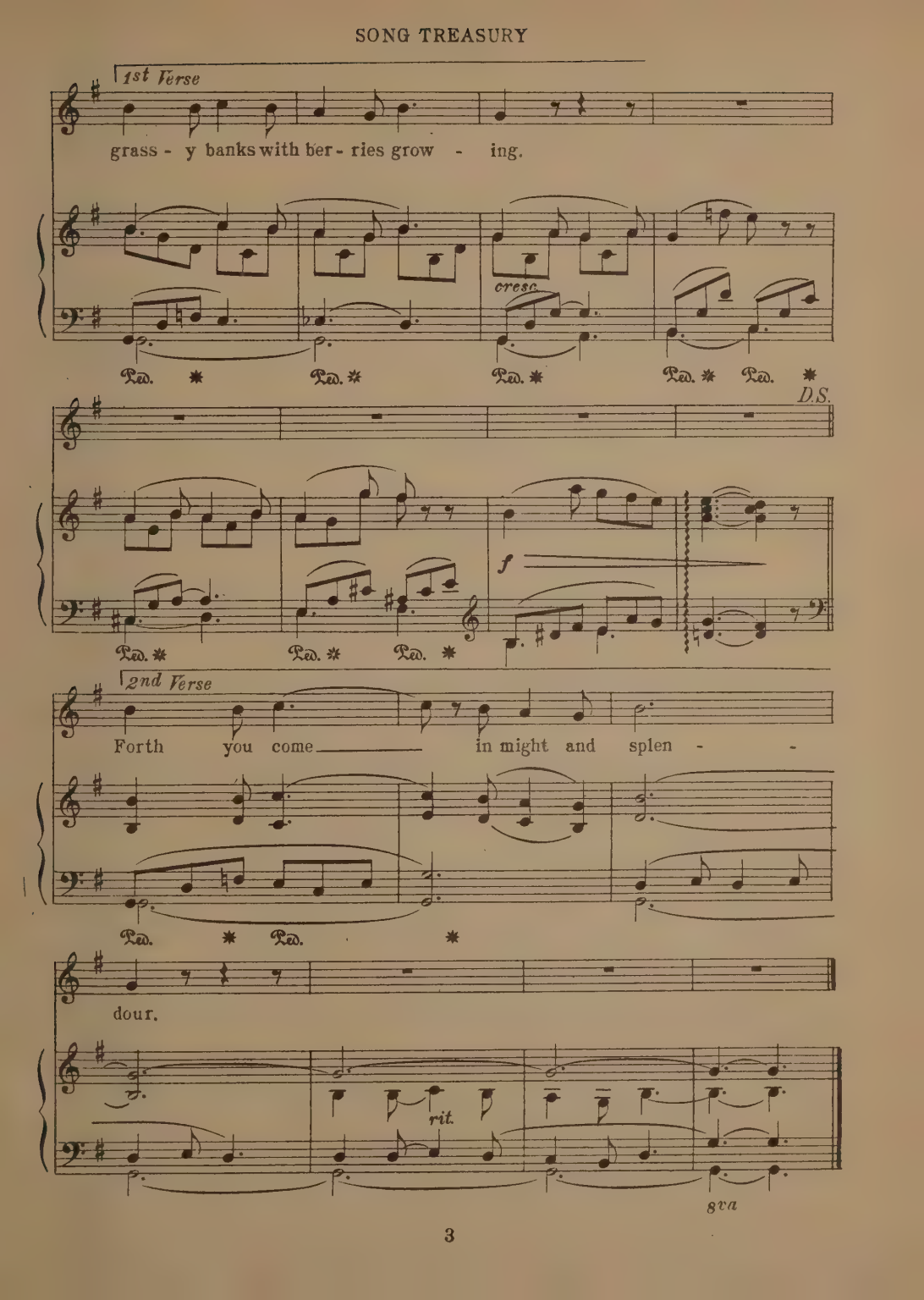
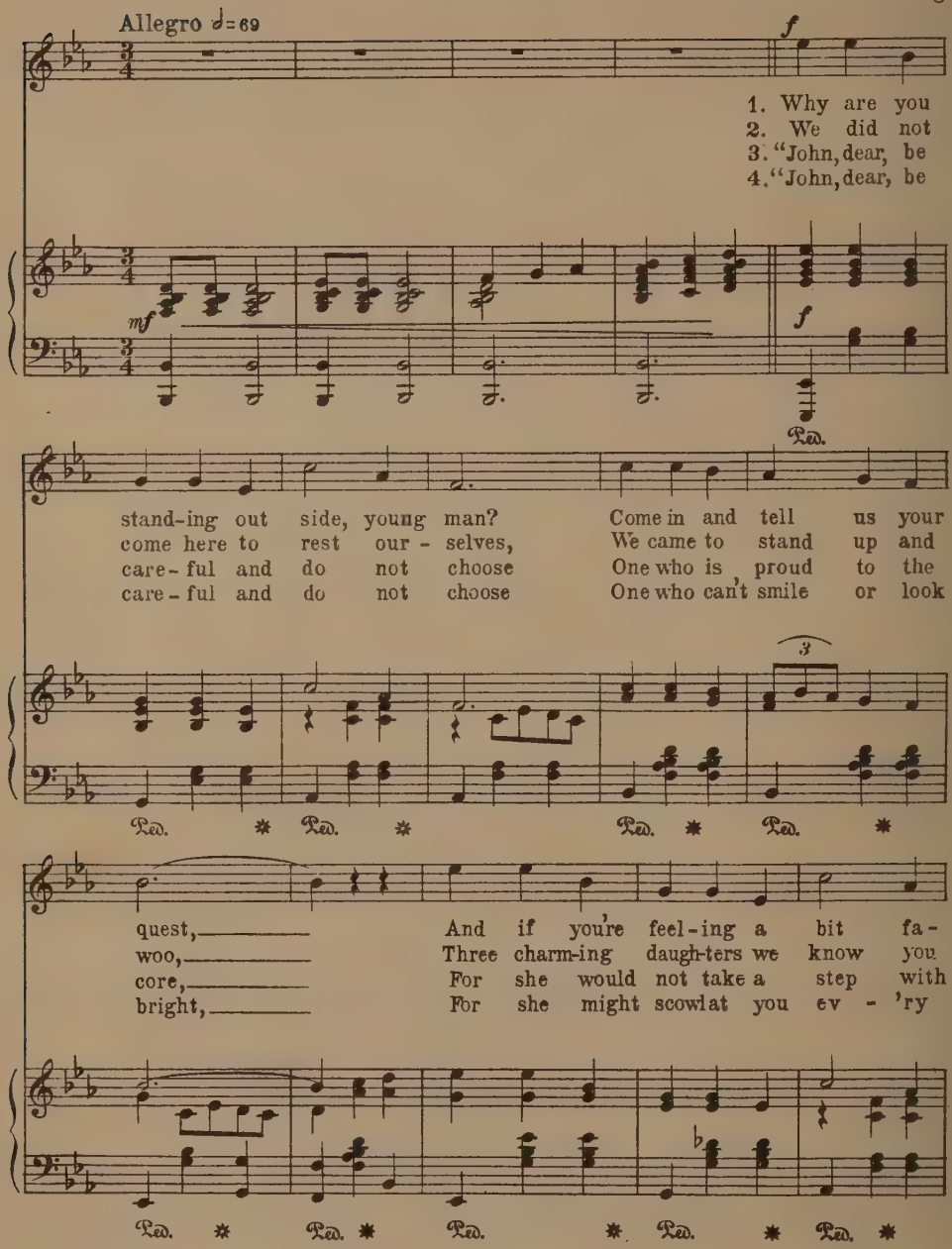

mf
Fair - er flow'rs have nev - er been. All the sor - row
Gaz - ing at thy whirl - ing foam. Near to thee I
mf
Ped. *
poco riten
I have seen Fades a - way when the flow'rs are
love to roam, Life is hap - - py when love is
poco riten
Ped. *
mp a tempo
blow - - ing. Dan - de - li - ons gold and green,
ten - - der. Dwell - er in a rock - y home!
ten.
mp a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.


1st Verse
grass - y banks with ber - ries grow - ing.
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
D.S.
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
2nd Verse
Forth you come in might and splen - -
Ped. * Ped. *
dour.
rit.
8va

The Quest

Bohemian Folk Song



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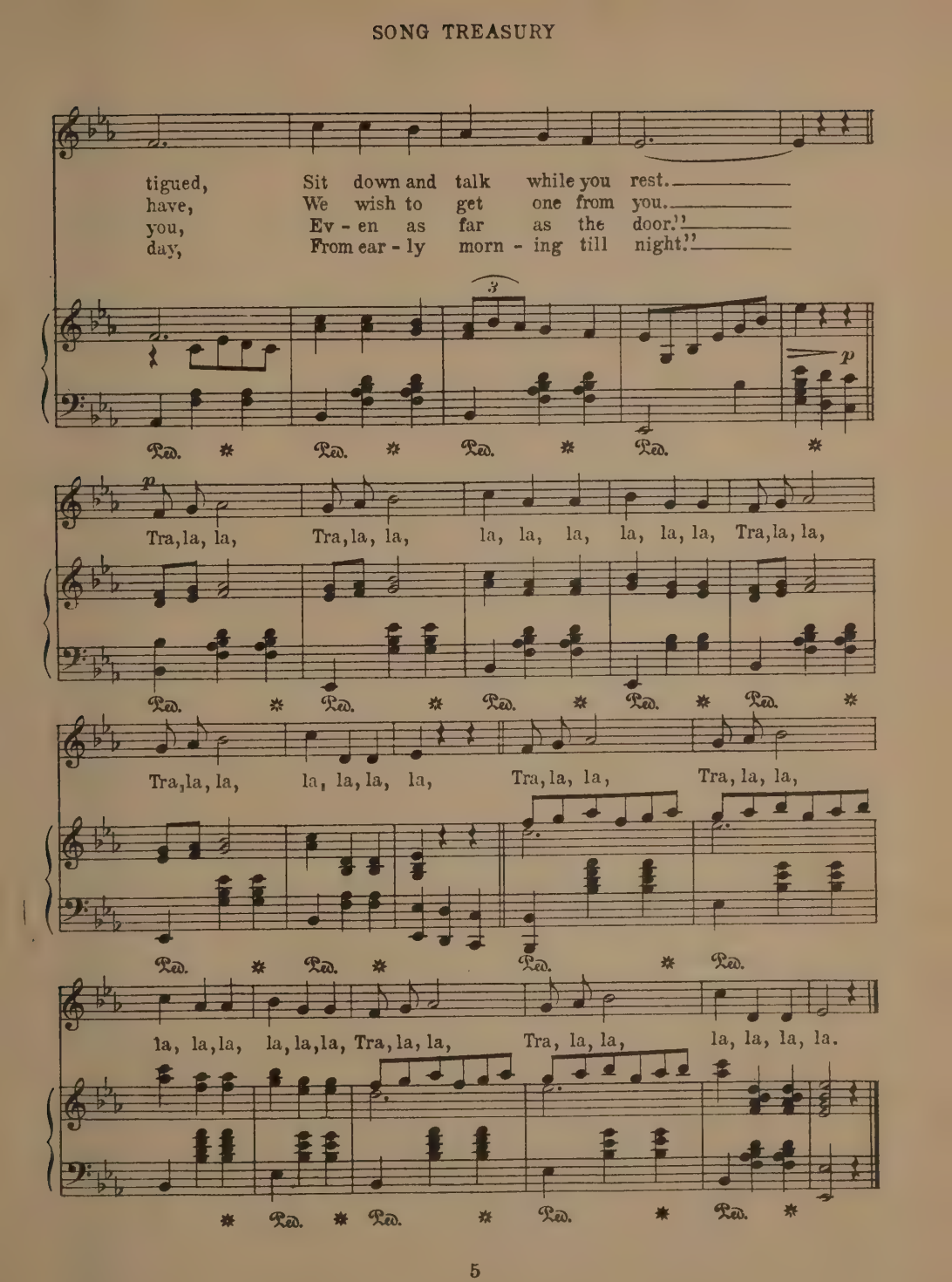
tigued, Sit down and talk while you rest.
have, We wish to get one from you.
you, Ev - en as far as the door."
day, From ear - ly morn - ing till night."
Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Good-night

Bohemian Folk-Song

Adagio ♩=50

p

Good-night, be-lov-ed, good-
Good-night, be-lov-ed, good-

pp

night, good-night; God keep you safe in His watch - ful sight.
night, good-night; God keep you safe in His watch - ful sight.

Ped. * Ped. *

Good - night, dear, soft - ly sleep,
Good - night, dear, dream of me,

Ped. * Ped. *

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Sweet be the dreams of your slum - ber deep.
And may your dreams ev - er pleas - ant be.

Ped. *

Good night dear, soft - ly sleep;
Good night dear, dream of me;

ppp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp

Sweet be the dreams of your slum - ber deep.
And may your dreams ev - er pleas - ant be.

Good-night love.

8va...

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * * Ped. Ped. *

Under Our Cottage Window

Moderato ♩=104 — Bohemian Folk-Song

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf

Un - der our cot - tage win-dow frost is on the
Un - der our cot - tage win-dow snow-white ros - es
Un - der our cot - tage win-dow grows a li - ly

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ground, And the wa - ter in the foun-tain
grow, "Tell me, dear one, 'midst this beau-ty
tall, "Tell me, fair one, do the young men

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

By permission from "Twenty-two Bohemian Folk Songs" by Rev. Vincent Pisek D.D.

now is i - cy bound. With a hatch-et
what can cause your woe?" "I need some-thing
of - ten come to call?" No one ev - er

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

I'll go o - ver And cut thro' the glis - 'ning cov-er,
more than flow-ers, In this drear-y world of ours,
thinks of call - ing, No one ev - er thinks of call-ing,

mp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf

Then the wa-ter, free from bond-age, will be once more found.
For my heart is sad and lone-ly, and my hot tears flow."
Ev - 'ry-bo-dy shuns a maid-en with a dow-ry small."

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

The British Grenadiers

Time of Queen Elizabeth

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der And
2. When - e'er we are com - mand-ed To —
3. Then let us fill a bum-per And

some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san-der, And
storm the pal - i - sades, Our lead - ers march with fu - sees, And
drink a health to those Who car - ry caps and pouches, And

such great names as these; But of all the world's brave
we with hand gren - ades; We — throw them from the
wear the loup - ed clothes; May — they and their com -

1 & 2

he - - roes There's none that can com pare With a
gla - - cis A - bout the en - è - mies ears Sing
mand - - ers Live hap - py all their years

tow, row, row, row, row, row, To the Brit - ish Gren-a - dier.
tow, row, row, row, row, row, The Brit - ish Gren-a - diers.

3

With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, For the Brit-ish Gren-a - diers.

Come, Lassies and Lads

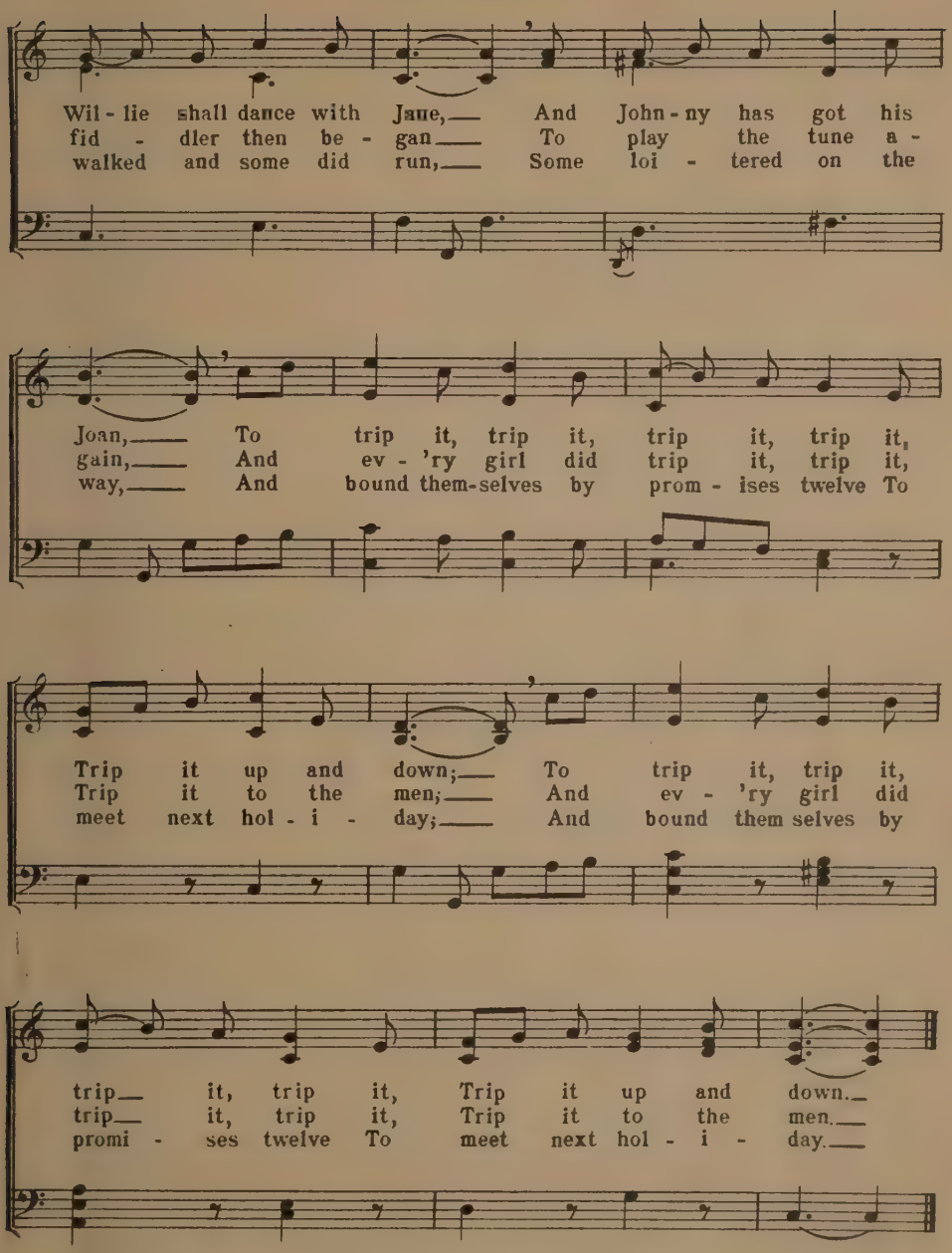
Allegretto — English

f

Come, lassies and lads,— get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May pole hie;— For ev - 'ry fair has a sweet-heart there, And the fid - dler's stand-ing by.— For

"You're out," says Dick;— "Not I,"— says Nick, 'Twas the fid - dler play'd it wrong."— "'Tis true," says Hugh; and so says Sue,— And so says ev - 'ry one.— The

"Good night," says Har - ry; "Good night," says Mar - y; "Good night,"— says Poll to John.— "Good night," says Sue to her sweet heart Hugh;— "Good - night," says ev - 'ry one.— Some


Wil - lie shall dance with Jane, And John - ny has got his
fid - dler then be - gan To play the tune a -
walked and some did run, Some loi - tered on the
Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
gain, And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
way, And bound them-selves by prom - ises twelve To
Trip it up and down; To trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men; And ev - 'ry girl did
meet next hol - i - day; And bound them selves by
trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.
trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
promi - ses twelve To meet next hol - i - day.

The Waits

Jer. Saville (1667)

Vivace

Let us all sing, mer - ri - ly sing, let us
Fa la la la la la la la, fa la

all sing, mer - ri - ly sing, Till e - cho a - round us,
la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la,

e - cho a-round us, e - cho a - round us res - pon-sive shall ring.
fa la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la.

Haste Thee, Nymph

Round

John Milton

F. Arnold

Allegretto

1 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth-ful jol - li - ty,

2 Quips, and cranks, and wan - ton wiles, Nods, and becks, and wreath-ed smiles,

3 Sport that wrin - kled care de-rides, And laugh-ter hold - ing both his sides.

The Farmer's Song

Florence Hoare — Sussex Tune

Allegro

1. A - way in the morn-ing light I go, The
2. Some folk have a taste for pos - ies fine, For
3. Out there in the fields, it seems to me, Are

mf

good brown earth to till and hoe, And it mat-ters not to me If the
ros - es red and col - um-bine, But al - tho' they may be right, To_
sights e - nough for folk to see, Each fur - row straight and true, Or the

birds should si - lent be,_ For the mu-sic of the plough is the song for me:
me a fin - er sight Is a har-vest field a - wav-ing with its gold and white:
corn that's spring-ing through, Is a pic-ture that's as fine_ as I want to view.

f

Turn, turn, good brown earth, You're dear to ev'-ry far-mer for he knows your worth.

f

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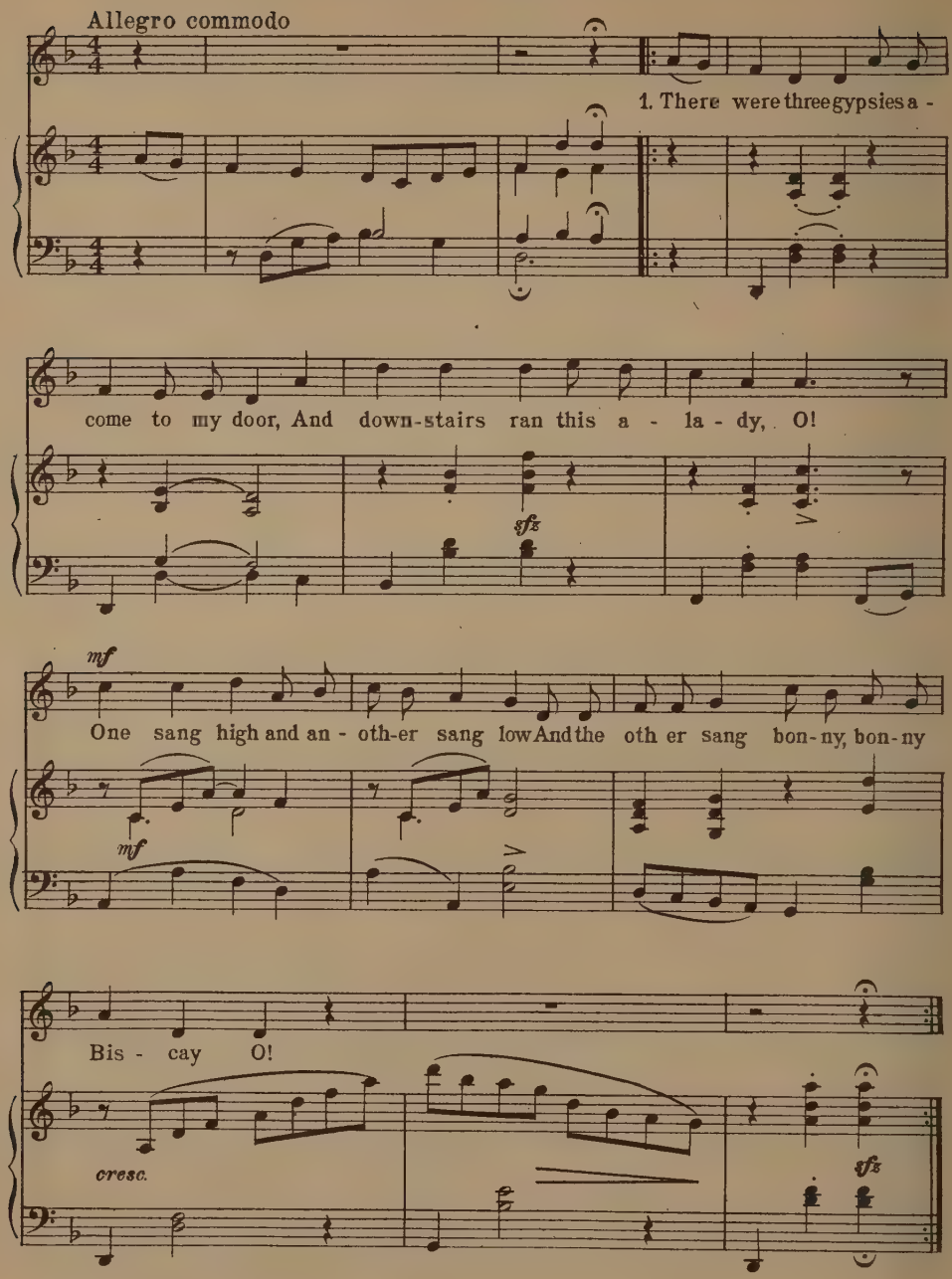
The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies, O!



2 Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

3 It was late last night, when my lord came home,
Enquiring for his a-lady, O!
The servants said, on every hand:
She's gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

4 O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
Go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

5 O he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

6 What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord,
To go with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?

7 What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

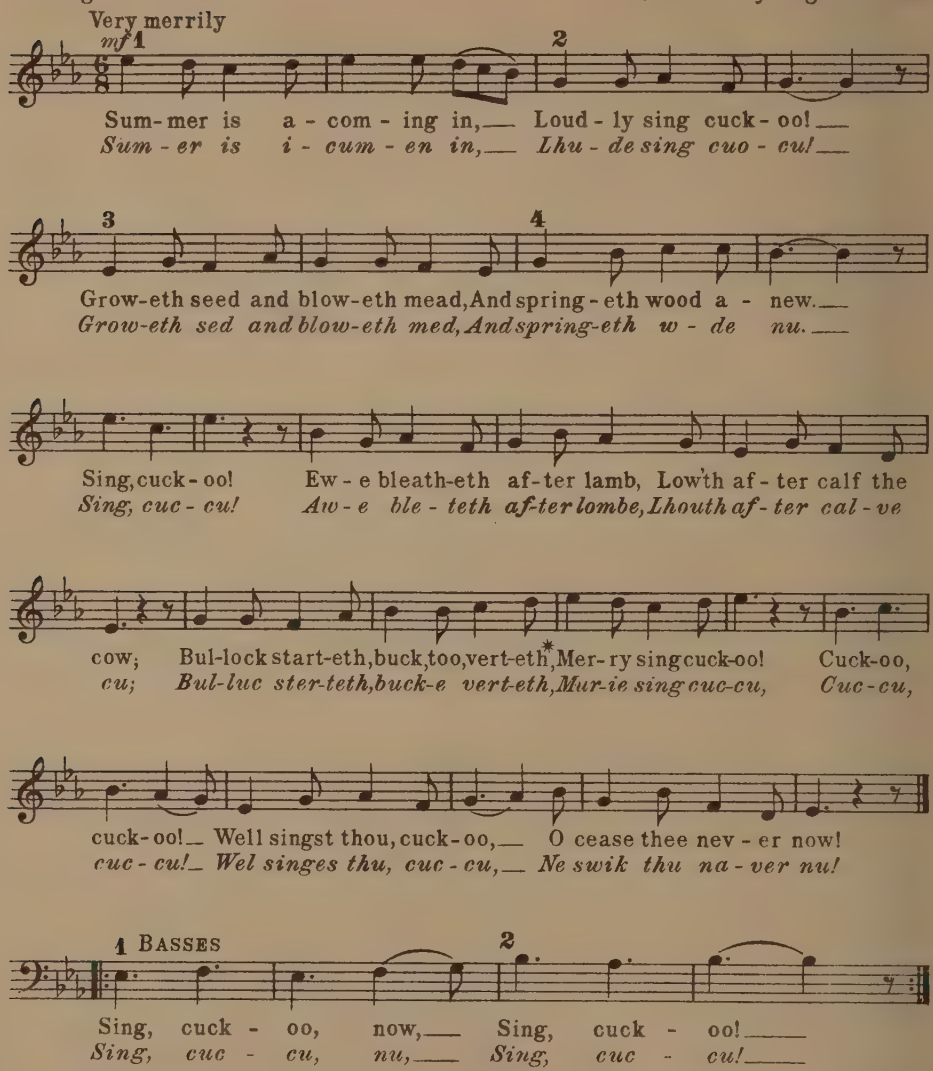
8 Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

9 What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O?
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

Summer Is A-coming In

Sumer is icumen in

Old English — 13th Century English Round



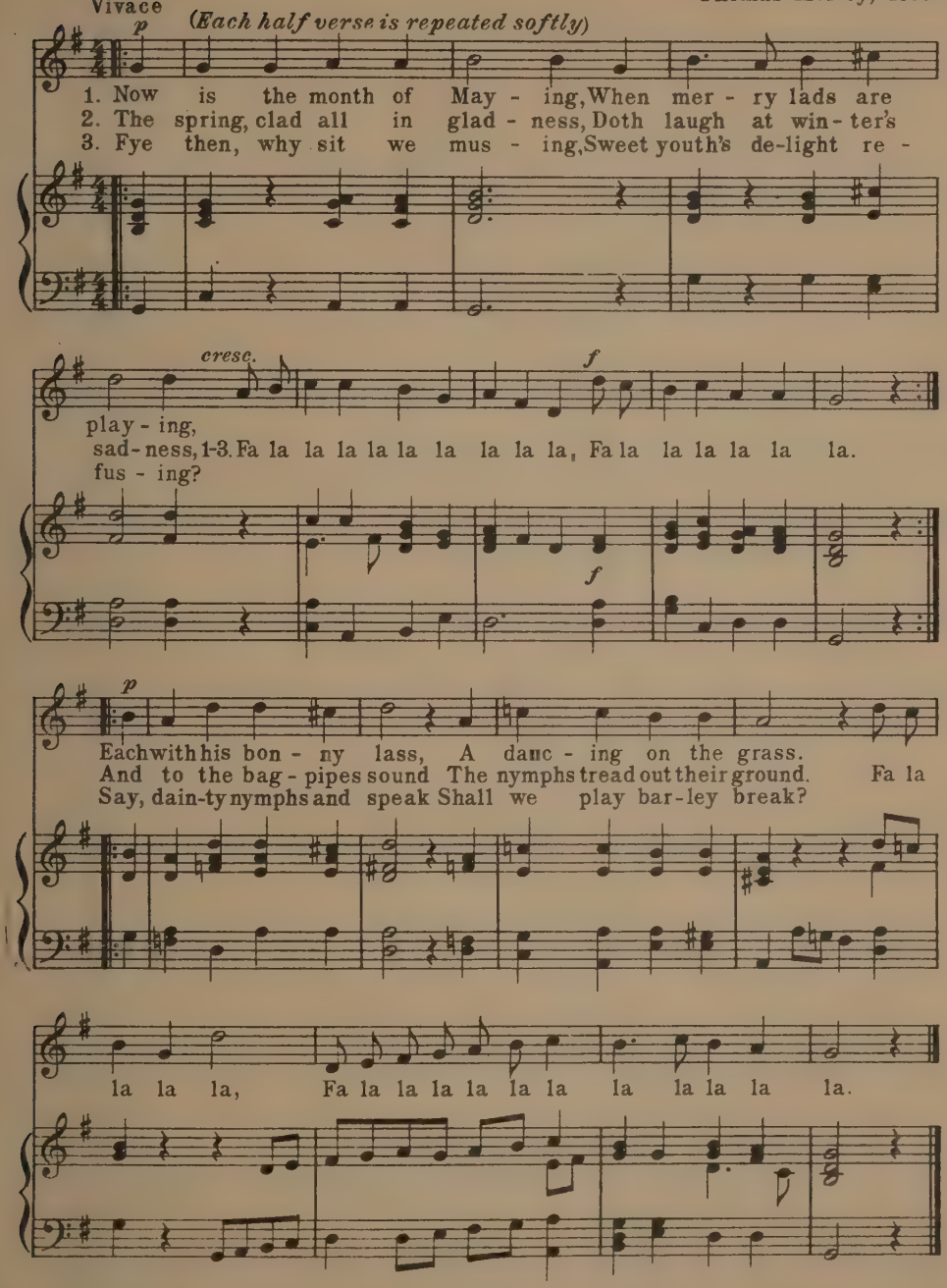
"Sumer is icumen in" is believed to be the oldest example of part-music in existence. The original MS., transcribed by John of Fornsete, a Monk of the Monastery of Reading, about the year 1226, is now in the British Museum.

The 1st bass or "Pes," as it is called in the original, with the 2nd bass should be sung by two adult male voices. They form a constant bass to the other parts. These parts should not be sung by treble voices because the notes would be sounded an octave too high. The round is usually sung without the basses.

* verteth, seeks the green fern.

Now Is the Month of Maying

Thomas Morley, 1595



The Keys of Heaven

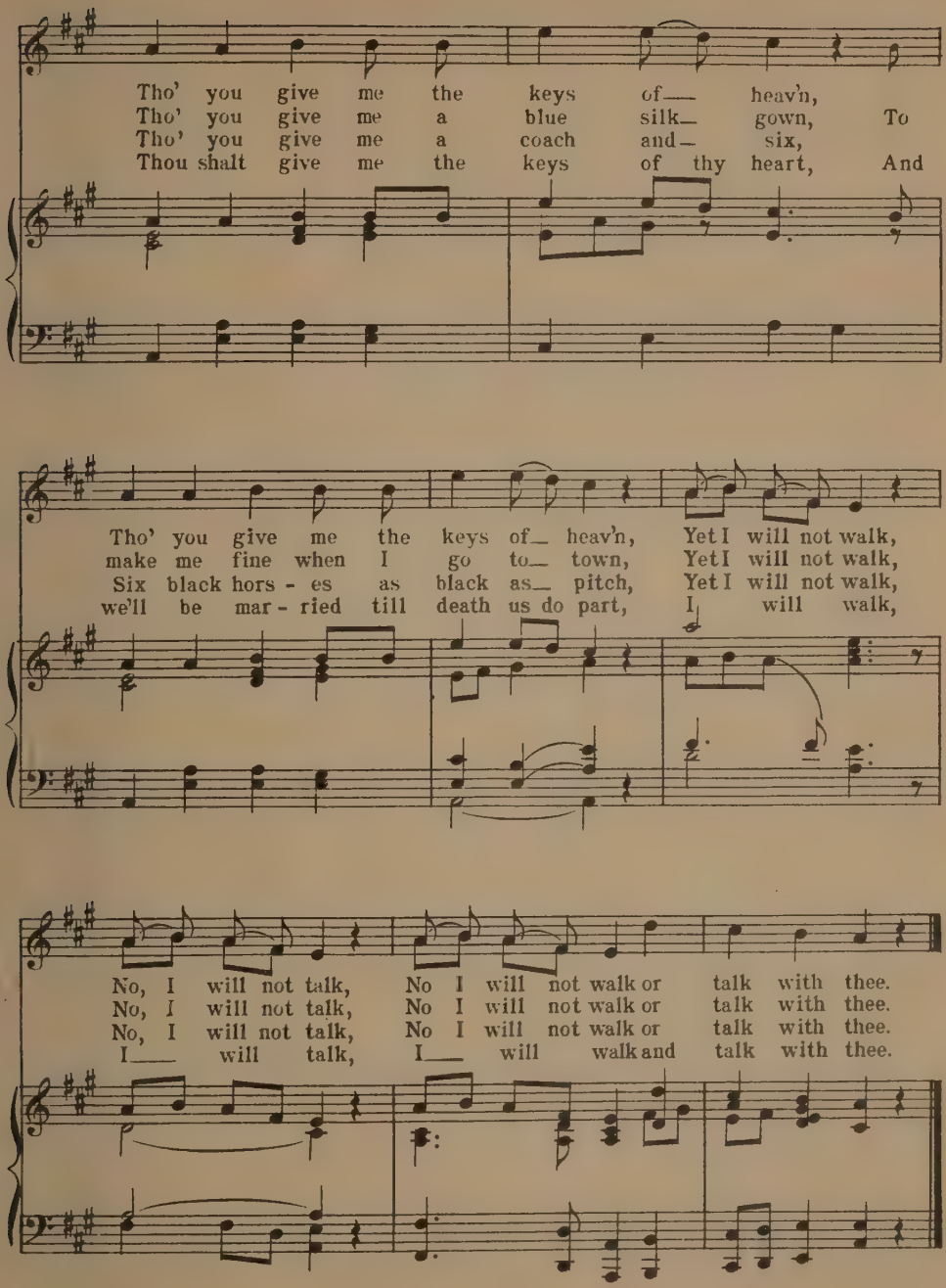
English

Animato

1. I will give you the keys of heav'n,
2. I will give you a blue silk gown, To
3. I will give you a coach and six,
4. I will give you the keys of my heart, And

I will give you the keys of heav'n,
make you fine when you go to town,
Six black hors - es as black as pitch, Mad-am will you walk?
we'll be mar - ried till death us do part,

Mad - am will you talk? Mad - am will you walk and talk with me?


Tho' you give me the keys of heav'n,
Tho' you give me a blue silk gown, To
Tho' you give me a coach and six,
Thou shalt give me the keys of thy heart, And
Tho' you give me the keys of heav'n, Yet I will not walk,
make me fine when I go to town, Yet I will not walk,
Six black hors - es as black as pitch, Yet I will not walk,
we'll be mar - ried till death us do part, I will walk,
No, I will not talk, No I will not walk or talk with thee.
No, I will not talk, No I will not walk or talk with thee.
No, I will not talk, No I will not walk or talk with thee.
I will talk, I will walk and talk with thee.

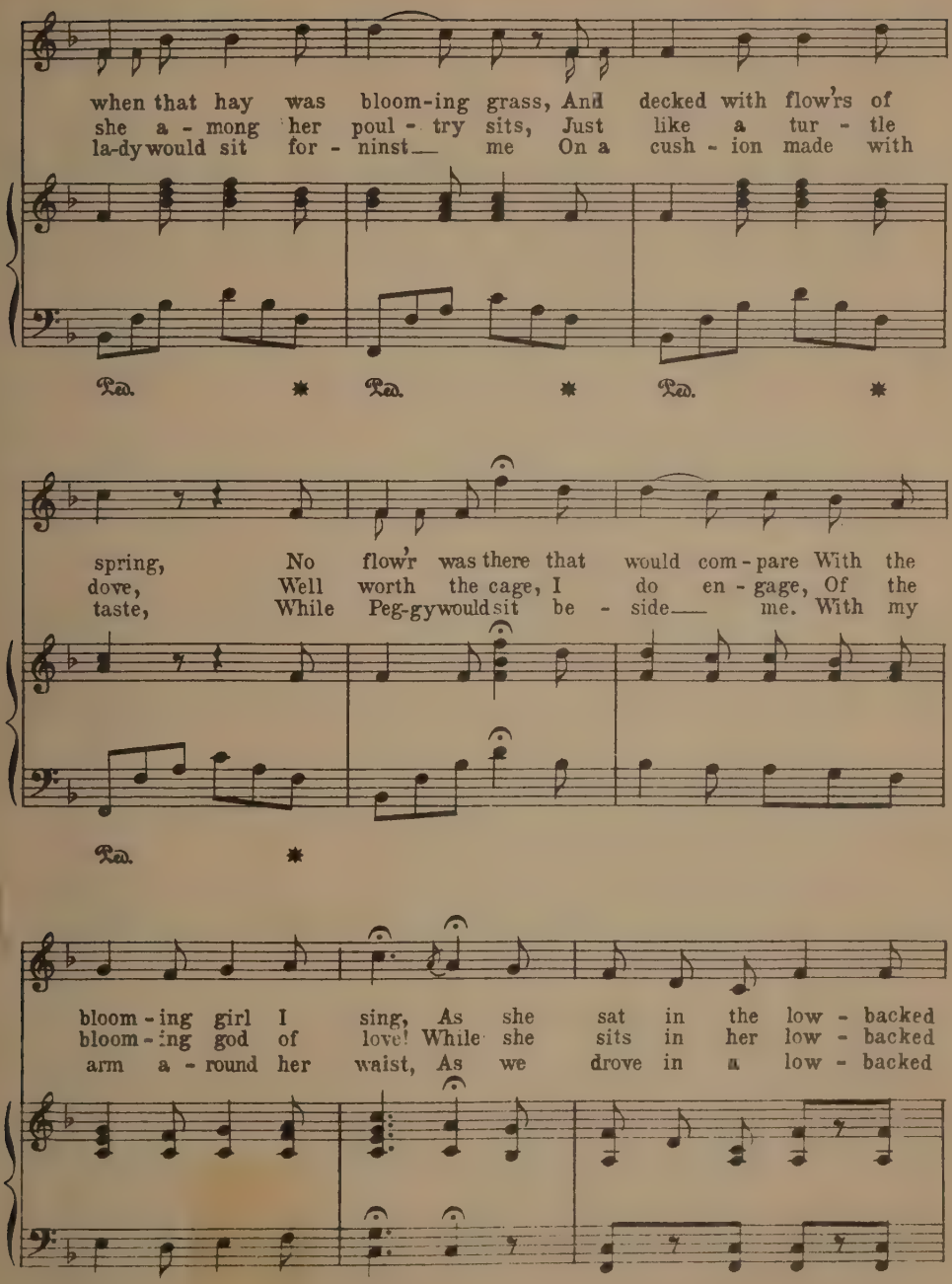
The Low-backed Car

Samuel Lover — Irish Air

1. When first I saw my Peg - gy, 'Twas
2. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has
3. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With

on a mar - ket day, A low - backed car she
strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
Peg - gy by my side, Than coach and four, and

drove, and sat Up - on a load of hay; But
slaugh - ters By far out num - bered these. While
gold ga - lore, And a la - dy for my bride, For the


when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And decked with flow'rs of
she a - mong her poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle
la-dy would sit for - ninst— me On a cush - ion made with
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
spring, No flow'r was there that would com - pare With the
dove, Well worth the cage, I do en - gage, Of the
taste, While Peg-gy would sit be - side— me. With my
Ped. *
bloom - ing girl I sing, As she sat in the low - backed
bloom - ing god of love! While she sits in her low - backed
arm a - round her waist, As we drove in a low - backed

car, The man at the turn - pike
car, The lov - ers come near and
car, To be mar - ried by Fath - er

bar Nev - er ask for the toll, But just
far, And en - vy the chick - en That
Mahr, Oh, my heart would beat high At her

rall.

rubbed his old poll, And looked aft - er the low - backed car.
Peg - gy is pick - in', As she sits in the low - backed car.
glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - backed car.

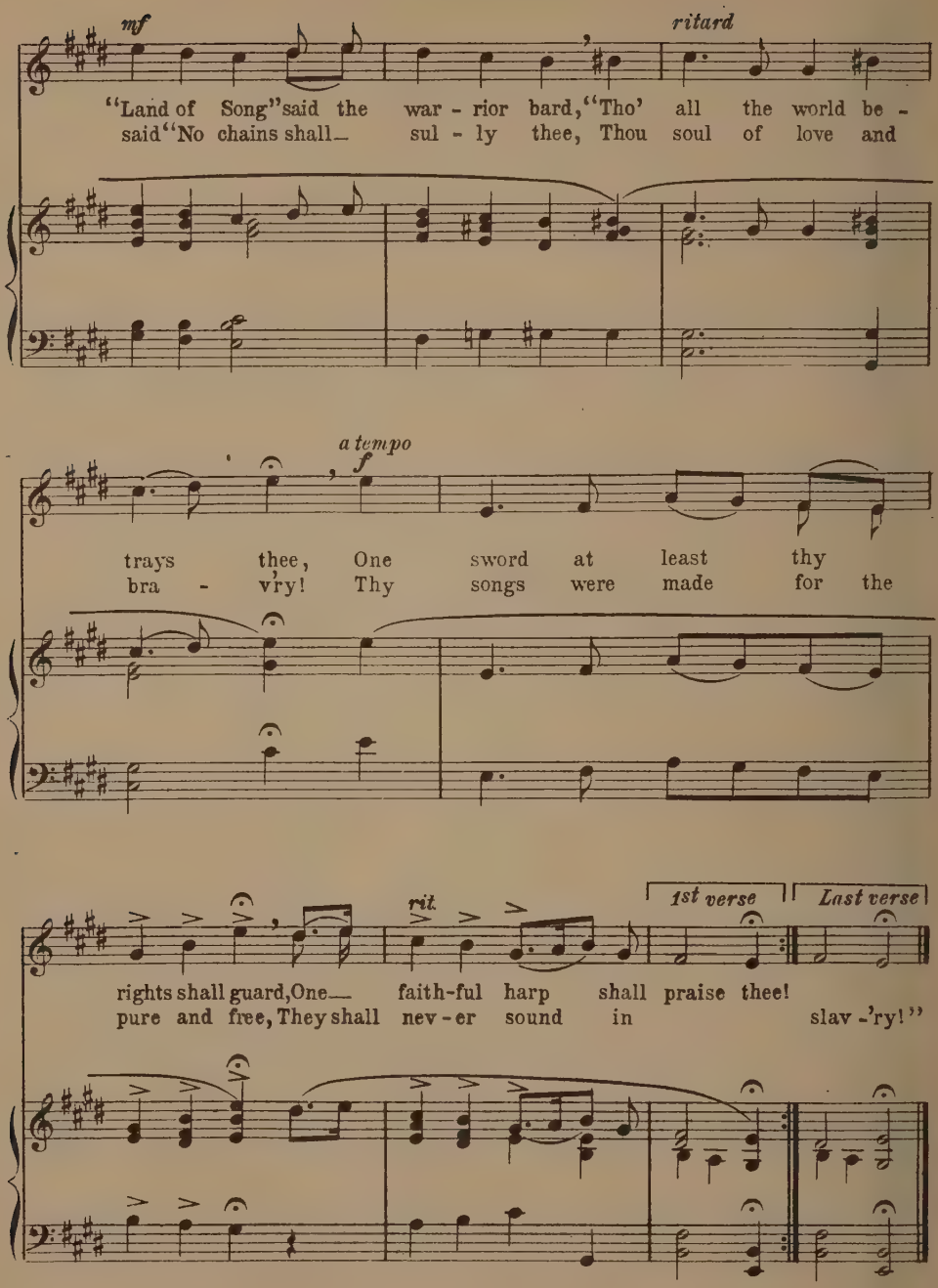
colla voce

The Minstrel Boy

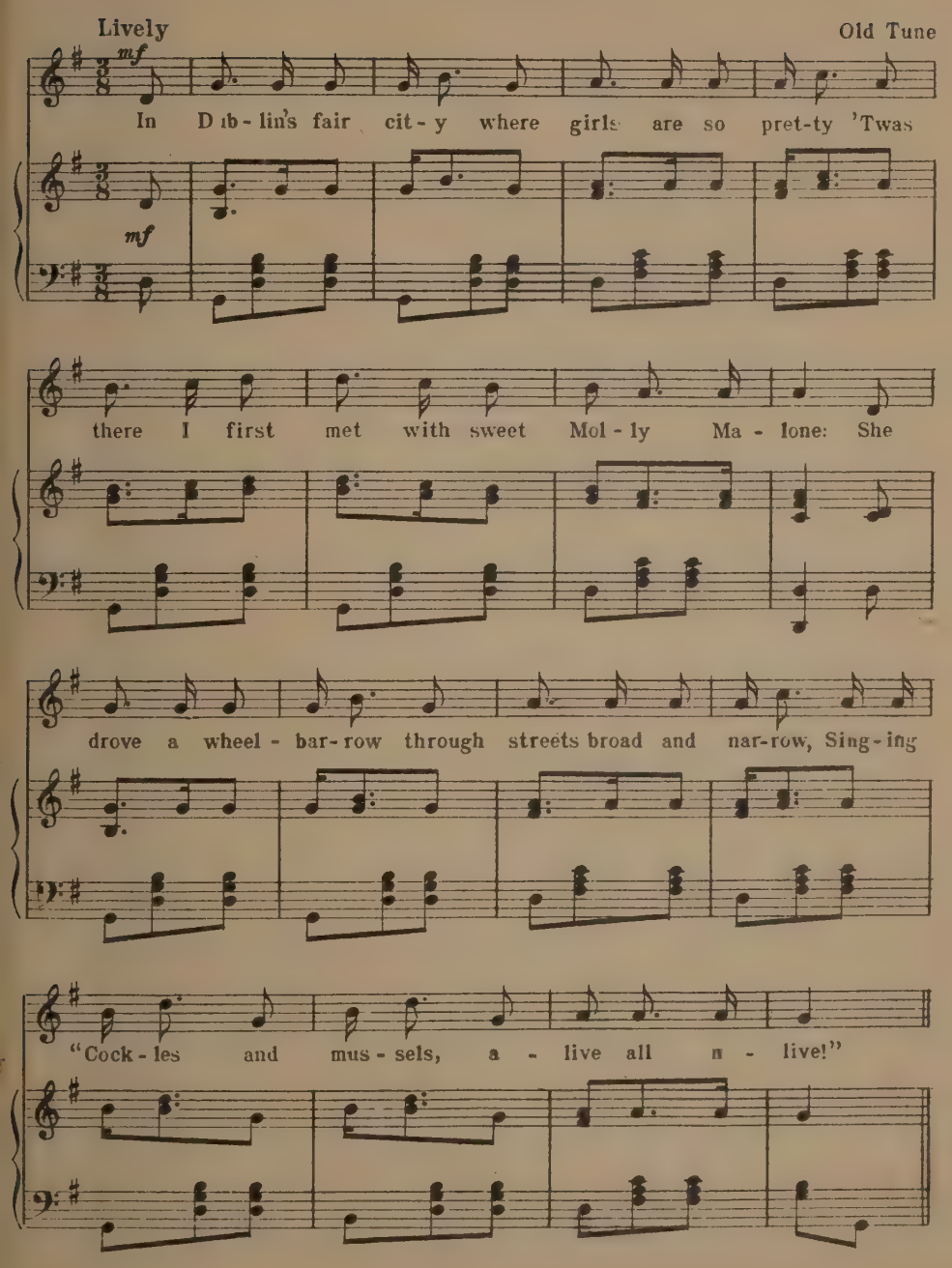
Thomas Moore — Irish Melody

In march time

1. The min - strel boy to the war has gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him. His fath-er's sword he has gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
2. The min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der. The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der. And


mf
ritard
"Land of Song" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -
said "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and
a tempo
f
trays thee, One sword at least thy
bra - v'ry! Thy songs were made for the
rit.
1st verse
Last verse
rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee!
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!"

Cockles and Mussels



Refrain

A - live, a - live oh!— a - live, a - live oh!— Sing-ing

Cock - les and mus - sels a live, all a - live!"

p *Slower*

She died of the "fa - ver" and noth - ing could save her, And

p

that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone: But her

ghost drives a bar-row through streets broad and nar-row, Sing ing

"Cock-les and mus-sels a-live, all a-live!"

Refrain

mf Faster

A-live, a-live oh! a-live, a-live

mf

oh! Sing-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a-live, all a-live!"

My Love's an Arbutus

A. P. Graves

Irish

My love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of
But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the
A - - las, fruit and blos - som Shall lie dead on the

Lene, So slen - der and shape-ly In her gir - dle of
flow'r, That bright - en to - geth-er The ar - bu - tus
lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers Dim your young charms, Ma -

cresc.

green. And I meas - ure the pleas - ure of her eyes' sap - phire
bow'r Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Thro' sun - shine and
chree, But un - rang - ing, un - chang - ing You'll still cling to

sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch-ing screen.
show'r, Give me her bright lips And her laugh's pearl-y dow'r.
me Like the ev - er - green leaf To the ar - bu - tus tree.

The Rising of the Lark

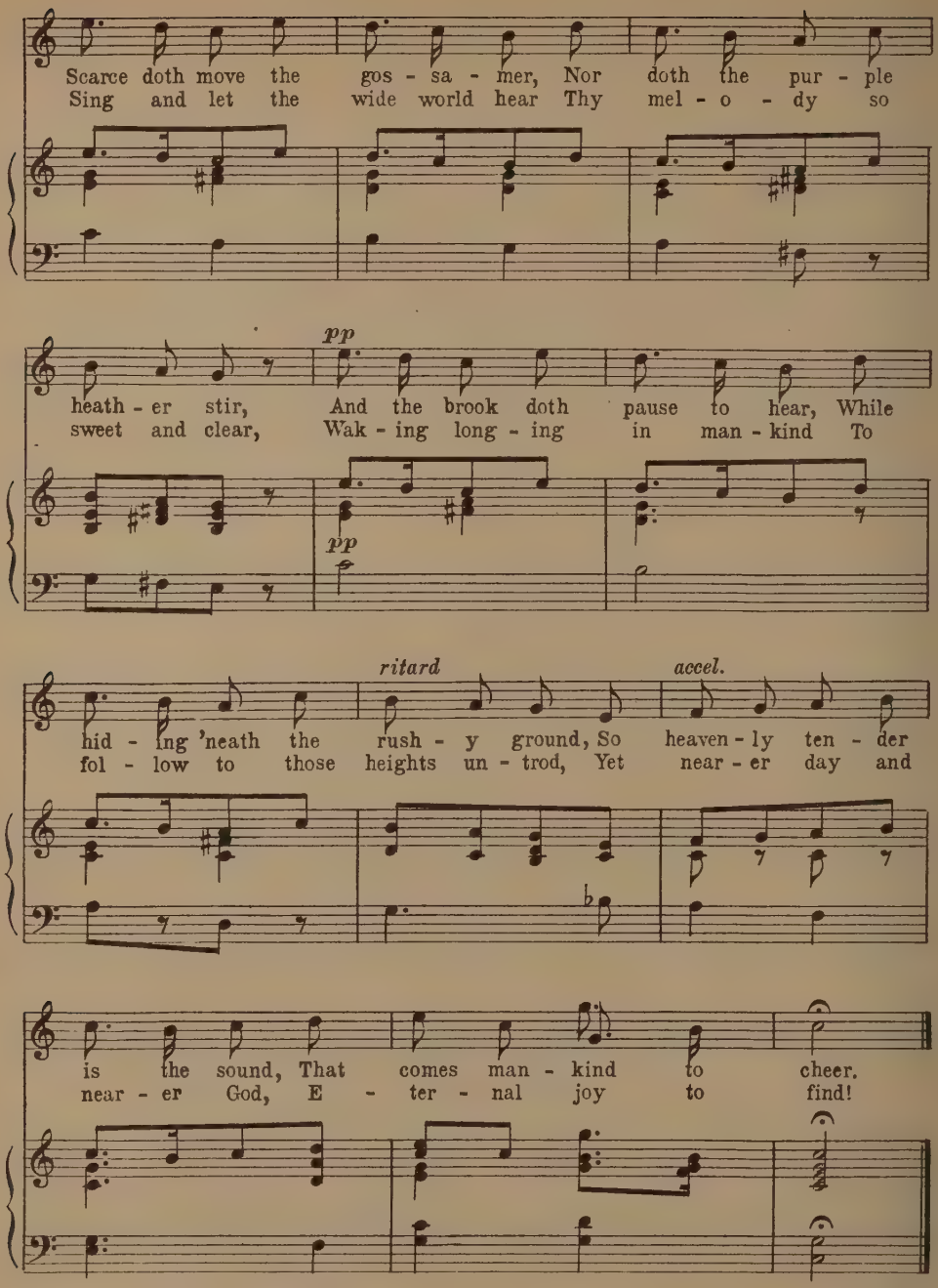
Lively — Welsh

1. Hark, Hark! his morn - ing praise In war-blings sweet the
2. Rise, rise, Oh lark, then rise On soft gray wing to

lark doth raise To Par - a - dise a - bove.
yon - der skies; As - cend - ing ev - er high'r

Are they the pearls of song Dropp'd by a count - less
May no sweet note be lost! Rise near - er to the

an - gel throng When sing - ing peace and love?
hap - py host Who loft - i - ly as - pire!

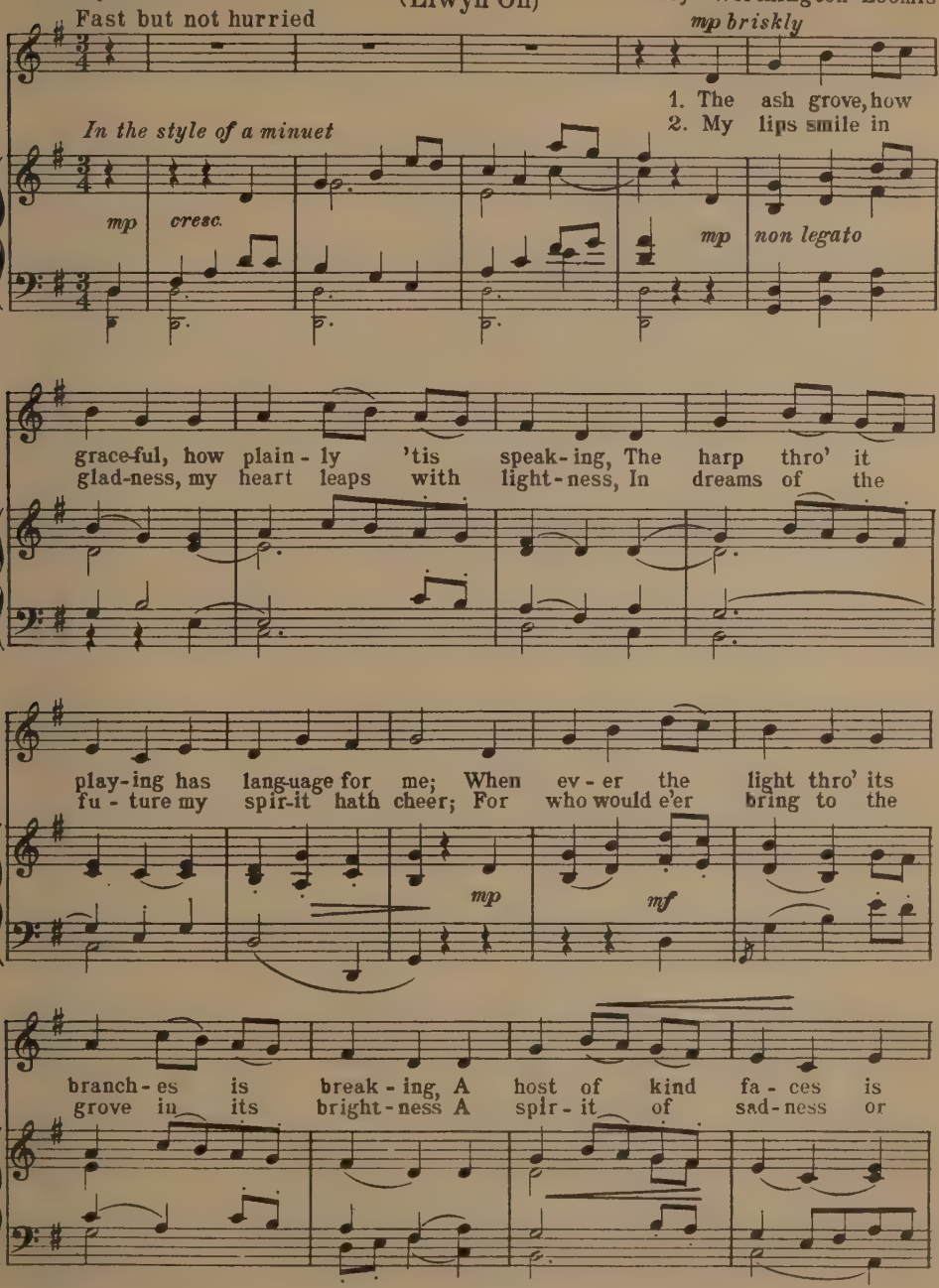

Scarce doth move the gos - sa - mer, Nor doth the pur - ple
Sing and let the wide world hear Thy mel - o - dy so
pp
heath - er stir, And the brook doth pause to hear, While
sweet and clear, Wak - ing long - ing in man - kind To
pp
ritard
accel.
hid - ing 'neath the rush - y ground, So heaven - ly ten - der
fol - low to those heights un - trod, Yet near - er day and
is the sound, That comes man - kind to cheer.
near - er God, E - ter - nal joy to find!

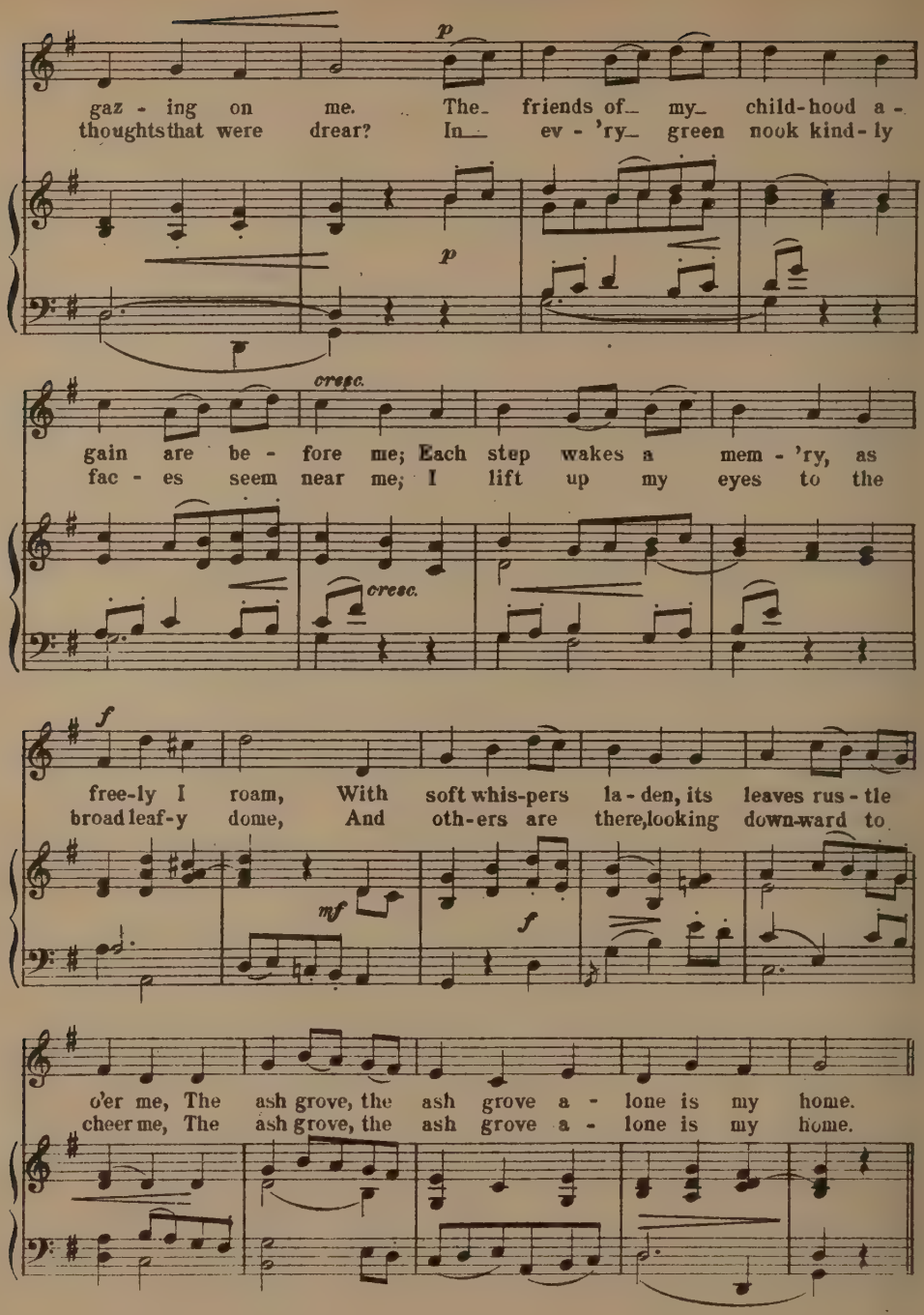
The Ash Grove

(Llwyn On)

English Translation by
John Oxenford
Adapted H.W.L.

Welsh Folk Tune
Piano accompaniment by
Harvey Worthington Loomis




p
gaz - ing on me. The friends of my child-hood a -
thoughts that were drear? In ev - 'ry green nook kind - ly
p
cresc.
gain are be - fore me; Each step wakes a mem - 'ry, as
fac - es seem near me; I lift up my eyes to the
cresc.
f
free-ly I roam, With soft whis-pers la - den, its leaves rus - tle
broad leaf-y dome, And oth-ers are there, looking down-ward to
mf
f
o'er me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home.
cheer me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home.

All Through The Night

Old Welsh

David Owen

p

1. Sleep my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night;
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the night;
3. Hark a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro the night;

Guard-ian an-gels God will send thee, All thro' the night.
While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing, All thro' the night.
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-ing, Home thro' the night.

Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,
O'er thy spir-it gent-ly steal-ing, Vis-ion of de-light re-veal-ing,
Earth-ly dust from off thee shak-en, By good an-gels thou art tak-en,

I my lov-ing vi-gil keep-ing, All thro' the night.
Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
Soul im-mor-tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

Skye Boat Song

Jacobite

Harold Boulton

Old Highland Rowing Measure
arr. by Malcolm Lawson

With animation and well accented

f

Chorus to begin, and after each verse

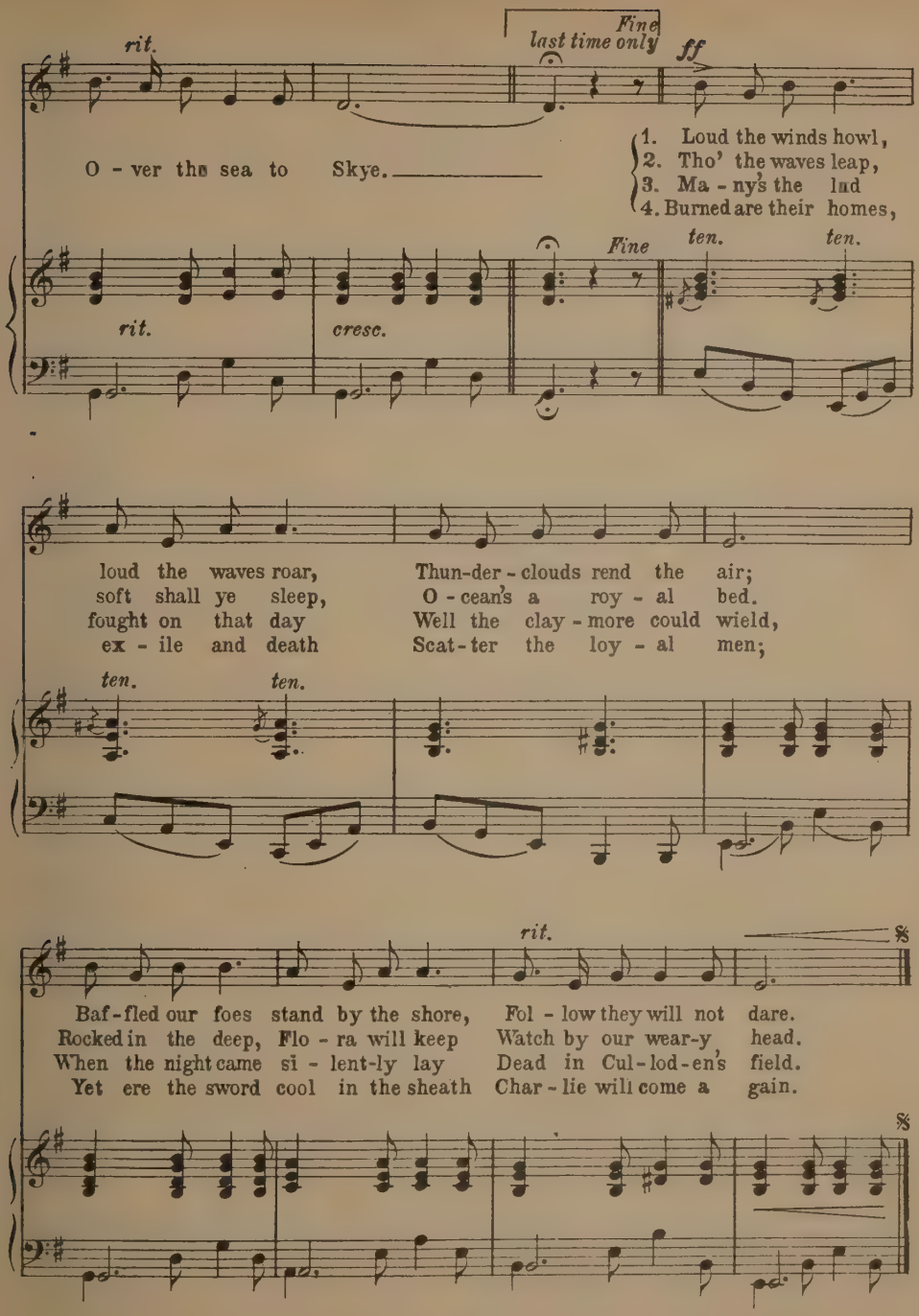
f

Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward! the sail-ors

f

cry; Car-ry the lad that's born to be King

By permission from "Folk Songs for Children" by Mrs. Jane Byrd Radcliffe-Whitehead


rit.
Fine
last time only
ff
O - ver the sea to Skye.
1. Loud the winds howl,
2. Tho' the waves leap,
3. Ma - ny's the lad
4. Burned are their homes,
rit.
cresc.
Fine
ten.
ten.
loud the waves roar, Thun-der - clouds rend the air;
soft shall ye sleep, O - cean's a roy - al bed.
fought on that day Well the clay - more could wield,
ex - ile and death Scat - ter the loy - al men;
ten.
ten.
rit.
Baf - fled our foes stand by the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.
Rocked in the deep, Flo - ra will keep Watch by our wear-y head.
When the night came si - lent-ly lay Dead in Cul-lod-en's field.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath Char - lie will come a gain.

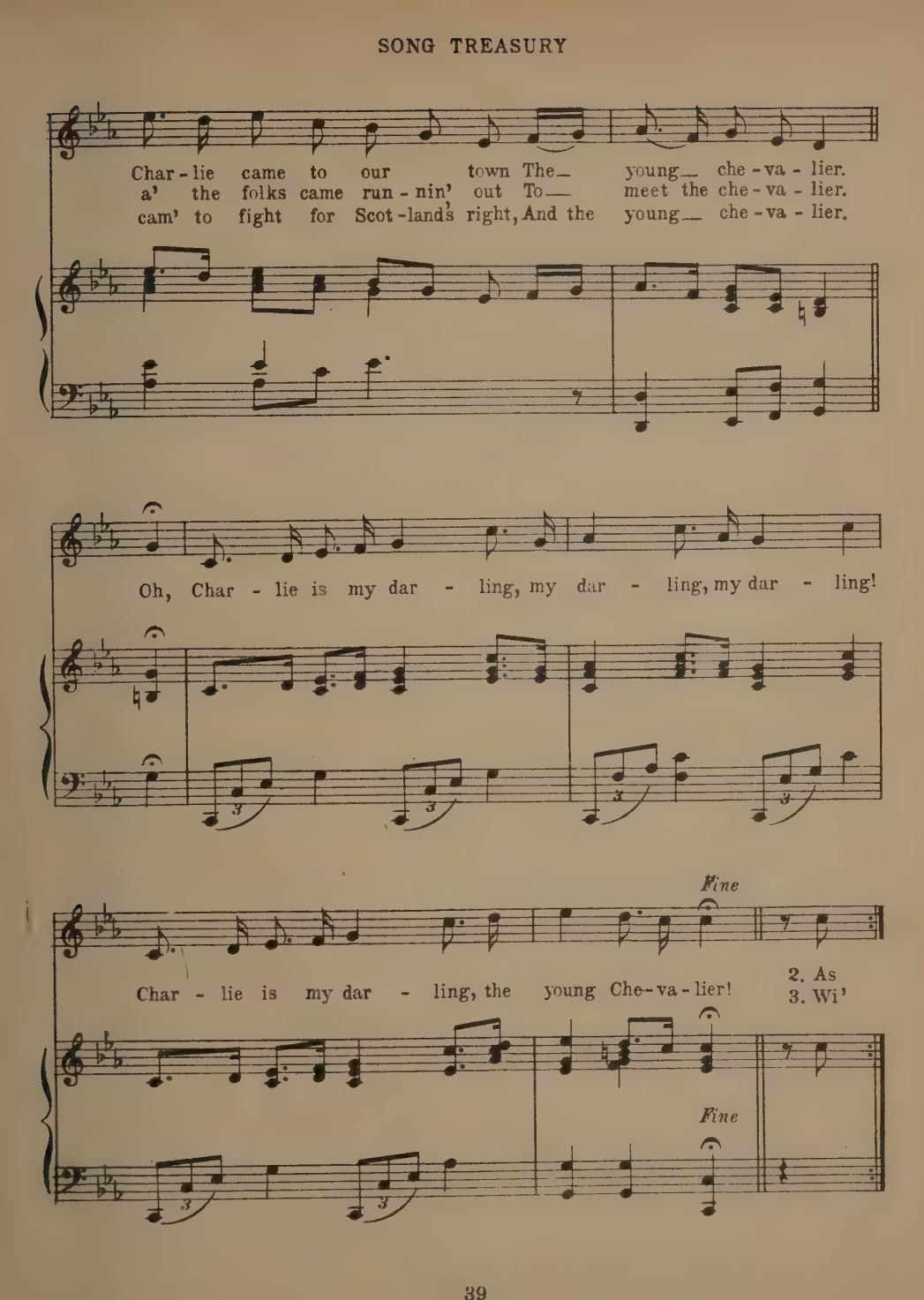
Oh, Charlie is my Darling

Scotch

Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling!

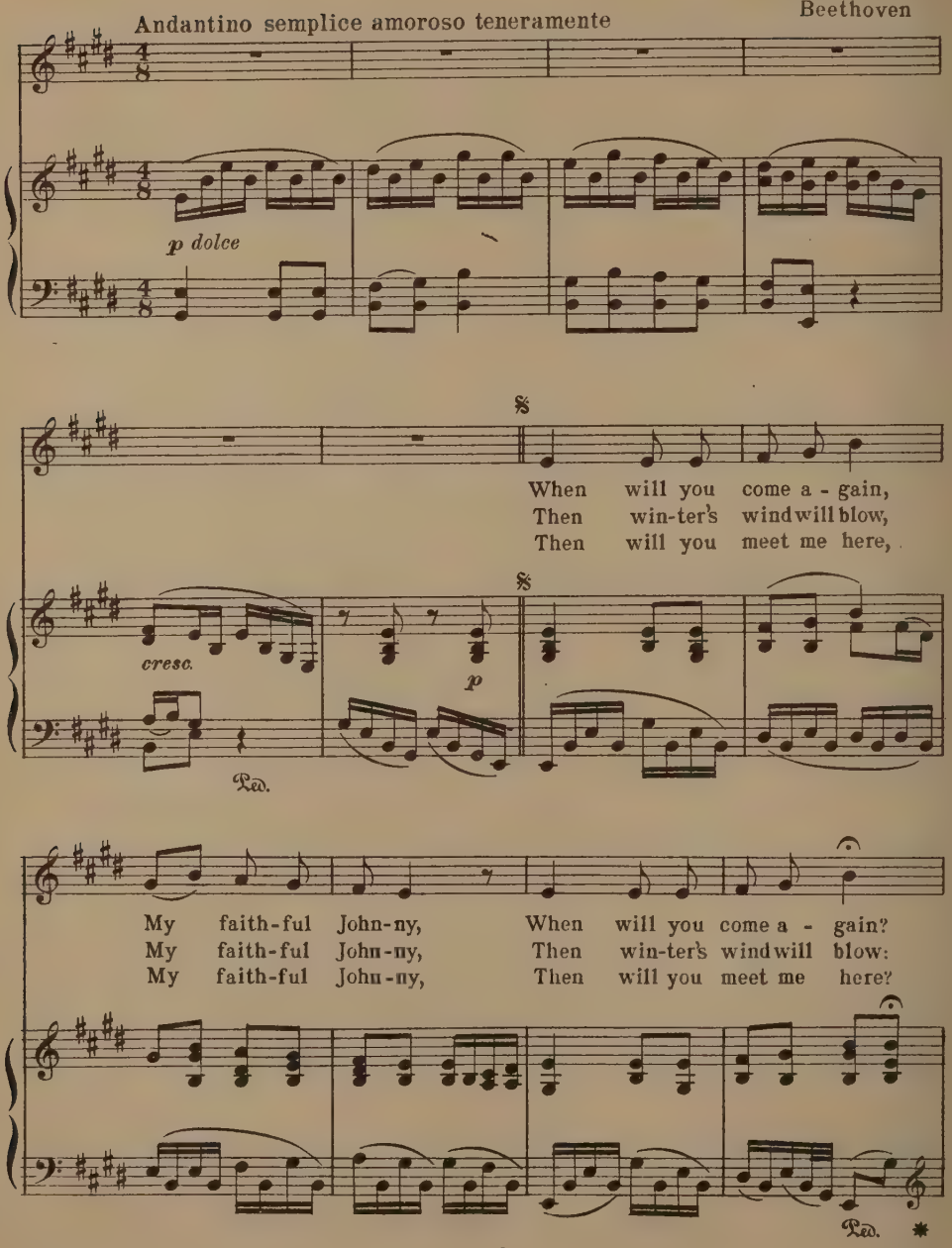
Char - lie is my dar - ling the young che - va - lier! 'Twas

on a Mon - day morn - ing Right ear - ly in the year, That
he came march-in' up the street, The pipes played loud and clear, And
His-land bon - nets on their heads And clay-mores bright and clear, They


Char - lie came to our town The young che - va - lier.
a' the folks came run - nin' out To meet the che - va - lier.
cam' to fight for Scot - land's right, And the young che - va - lier.
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling!
Fine
Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young Che - va - lier!
2. As
3. Wi'
Fine

My Faithful Johnny

Scotch Air
harmonized by
Beethoven



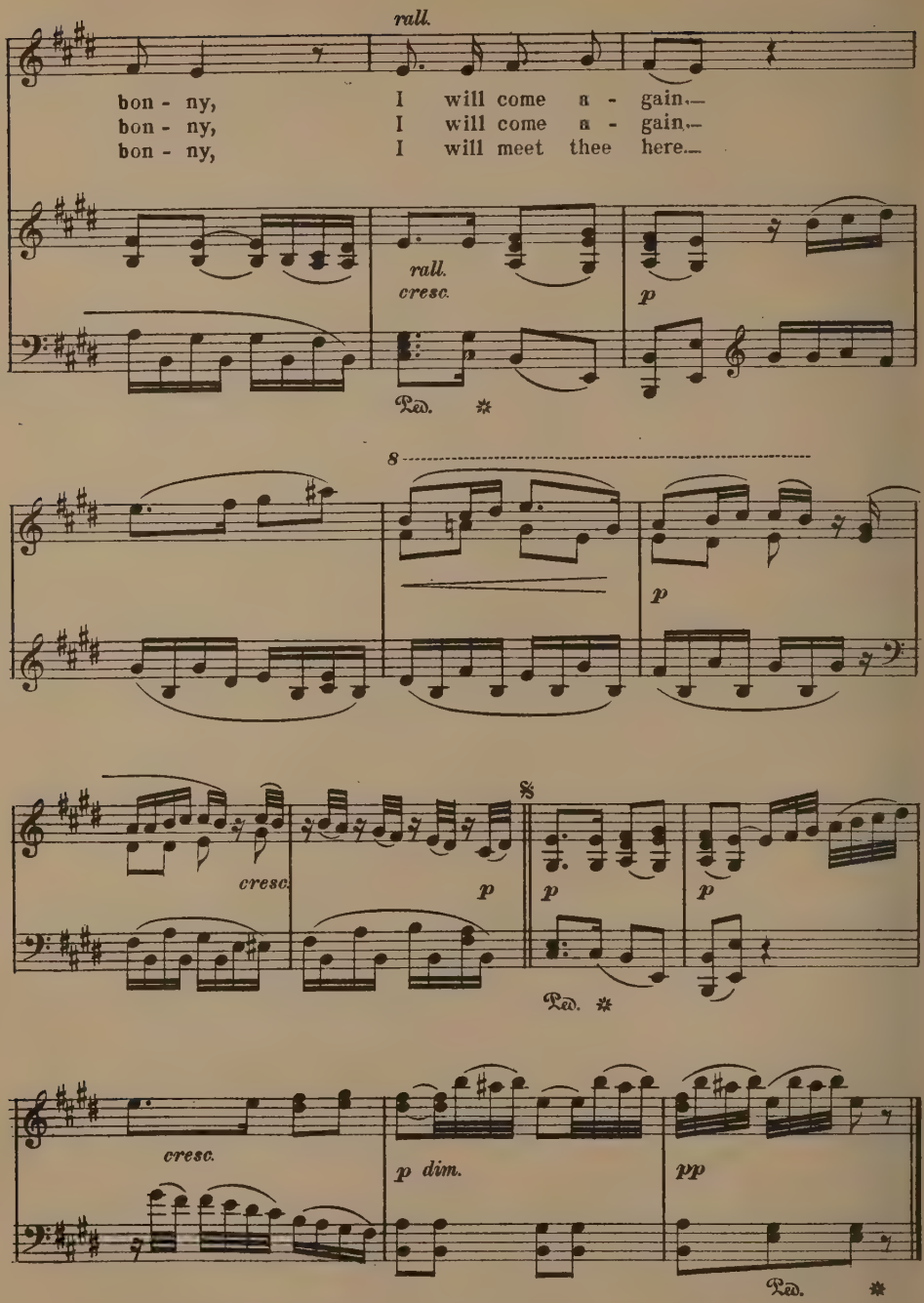
When the corn is gath - er - ed, And the leaves are with - er - ed,
Tho' the day be dark wi' drift, That I can - not see the lift,
Tho' the night were hal - low - e'en, When the fear - ful sights are seen,

pp *p* *p*

Ped. *

I will come a - gain, My___ sweet and
I will come a - gain, My___ sweet and
I will meet thee here, My___ sweet and

cresc.


rall.
bon - ny, I will come a - gain.
bon - ny, I will come a - gain.
bon - ny, I will meet thee here.
rall.
cresc.
p
Ped.
8
p
cresc.
p
p
p
Ped.
cresc.
p dim.
pp
Ped.

Loch Lomond

Old Scotch

a tempo

1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In

mf *p* *mf*

yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where
yon sha - dy glen On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where

me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae On the
in pur - ple hue The High - land hills we view And the

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. Oh!
moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing Oh!
ye'll take the high road and

I'll take the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye; But

me and my true love will nev-er meet a - gain On the

rit.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

Caller Herrin'

Lady Nairne

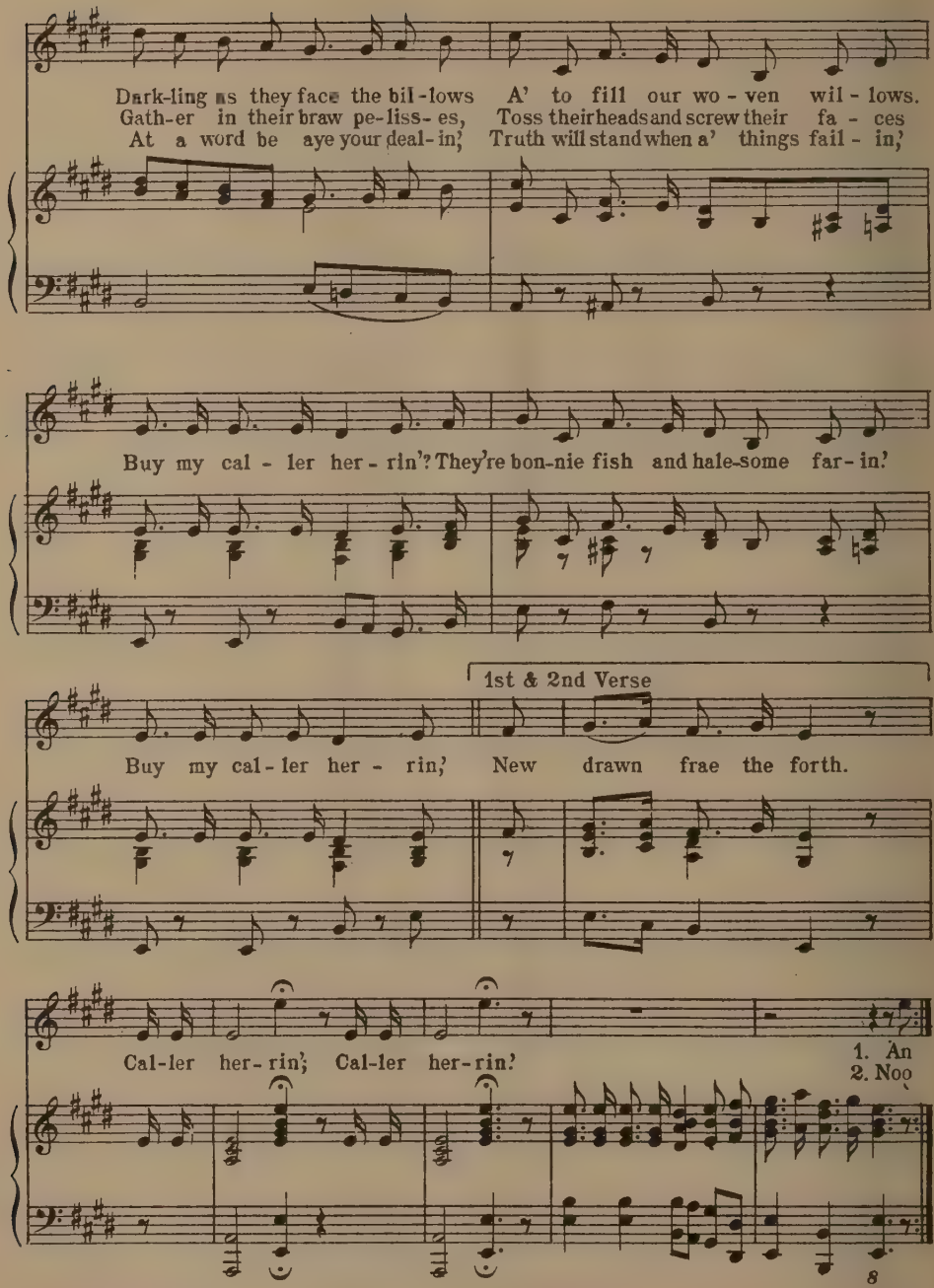
Scotch Folk Song

Moderato

Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far - in';

Buy my cal ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.

When ye were sleep - in' on your pil-lows, Dreamt ye aught of our puir fel - lows
when the creel o' her - rin' passes, La - dies clad in silks and la - ces
nee - bor wives cometent my tell-in', When the bon-nie fish ye're sell - in'


Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows A' to fill our wo-ven wil-lows.
Gath-er in their braw pe-liss-es, Toss their heads and screw their fa-ces
At a word be aye your deal-in', Truth will stand when a' things fail-in,'
Buy my cal-ler her-rin'? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in.'
1st & 2nd Verse
Buy my cal-ler her-rin,' New drawn frae the forth.
Cal-ler her-rin,' Cal-ler her-rin.'
1. An
2. Noo

3rd Verse

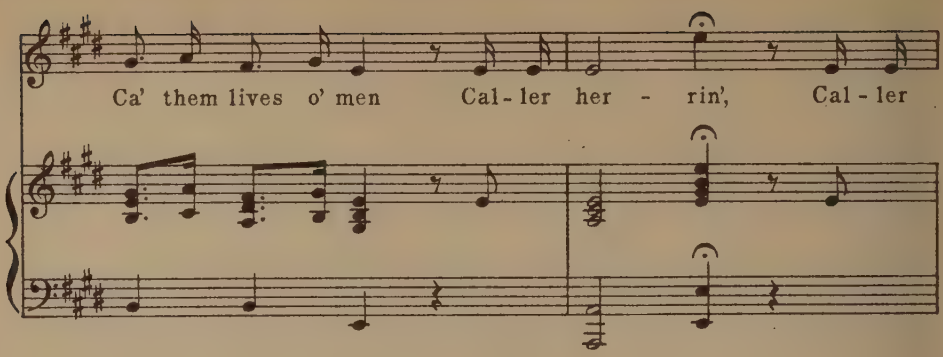
New drawn frae the Forth. Who'll buy my call - er her - rin'? They're

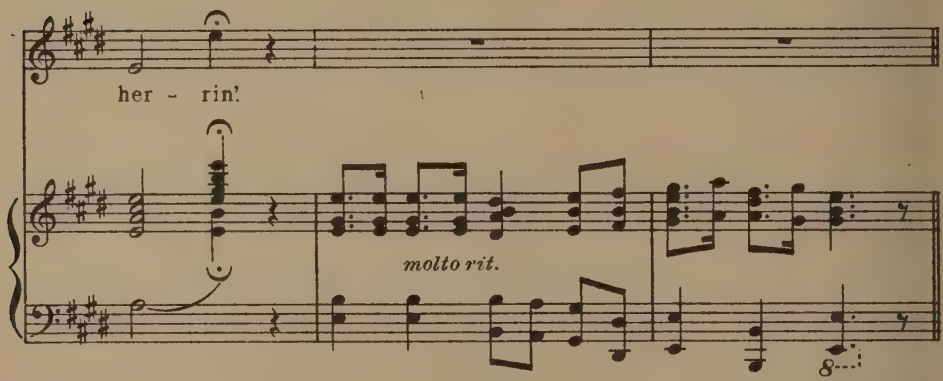
no brocht here with - out brave dar - in' Buy my Cal ler her - rin', Ye

lit - tle ken their worth. Who'll buy my Cal - ler her - rin'? O

rall.

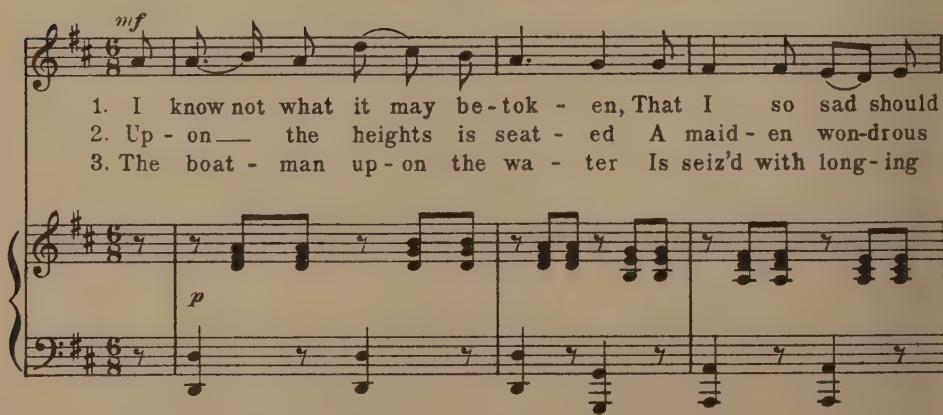
ye may ca' them vul - gar far - in', Wives and mith - ers maist des - pair - in',





The Loreley

Heinrich Heine — Friedrich Silcher



be; A leg-end of by - gone a - ges
fair, Her gold - en jew-els are gleam - ing, She
dread. The rock - y reef be - fore him He

Comes to my mem-o - ry. The air is cool, day is
combs her gold - en hair. With comb of gold she
sees not; but gaz-es o'er - head. A - las! The wild bil - lows en -

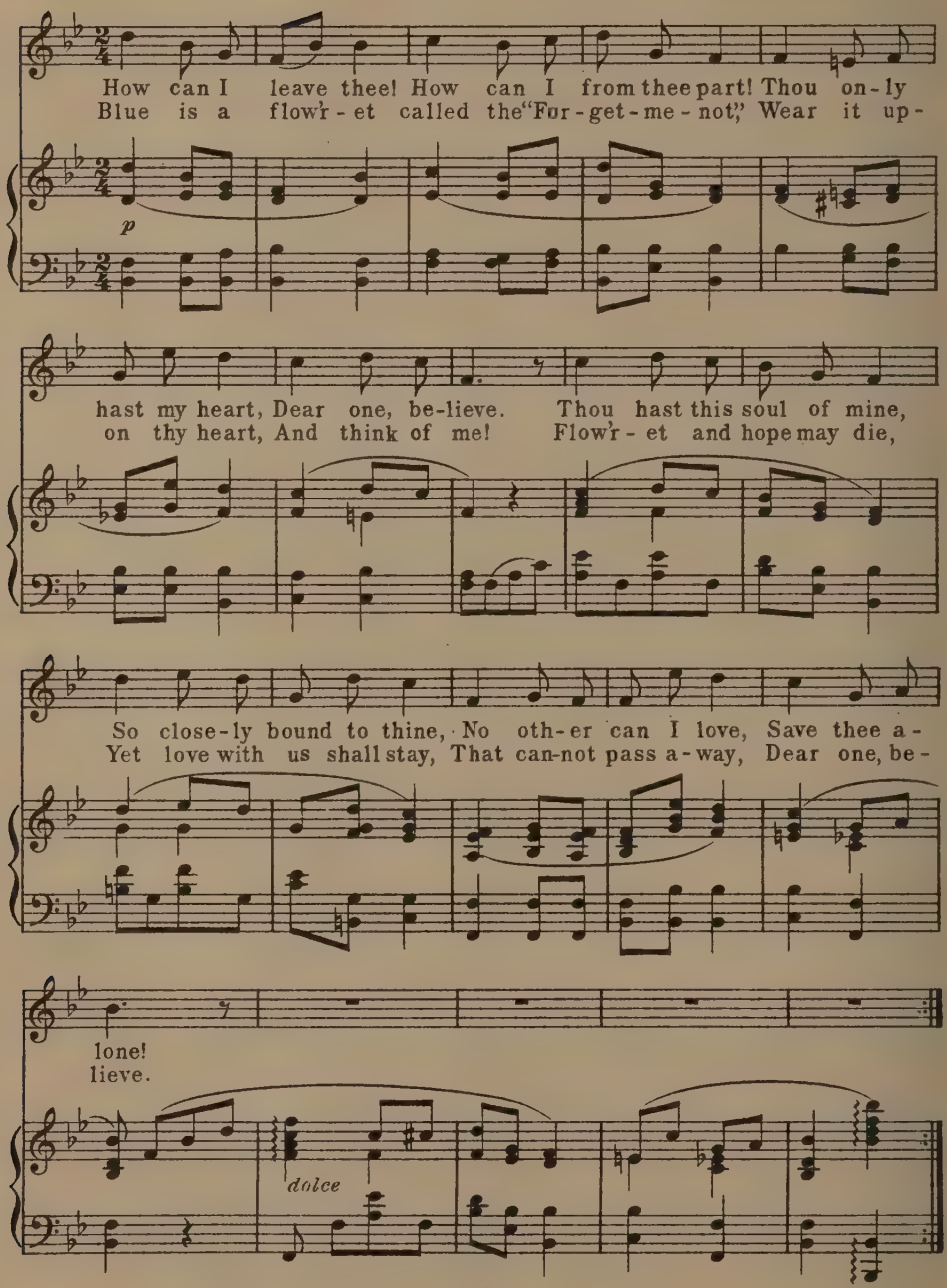
end - ed, And soft - ly flows the Rhine; The
combs it And sings a mys - tic song. And
gulf him, Till boat and boat-man are gone! And

peaks of the glit-ter-ing moun-tains In eve-ning sun-light shine.
with her ma - gic sing - ing The soul is borne a - long.
this with her art-ful sing - ing The Lo - re - ley hath done.

f

How Can I Leave Thee

Helmine von Chézy — Thuringian Folk Song



The Sea Breeze

(Marianina)

English Words by
Hervey White

Italian Folk Song

In moderate time

There's a fair-y fly-ing o'er the sea,
O'er the land she flies a - long the grass,
Quick she darts up o - ver moun - tains high,

p *mf*

Light and air - y as a bird is she,
Leaves and flow'rs are gay to see her pass.
All the clouds are gath-'ring in the sky.

All the waves leap up and call in glee, "Ma - ria-ni-na, fly no
All call out to stay the fleet- ing lass, "Ma - ria-ni-na, be a
Fast they fol- low with a mer - ry cry, "Ma - ria-ni-na, comes from

By permission from "Folk Songs and Other Songs for Children" by Mrs Jane Byrd Radcliffe Whitehead

more. Dance with us a mid the war, Be a wave and dance to
flow'r, Dance with us throughout the hour, For we feel your mag - ic
far, Why not tar - ry where you are, Dance with us and be a

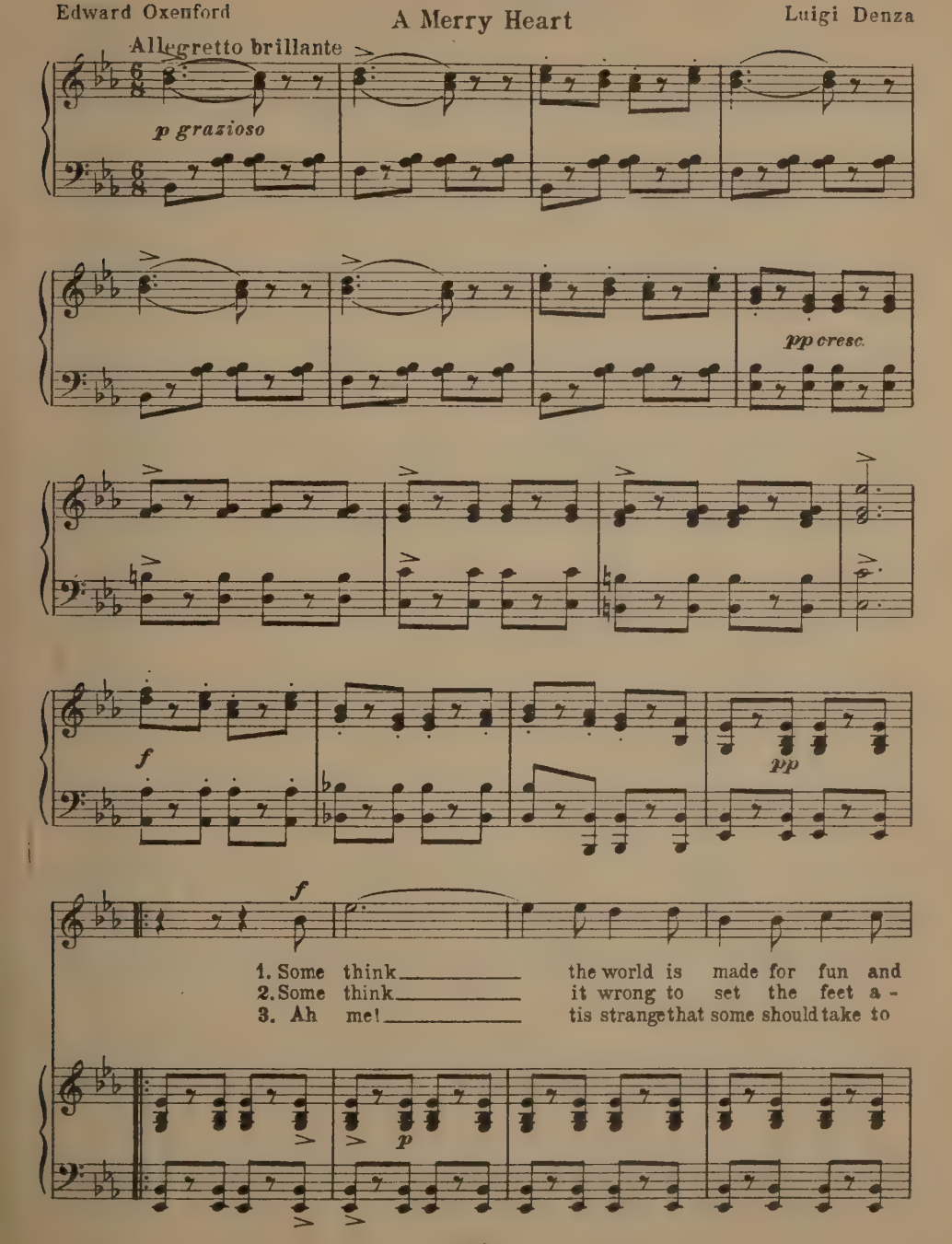
shore. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -
pow'r. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -
star. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -

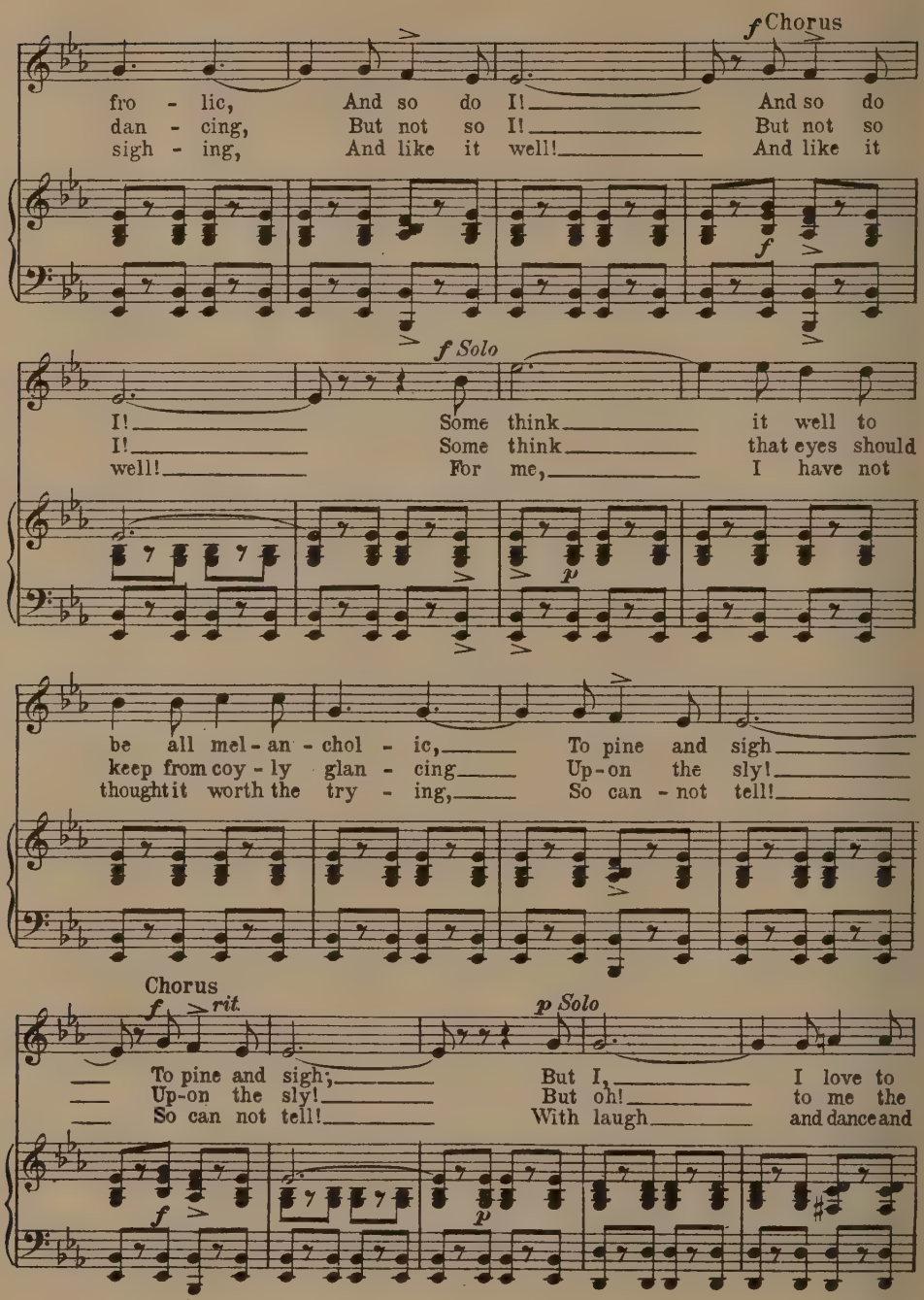
ni - na, Be a wave and dance for ev - er - more."
ni - na, Dance with us, and be a lit - tle flow'r."
ni - na, Dance with us, a twinkling, glancing star."

Funiculi-Funicula

A Merry Heart

Edward Oxenford — Luigi Denza




f Chorus
fro - lic, And so do I! And so do
dan - cing, But not so I! But not so
sigh - ing, And like it well! And like it
f
f Solo
I! Some think it well to
I! Some think that eyes should
well! For me, I have not
p
be all mel - an - chol - ic, To pine and sigh
keep from coy - ly glan - cing Up - on the sly!
thought it worth the try - ing, So can - not tell!
Chorus
f rit.
p Solo
To pine and sigh; But I, I love to
Up-on the sly! But oh! to me the
So can not tell! With laugh and dance and
f
p

spend my time in sing - ing, Some joy - ous song,
ma - zy dance is charm - ing, Di - vine - ly sweet!
song the day soon pass - es, Full soon is gone:

Chorus

Some joy - ous song; To set
Di - vine - ly sweet! And sure - - -
Full soon is gone For mirth

Solo

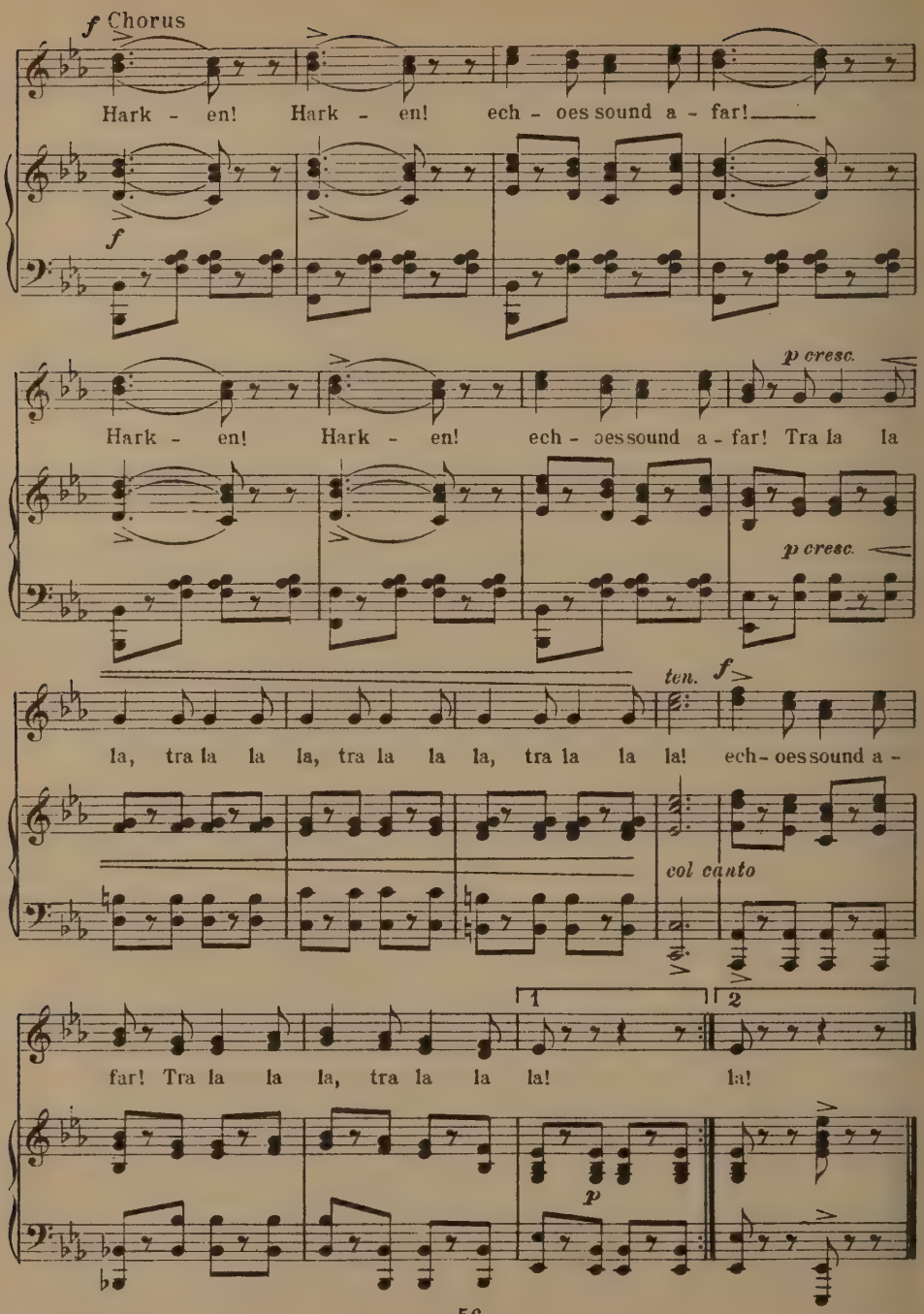
the air with mu - sic brave-ly ring - ing Is far from
ly there is naught that is a larm - ing In nim - ble
was made for joy - ous lads and las - ses To call their

Chorus

f

wrong! Is far from wrong!
feet? In nim - ble feet?
own! To call their own!

f


f Chorus
Hark - en! Hark - en! ech - oes sound a - far!
f
p cresc.
Hark - en! Hark - en! ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la
p cresc.
ten. f
la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la! ech - oes sound a -
col canto
1
2
far! Tra la la la, tra la la la! la!
p

Louisella

Translated by George Cooper

Neapolitan Folksong
Arranged by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Allegro con gioia

p

1. The gard'n-er's pret - ty daugh - ter
2. Her glance is so be - witch - ing
3. If you will on - ly wed me.

mf *p*

They call her Lu - i - sel - la; She dwells at A - re - nel - la,
Her tres-ses gold - en splen - dor! Her words so sweet and ten - der
O charming Lu - i - sel - la, Man - til - las fine I'll buy you

cresc.

Her eyes with mis - chief glow! She keeps a love - ly
Like songs of birds they flow! 'Twas Joy him-self who
Ear - rings and brace - lets too. I'll give my hearts de -

cresc.

From Echoes of Naples by permission of Oliver Ditson Co.

gar - den, Pinks, dais - ies, all a - row;—
found— her; No smile at me she'll throw; Ah, Lu -
vo - tion, My love on you be - stow,—

f

p

i - sa, morn - ing, noon and night, Why do you tease me

p

f *p*

so?— Ah, Lu - i - sa, morn-ing noon and night, why do you tease me

f *p*

so?

p *f* *p* *f* *rall.* D.C.

Ped. ✱

La Vera Sorrentina

The Maid of Sorrento

George Cooper
From the Italian

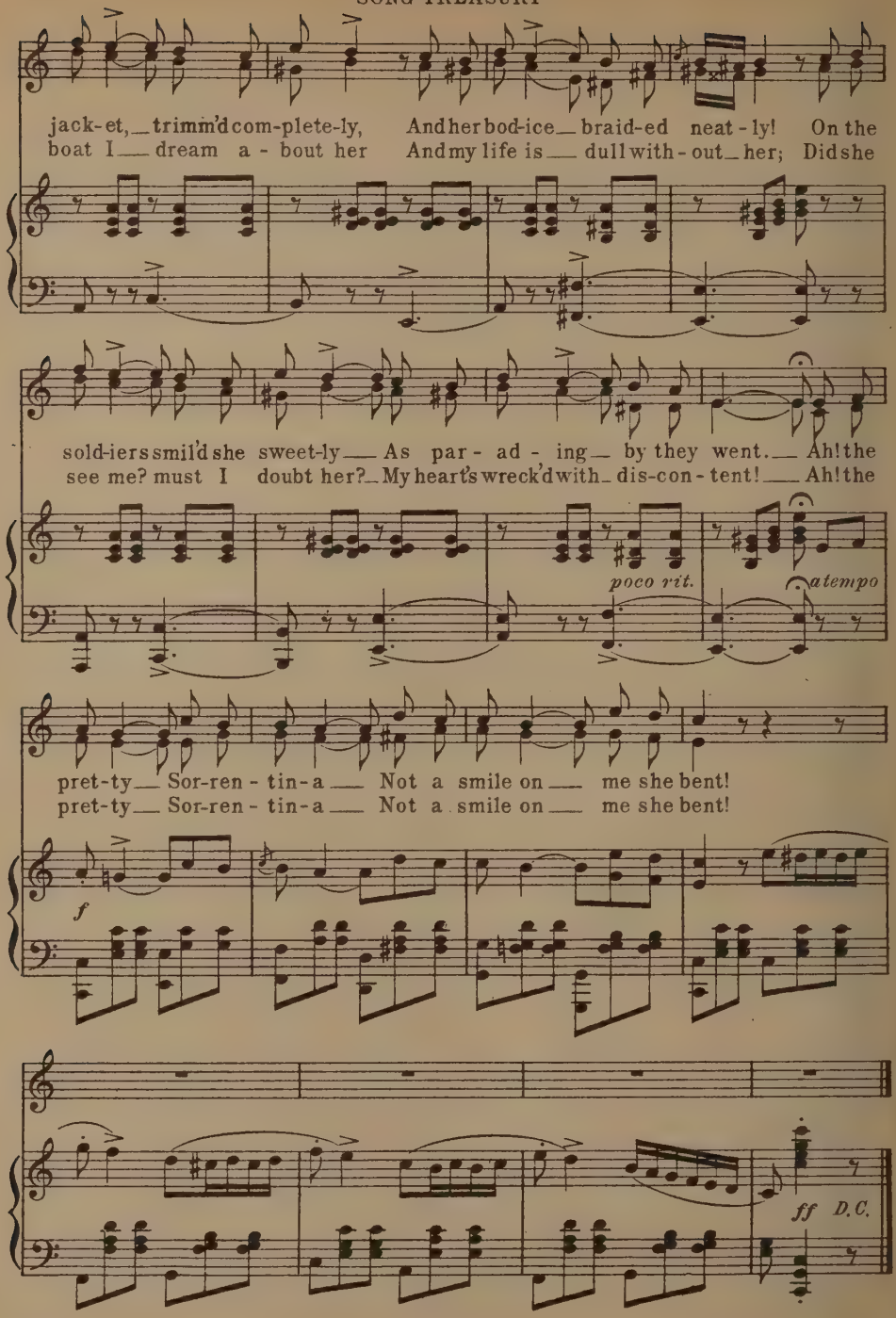
Neapolitan Folk Song

On the Pla - za She was smil - ing In a
For "La Bel - la" I am sigh - ing While my

p

man - ner most be - guil - ing; At her moth - er's side her
fish - ing nets I'm ply - ing. Naught for me she cares nor

grac - es Shone a - mid a crowd of fac - es. Oh! her
wish - es An - y more than do the fish - es! In my


jack-et, trimm'd com-plete-ly, And her bod-ice braid-ed neat-ly! On the
boat I dream a-bout her And my life is dull with-out her; Did she
sold-iers smil'd she sweet-ly As par-ad-ing by they went. Ah! the
see me? must I doubt her? My heart's wreck'd with dis-con-tent! Ah! the
poco rit.
a tempo
pret-ty Sor-ren-tin-a Not a smile on me she bent!
pret-ty Sor-ren-tin-a Not a smile on me she bent!
f
ff
D.C.

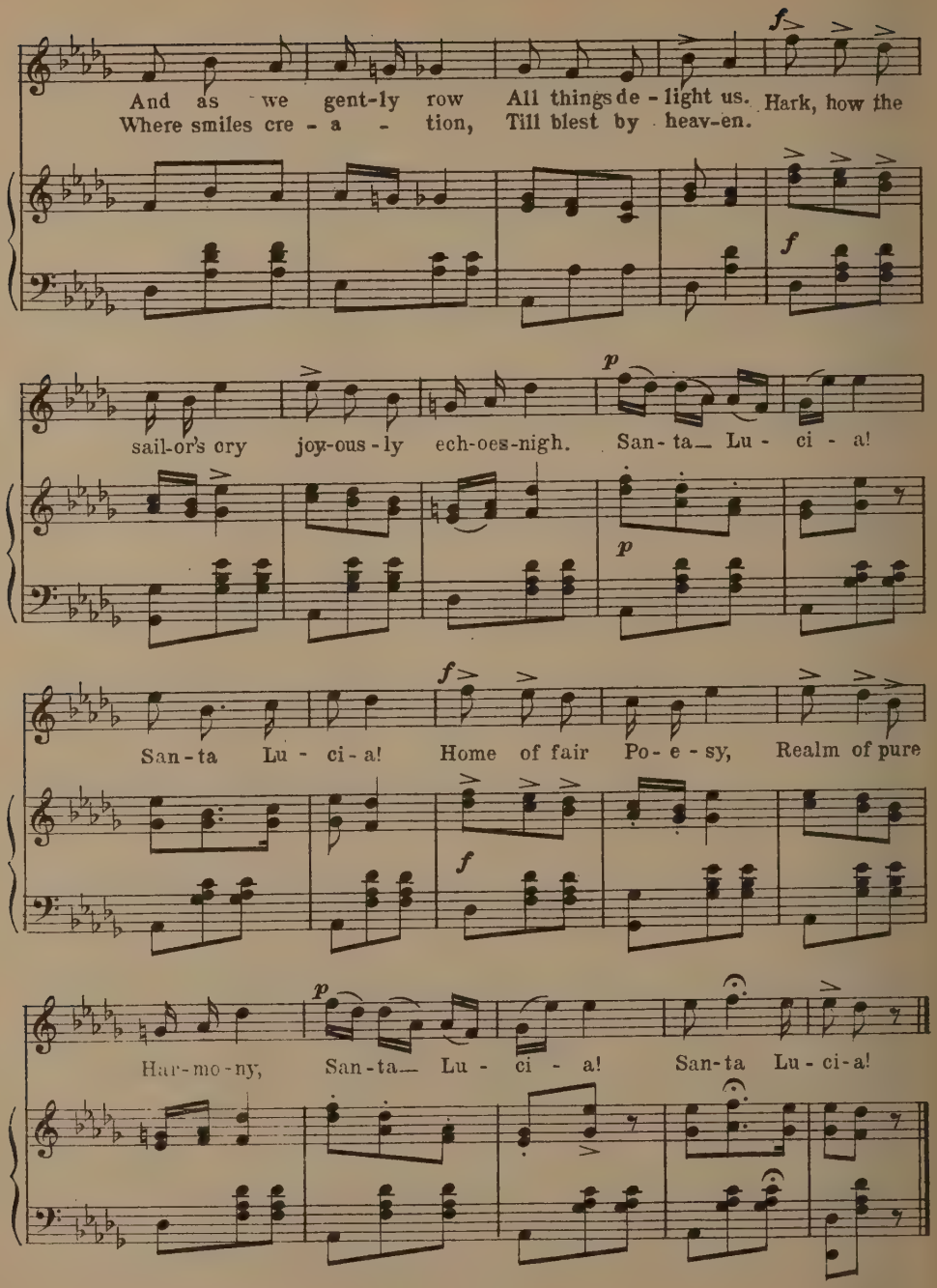
Santa Lucia

Neapolitan Barcarolle

1. Now 'neath the sil-ver moon
2. When o'er thy wa - ters

O - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil - low Soft winds are
Light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can soothe us, All care al -

blow-ing. Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite us,
lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are giv - en,


And as we gent-ly row All things de - light us. Hark, how the
Where smiles cre - a - tion, Till blest by heav-en.
sail-or's cry joy-ous-ly ech-oes-nigh. San-ta Lu - ci - a!
San-ta Lu - ci - a! Home of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure
Har-mo-ny, San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!

The Dove
(La Paloma)

Rather fast

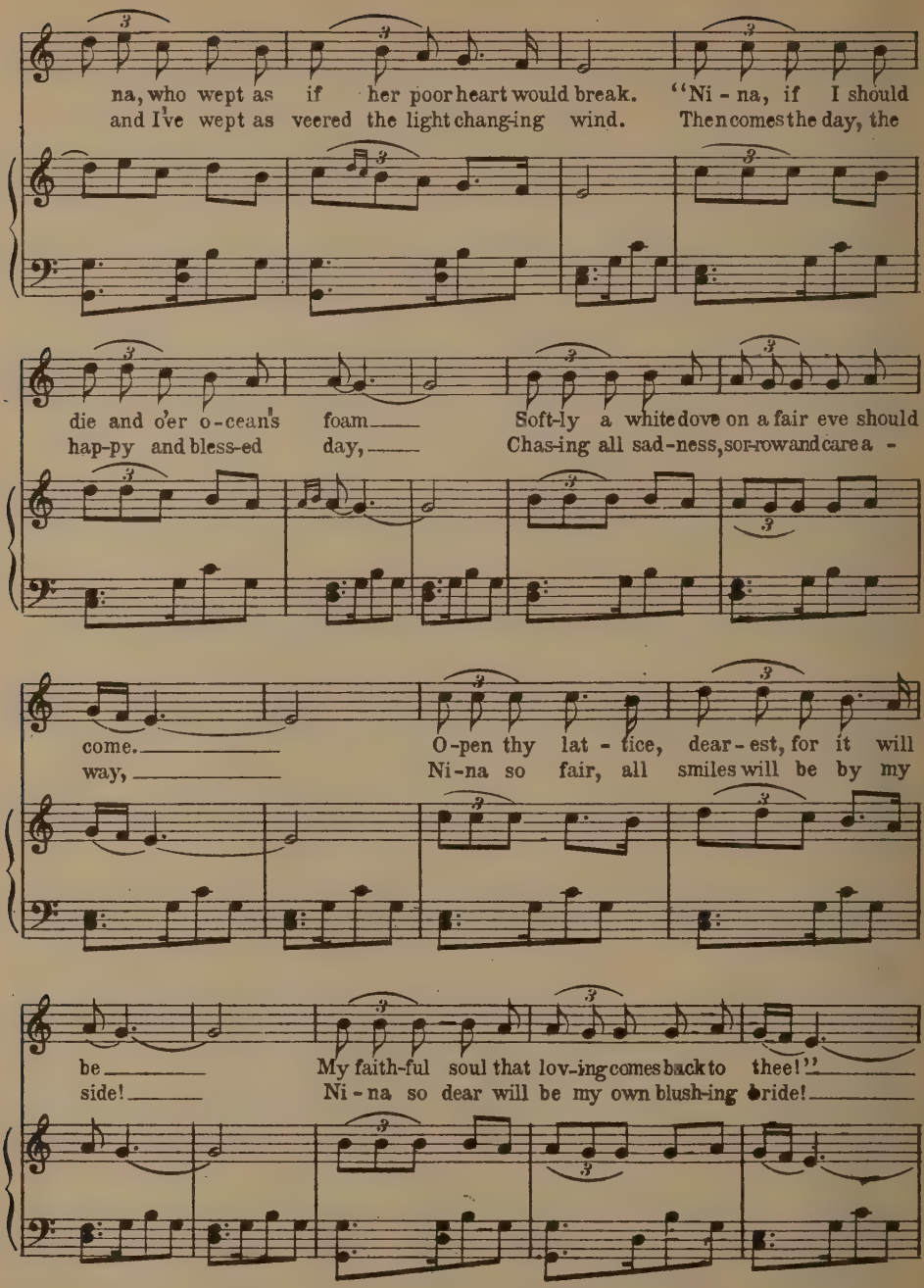
Sebastian Yradier

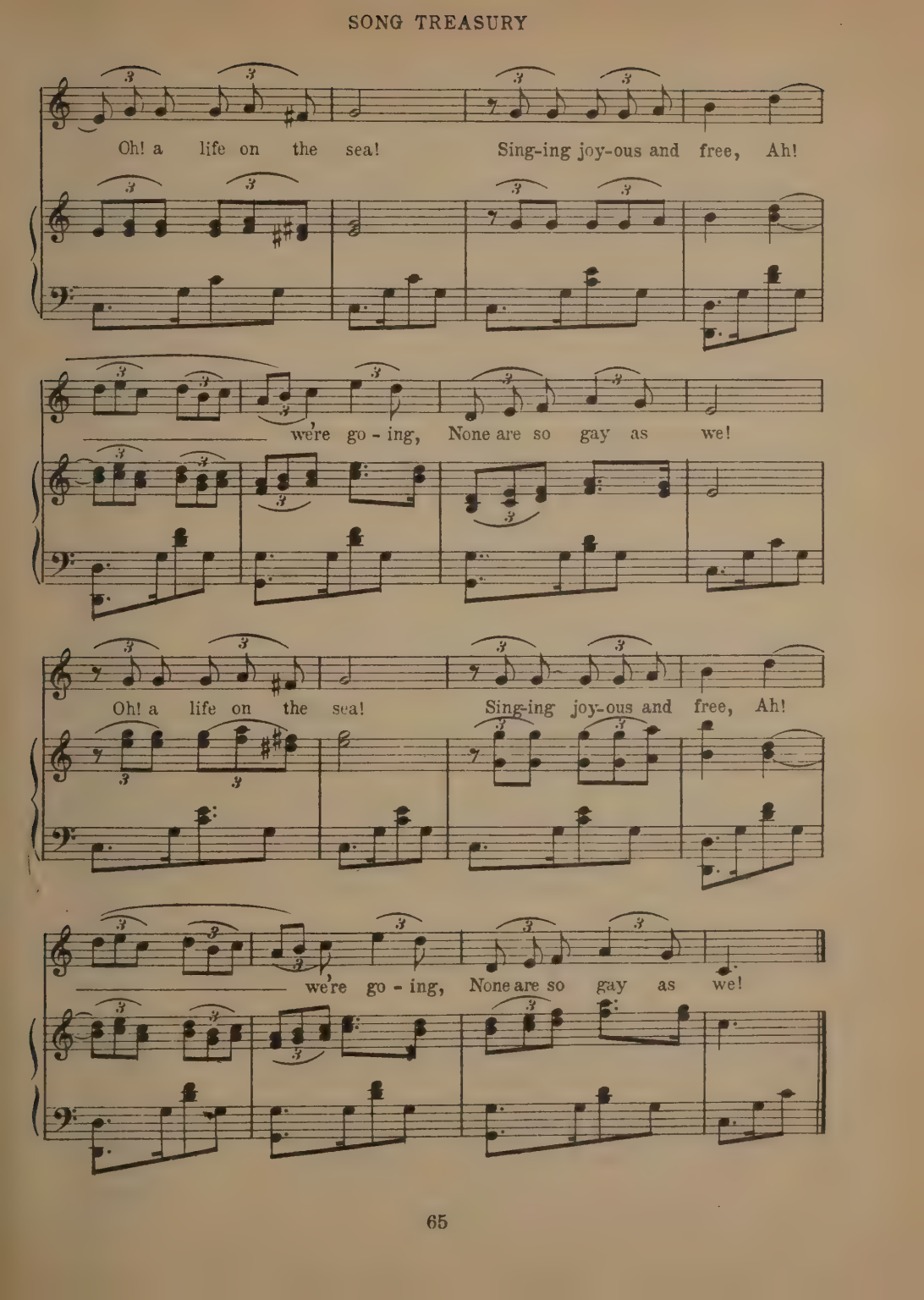
1. The day that I left my home for the roll-ing sea
2. And when I come home, from Ni-na to part no more,

I said "Moth-er dear, oh, pray to thy God for
To rest with my moth-er dear on my na-tive

me." And ere we sailed I
shore, A-dieu to the ship

went a fond leave to take Of Ni
where oft'n with chang-ing mind, I've laughed


na, who wept as if her poor heart would break. "Ni - na, if I should
and I've wept as veered the light chang-ing wind. Then comes the day, the
die and o'er o-cean's foam Soft-ly a white dove on a fair eve should
hap-py and bless-ed day, Chas-ing all sad-ness, sor-row and care a -
come. O-pen thy lat - tice, dear - est, for it will
way, Ni-na so fair, all smiles will be by my
be My faith-ful soul that lov-ing comes back to thee!"
side! Ni - na so dear will be my own blush-ing bride!


Oh! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!
we're go - ing, None are so gay as we!
Oh! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!
we're go - ing, None are so gay as we!

Pleasant Journey!

Refrain
Con spirito

French Folk Song

Pleas - ant jour - ney, dear Du - mol -

mf

let! Fav - or - ing winds waft your ship to Saint

Ma - lo. Pleas - ant jour - ney, dear Du - mol -

Fine

let! If our land pleas - es you, Come back some day. *Fine*

1. There you will see with their hands in their
2. May - be the sea - air will damp - en your

pock - ets, Go - ing and com - ing, both fool - ish and
pleas - ures, May - be the sea-waves will fade your blue

wise. Men who are bend - ed or up - right as
hose. If you don't like it, come back with your

rock - ets; But of the hand-some ones, you'll be the prize.
treas - ures, Be good, and pay for your board and your clothes.

D.C.

D.C.

In The Silver Moonlight

French Folk Song

Moderato

1. In the sil - ver moon - light, My good friend Pier - rot,
2. Thro' the sil - ver moon - light, Pier-rot makes re - ply.

Let me take your pen, I'd write a word or - so,
I've no pen to lend you, Gone to bed am - I,

Burn'd out is my can - dle, Fire I have no more;
In my neighbor's kitch - en, Some-one is a - stir;

As you wish God's mer - cy Op - en now your door.
And her fire is burn - ing; Get a pen from her.

There Was a Little Maiden

Il était un' bergère

There was a lit - tle maid - en, Hey non - ny no, non - ny
A cheese she made one morn - ing, Hey non - ny no, non - ny
Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re, Et ron ron ron, pe - tit
El - le fit un fro - ma - ge, Et ron ron ron, pe - tit

mf

non - ny no; There was a lit - tle maid - en, A shep-herd-ess was
non - ny no; A cheese she made one morn - ing, Of milk so white and
pa - ta-pon, Il é - tait un' ber-gè - re, Qui gar-dait ses mou -
pa - ta-pon, El - le fit un fro-ma - ge, Du lait de ses mou -

she (Heigh-ho!) A shep-herd-ess was she.—
sweet (Heigh-ho!) Of milk so white and sweet.
tons, ron ron, Qui gar-dait ses mou-tons.
tons, tons tons, Du lait de ses mou-tons.

f

3. Le chat qui la regarde
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Le chat qui la regarde
D'un petit air fripon
Ron, ron,
D'un petit air fripon.

3. Her little cat was watching,
Hey nonny no, nonny nonny no;
Her little cat was watching
So naughty and so sly,
(Heigh-ho!)
So naughty and so sly.

4. Si tu y mets la patte
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Si tu y mets la patte
Tu auras du bâton
Ron, ron,
Tu auras du bâton.

4. "Don't dare to put your paw in,
Hey nonny no, nonny nonny no;
Don't dare to put your paw in
I'll beat you, pussy-cat,
(Heigh-ho!)
I'll beat you, pussy-cat!"

5. Il n'y mit pas la patte
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton
Ron, ron,
Il y mit le menton.

5. She did not put her paw in
Hey nonny no, nonny nonny no;
She did not put her paw in
But touched it with her tongue,
(Heigh-ho!)
But touched it with her tongue.

6. La bergère en colère
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
La bergère en colère
Battit son p'tit chaton
Ron, ron,
Battit son p'tit chaton.

6. The shepherdess was angry,
Hey nonny no, nonny nonny no;
The shepherdess was angry
And beat her naughty cat,
(Heigh-ho!)
She beat her naughty cat.

The Three Captains

Dance Song

Translation by
George Cooper

arr. by Julien Tiersot

1. Pass-ing thro' a town of fair Lor-raine, With my sa-bots;—
2. Cap-tains three I met and met a-gain, With my sa-bots;—
3. And they said my feat-ures were so plain, With my sa-bots;—
4. Shoes don't count with beau-ty I main-tain, With my sa-bots;—

mf

Pass-ing thro' a town of fair Lor-raine, With my sa-bots;—
Cap-tains three I met and met a-gain, With my sa-bots;—
And they said my feat-ures were so plain, With my sa-bots;—
Shoes don't count with beau-ty I main-tain, With my sa-bots;—

p

Cap-tains three I met and met a-gain, With my sa-bots, Don-
And they said my feat-ures were so plain, With my sa-bots, Don-
Shoes don't count with beau-ty I main-tain, With my sa-bots, Don-
For the King's own son my love would gain, With my sa-bots, Don-

p

f marcato *p*

dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.
dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.
dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.
dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.

f

5 For the King's own son my love would gain,
With my sabots; (repeat)
Gave me flowers which made me proud and vain,
With my sabots;
Don-dai-ne, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.

6 Gave me flowers which made me proud and vain,
With my sabots; (repeat)
Should they bloom, a Royal Queen I'll reign!
With my sabots;
Don-dai-ne, Oh! Oh! Oh
With my sabots.

7 Should they bloom, a Royal Queen I'll reign!
With my sabots; (repeat)
Should they fade, my own self I'll remain!
With my sabots;
Don-dai-ne, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.

Friar John.

(Canon)

Old French.

I II

Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing, fri - ar John, fri - ar

John? Ring the bells for mat - ins, ring the bells for

mat - ins. Ding ding dong, ding ding dong.

Minuet

Favart — Menuet d'Exaudet

Translation by Sigmund Spaeth — Joseph Exaudet

Allegretto non troppo

mf — *poco rit.*

p

Cet é - tang Qui s'é - tend Dans la plai - ne,
Calm and cool Lies a pool In the mead - ow,

p a tempo

Ré-pète, au sein de ses eaux, Les ver - doy-ants or-meaux Où le pam-pre s'en-
Mir-rored on its breast are seen The branching elms of green, And vines re-flect their

rit. *a tempo*

chaî - ne; Un ciel pur, Un a - zur Sans nu - a - ges
shad - ow; Heav-en's blue, Mir-rored true, Pure and cloud - less,

rit. *a tempo*

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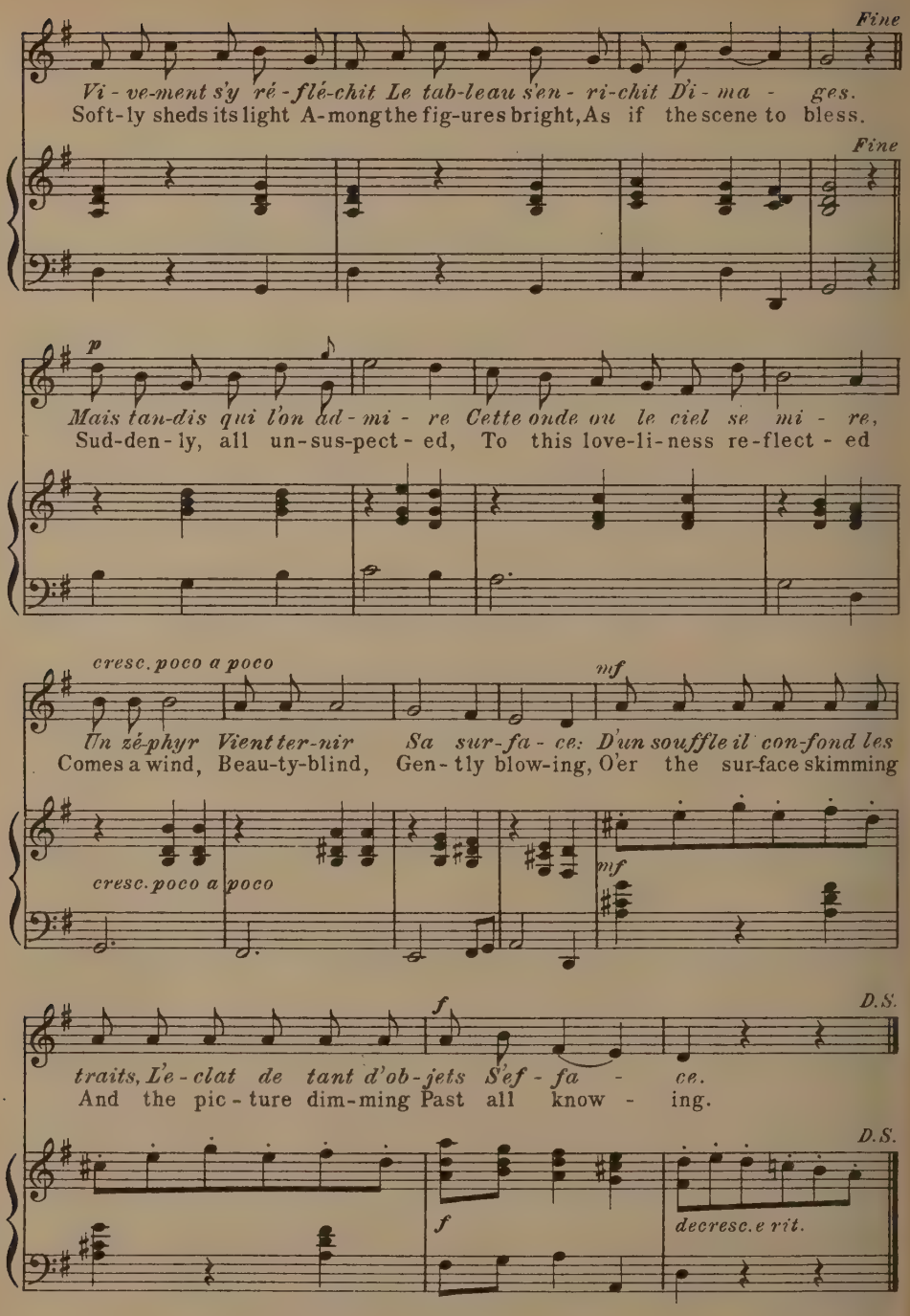
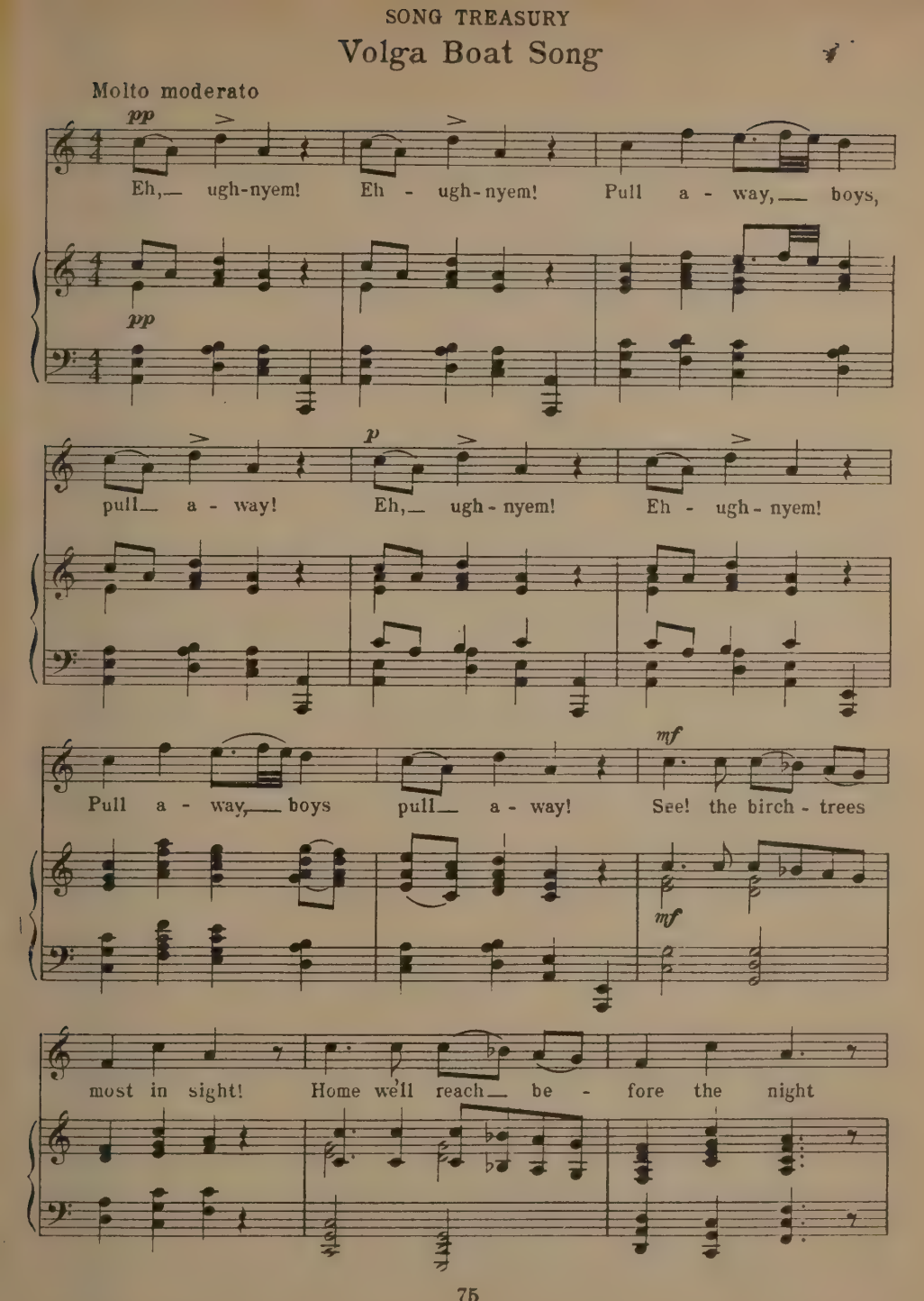
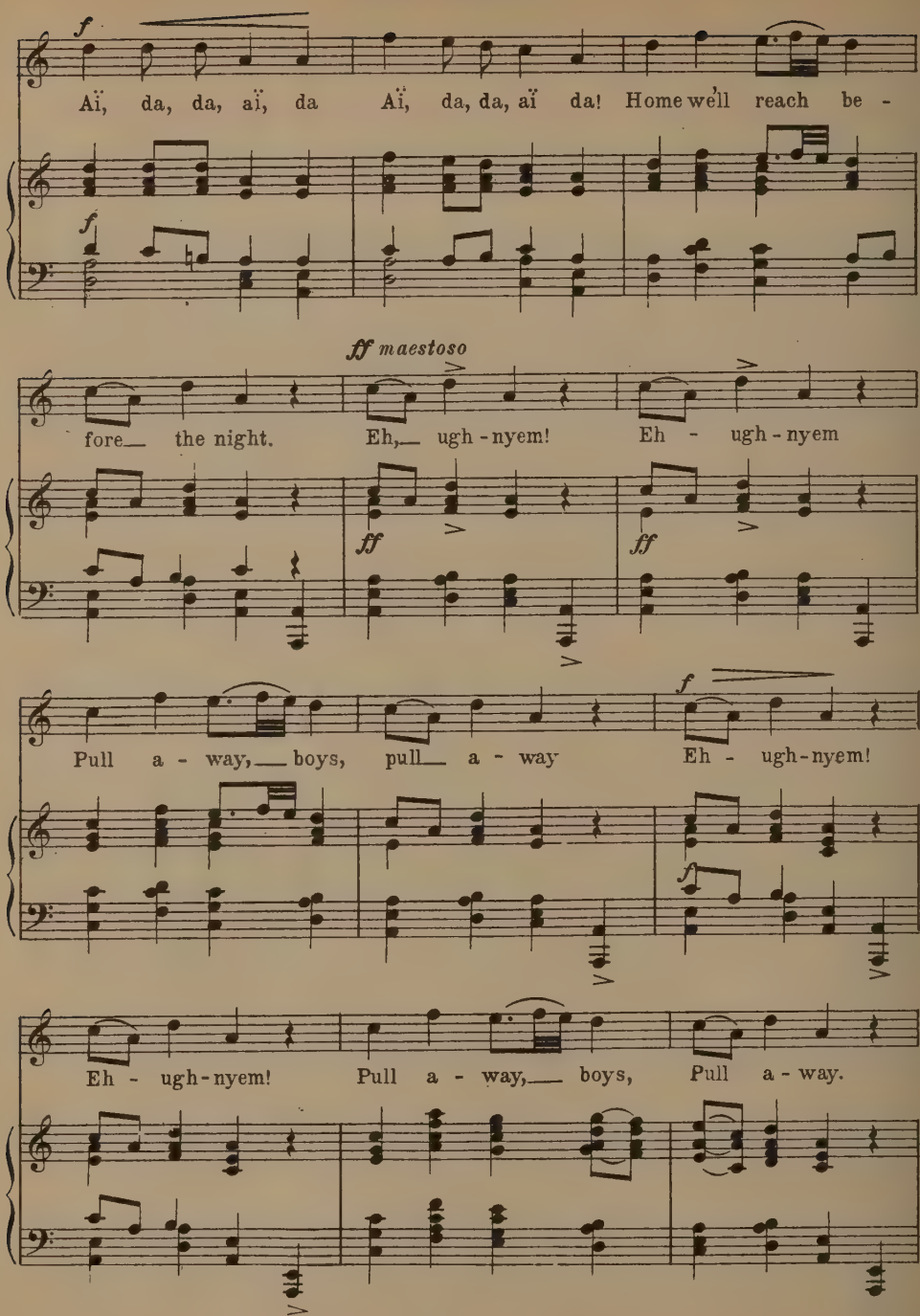
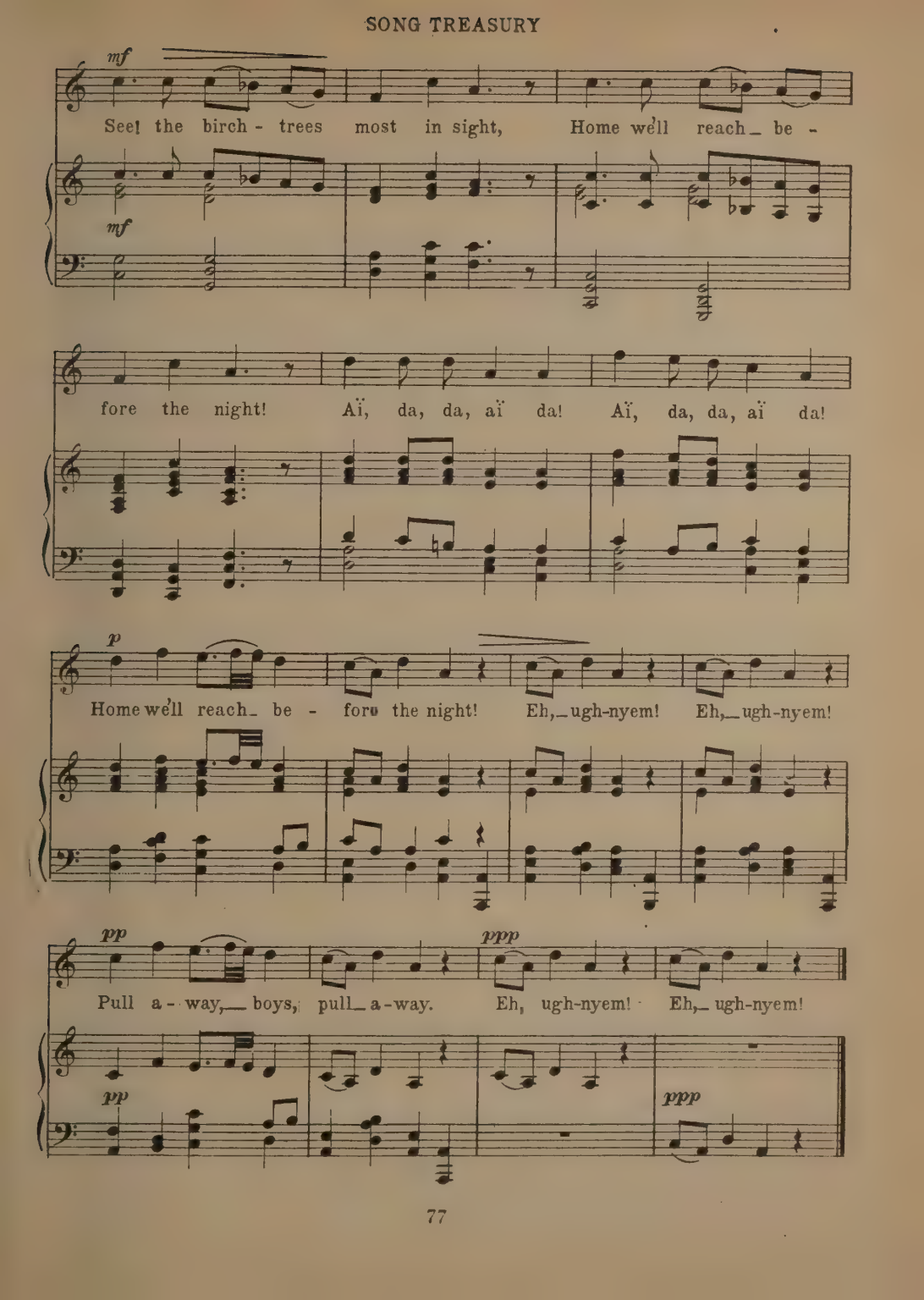

Fine
Vi - ve-ment s'y ré - flé-chit Le tab-leau s'en - ri-chit Di - ma - ges.
Soft-ly sheds its light A-mong the fig-ures bright, As if the scene to bless.
Fine
p
Mais tan-dis qui l'on ad - mi - re Cette onde ou le ciel se mi - re,
Sud-den - ly, all un-sus-pect - ed, To this love-li-ness re-flect - ed
cresc. poco a poco
mf
Un zé-phyr Vient ter-nir Sa sur-fa - ce: D'un souffle il con-fond les
Comes a wind, Beau-ty-blind, Gen - tly blow-ing, O'er the sur-face skimming
cresc. poco a poco
mf
f
D.S.
traits, L'e - clat de tant d'ob-jets S'ef - fa - ce.
And the pic - ture dim-ming Past all know - ing.
D.S.
f
decresc. e rit.

Volga Boat Song



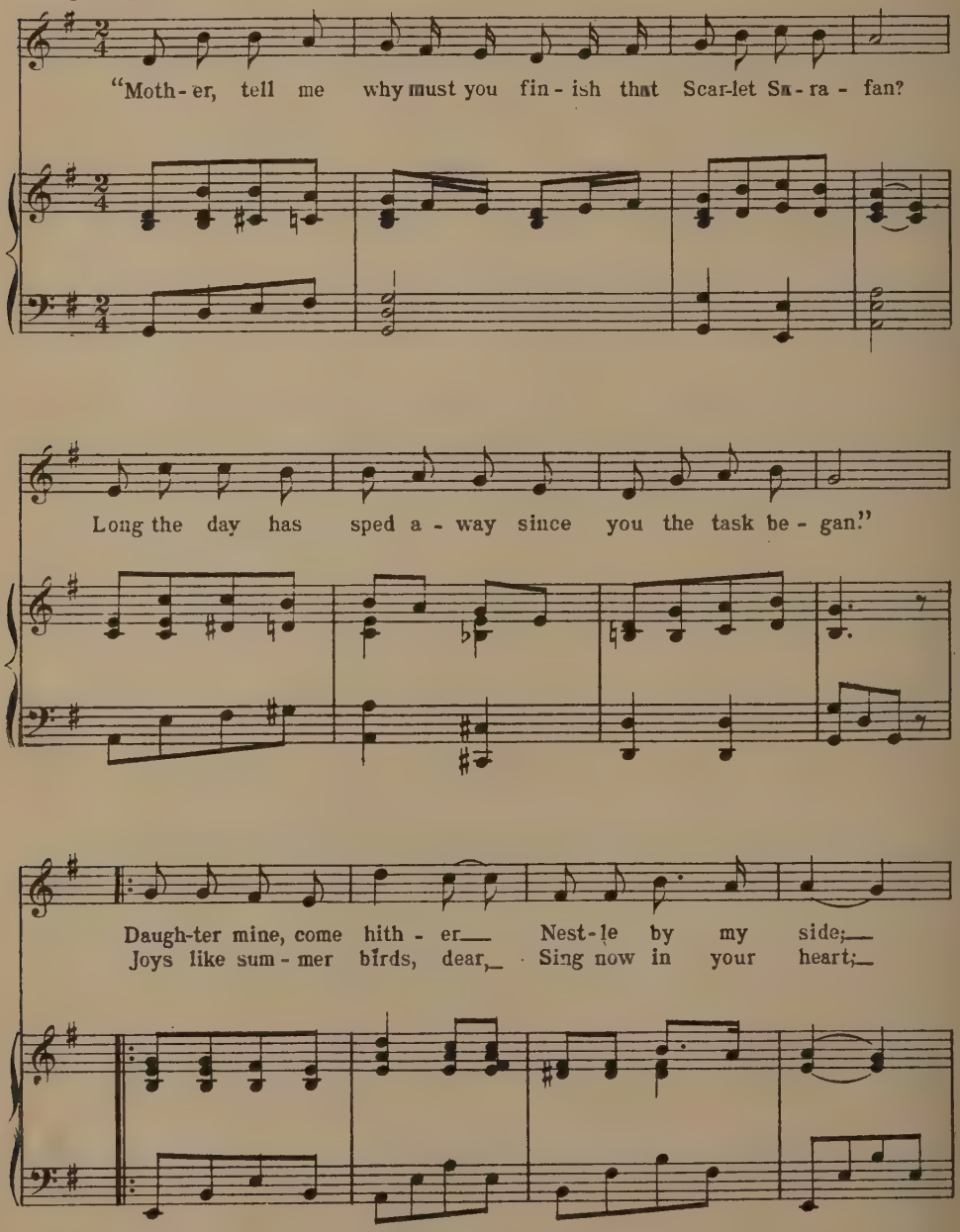

f
Aï, da, da, aï, da Aï, da, da, aï da! Home we'll reach be -
f
ff maestoso
fore the night. Eh, ugh-nyem! Eh - ugh-nyem
ff
ff
Pull a - way, boys, pull a - way Eh - ugh-nyem!
f
f
Eh - ugh-nyem! Pull a - way, boys, Pull a - way.


mf
See! the birch - trees most in sight, Home we'll reach_ be -
mf
fore the night! Aï, da, da, aï da! Aï, da, da, aï da!
p
Home we'll reach_ be - fore the night! Eh,_ugh-nyem! Eh,_ugh-nyem!
pp
ppp
Pull a - way,_ boys, pull_a-way. Eh, ugh-nyem! Eh,_ugh-nyem!
pp
ppp

The Scarlet Sarafan

(The sarafan is the bridal head-dress of the Russian peasant)

Translation by
George Cooper



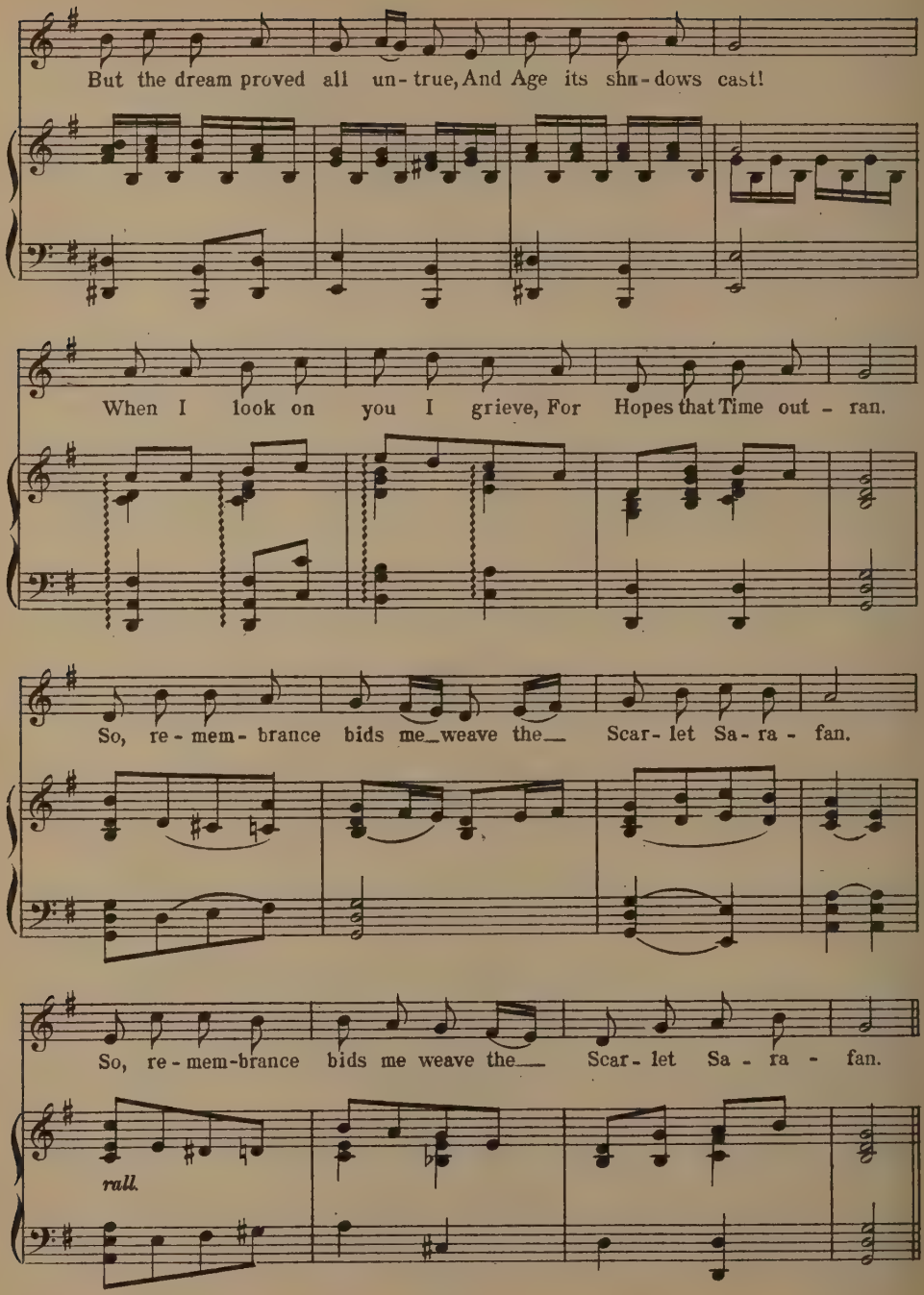
Ros - es bloom and with - er Child-hood won't a - bide.
Heed my lov - ing words, dear, Soon the birds de - part.

Daughter, dear - est, daugh - ter, Swift the years glide by,

Glad days pass and youth's bright ros - es From your cheeks will fly.

f allargando

Once your moth - er sang like you and dream'd her youth would last.


But the dream proved all un-true, And Age its sha-dows cast!
When I look on you I grieve, For Hopes that Time out - ran.
So, re-mem-brance bids me weave the Scar-let Sa-ra - fan.
So, re-mem-brance bids me weave the Scar-let Sa - ra - fan.
rall.

The Cossack's Lullaby

(Russian Song)

Moderato

N. Bachmetieff

p

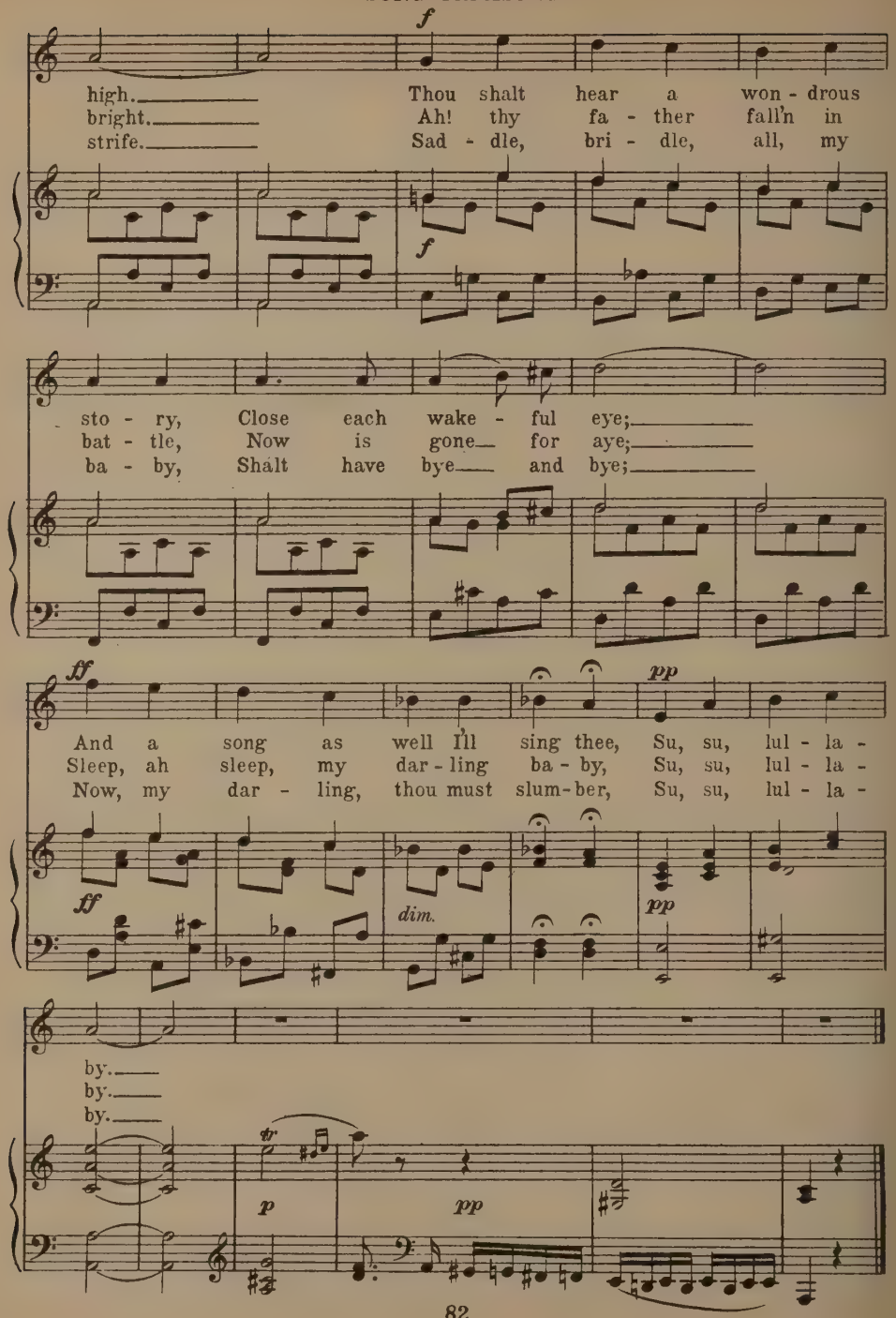
1. Sleep, ah sleep, my dar - ling ba - by,
2. O - ver fields and stones is rush - ing,
3. All too soon wilt thou be learn - ing

p

p

Su, su, lul - la - by; See the
Wild the storm at night; While the
Of a war - rior's life; With the

moon is watch - ing o'er thee, Peace - ful - ly on
Tscher - kess fierce is near - ing, With his weap - ons
gun and pran - cing war - horse, Mov - ing to the


f
high. Thou shalt hear a won - drous
bright. Ah! thy fa - ther fall'n in
strife. Sad - dle, bri - dle, all, my
f
sto - ry, Close each wake - ful eye;
bat - tle, Now is gone for aye;
ba - by, Shalt have bye and bye;
ff
pp
And a song as well I'll sing thee, Su, su, lul - la -
Sleep, ah sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, Su, su, lul - la -
Now, my dar - ling, thou must slum - ber, Su, su, lul - la -
ff
dim.
pp
by.
by.
by.
p
pp

The Cossack's Song
(Russian Song)

Ho! ho! ho! ho!
Ho! ho! ho! ho!

ho! High the Cos-sack's heart is bound-ing, When the bat-tle call he
ho! Yet the rest-less Cos-sack nev-er Long a peace-ful life can

hears. Ho! ho! ho! ho! When the wild "hur-rah" is
lead. Ho! ho! ho! ho! Ha! his heart is burn-ing

f

sound-ing Wel-come mu-sic to his ears! Hur - rah! hur-
ev - er twards the bat-tle-field to speed! Hur - rah! hur-

f

rah! When his steed to com - bat spring-ing On-ward strain, High in
rah! When the can - non's roar he hear - eth Nought fears he, E'en the

air his lance he's swing-ing, Fights and gains! High in air his lance he's
face of death he near - eth, Laugh-ing - ly, E'en the face of death he

f

ff

swinging fights and gains! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! ho!
near-eth laugh-ing-ly. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! ho!

ff

Vermeland

A. Fryxell
Translated by Mrs. K. A. Ostergren

Swedish Folk-tune
arr. by Gustav Hägg

Andantino con espressione

p

1. Oh, Ver - me - land, thou
2. Yes, when some day, my
3. The Verm - land's lad is

mf *dim.* *p*

glo - rious, thou gra - cious land so fine. Thou crown-ing glo - ry
friend, you go forth a wife to woo, Then, take a trip to
haugh - ty and ver - y jol - ly he. There's noth - ing in the

p

of the Swed - ish King - dom. If I had wan-dered
Verm - e - land the glo - rious. There dwell the love - ly
world can make him fright - ened. He leaps at King's com -

pp *p*

Used by permission of G. Schirmer

in - to Heav-en's prom - ised land di - vine, My
maid - ens so sweet, so rare, so true, Be
mand, and de - serts fri - vo - li - ty, And

steps would turn a - gain to my loved Verme - land
gay and man - ly would you be vic - to - rious
march - es forth to war with wea - pons bright - ened.

pp

f un poco piu mosso

Yes, there will I live and
For Verm lands fair maid - ens love
And tho' he count by myr - iad ranks the

mf un poco piu mosso

poco rit. *p* Tempo I

there will I die! My bride I'll seek most
sun-ny hearts and brave, In vain the sad and
en-e-my's ar-ray, He fears them not an

poco rit. *p*

mf

glad-ly, Neath Verm-land's moon-lit sky. I
dole-ful their fair one's love will crave. For
in-stant, nor choos-es but the fray. And

mf

poco rit.

know that re-gret will nev-er haunt me.
Verm-land's fair daughters love the glad and brave.
death, or vic-to-ry with ho-nor height-ened!

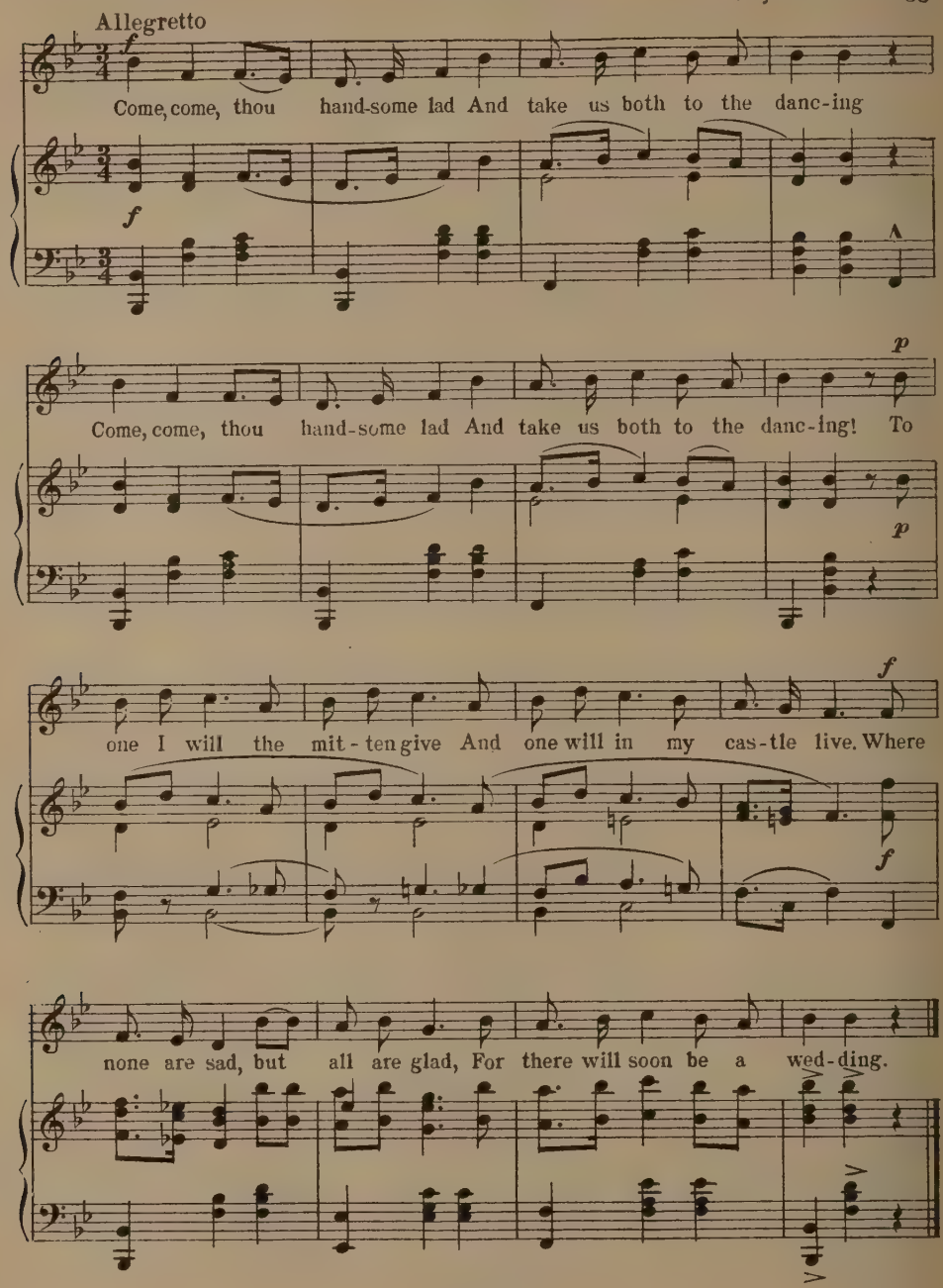
poco rit.

Come, Come Thou Handsome Lad

Translated by Mrs. K. A. Ostergren

Dance-Song

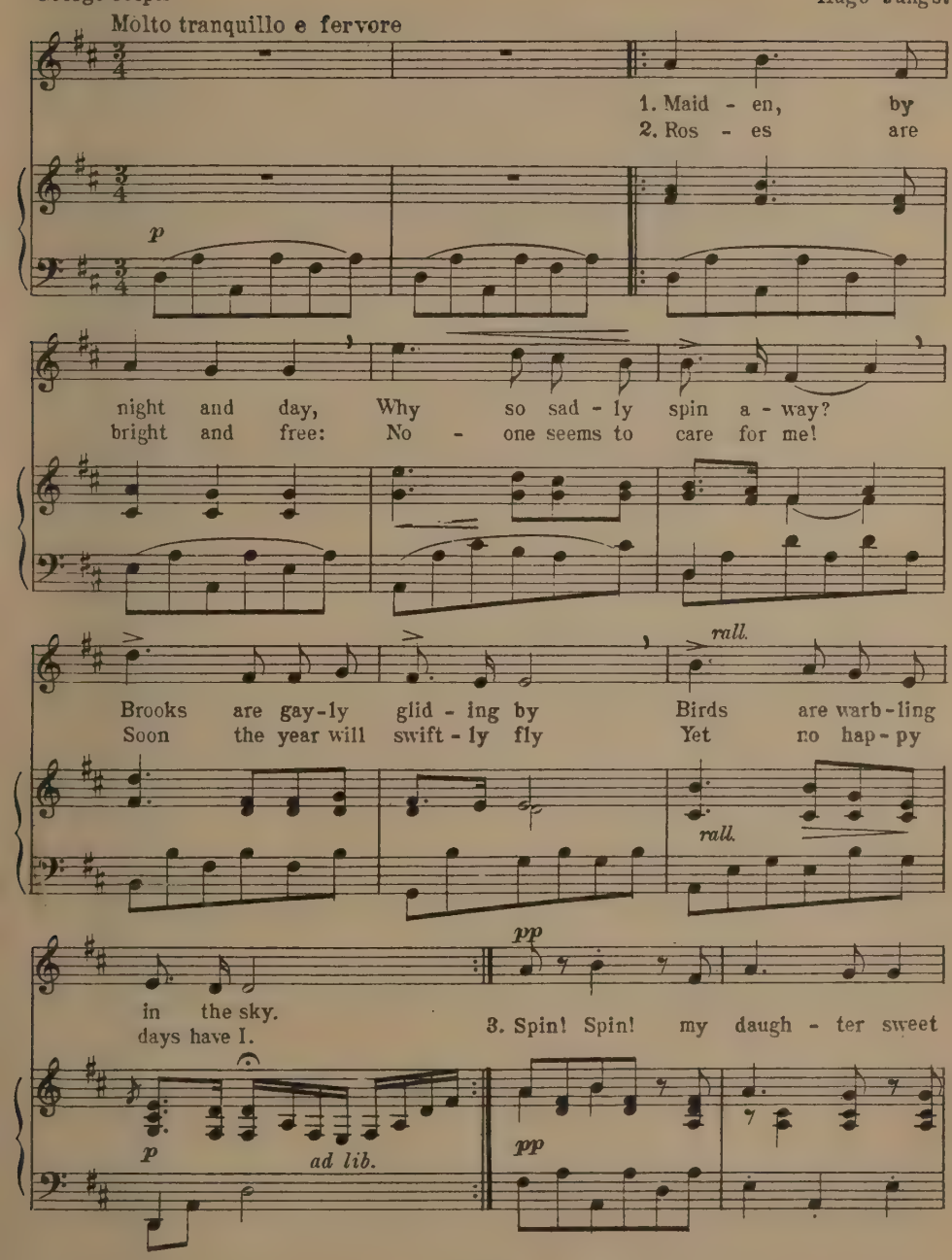
Swedish Folk Song arr. by Gustav Hägg



Spin! Spin!

Translated by
George Cooper

Hugo Jungst



Soon your heart's de-sire you'll meet! Joy will ev-er, soon or late

Come to those who spin and wait.

pp

Flowers of Joy

Translated by
Mrs K.A.Ostergren

Swedish Folk Song
arr. by Gustaf Hägg

Andantino

p

Joy's sweet blos-soms may nev - er spring from the

p

soil of earth. Love it-self a de - cept - ive thing mars thy

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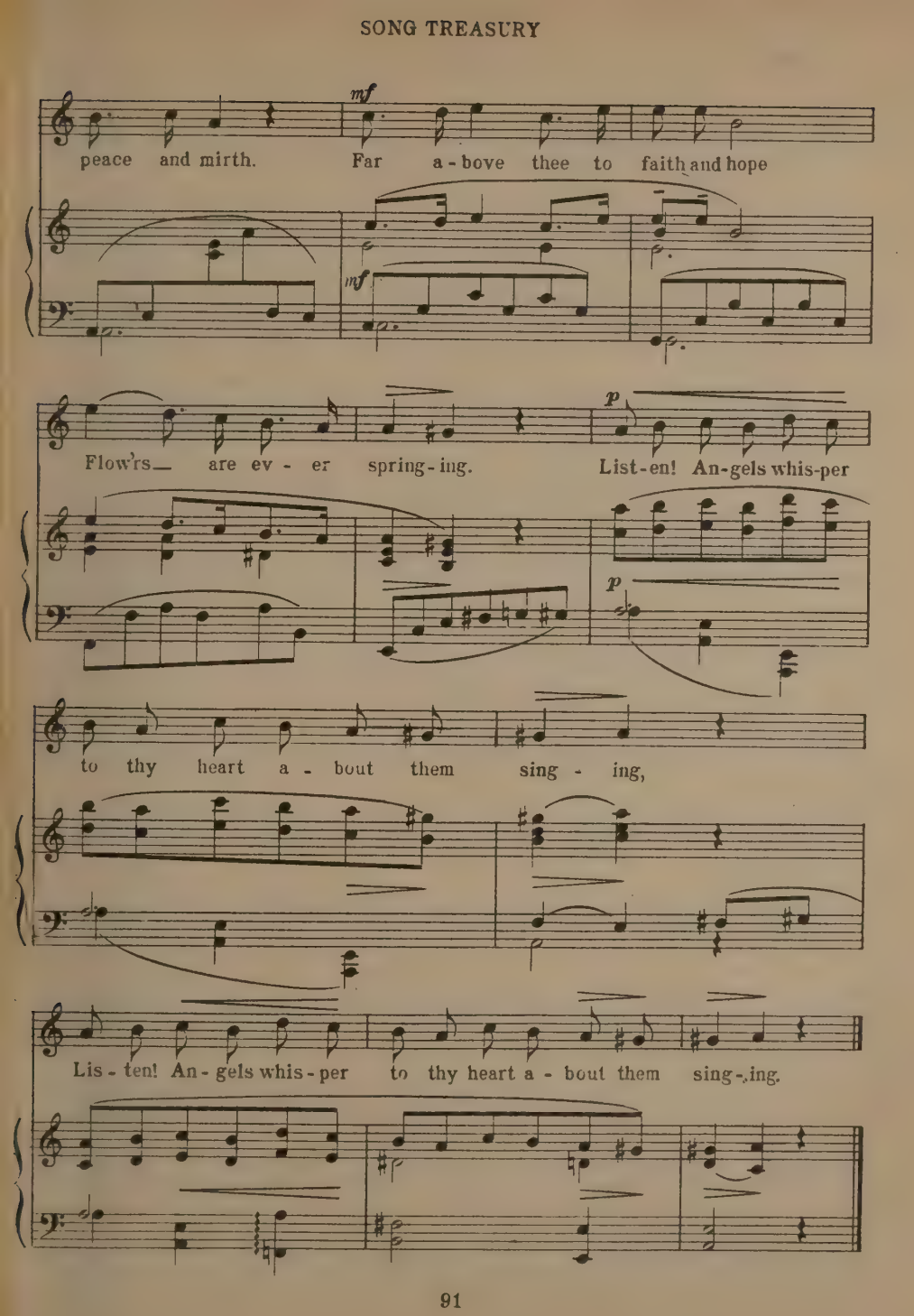
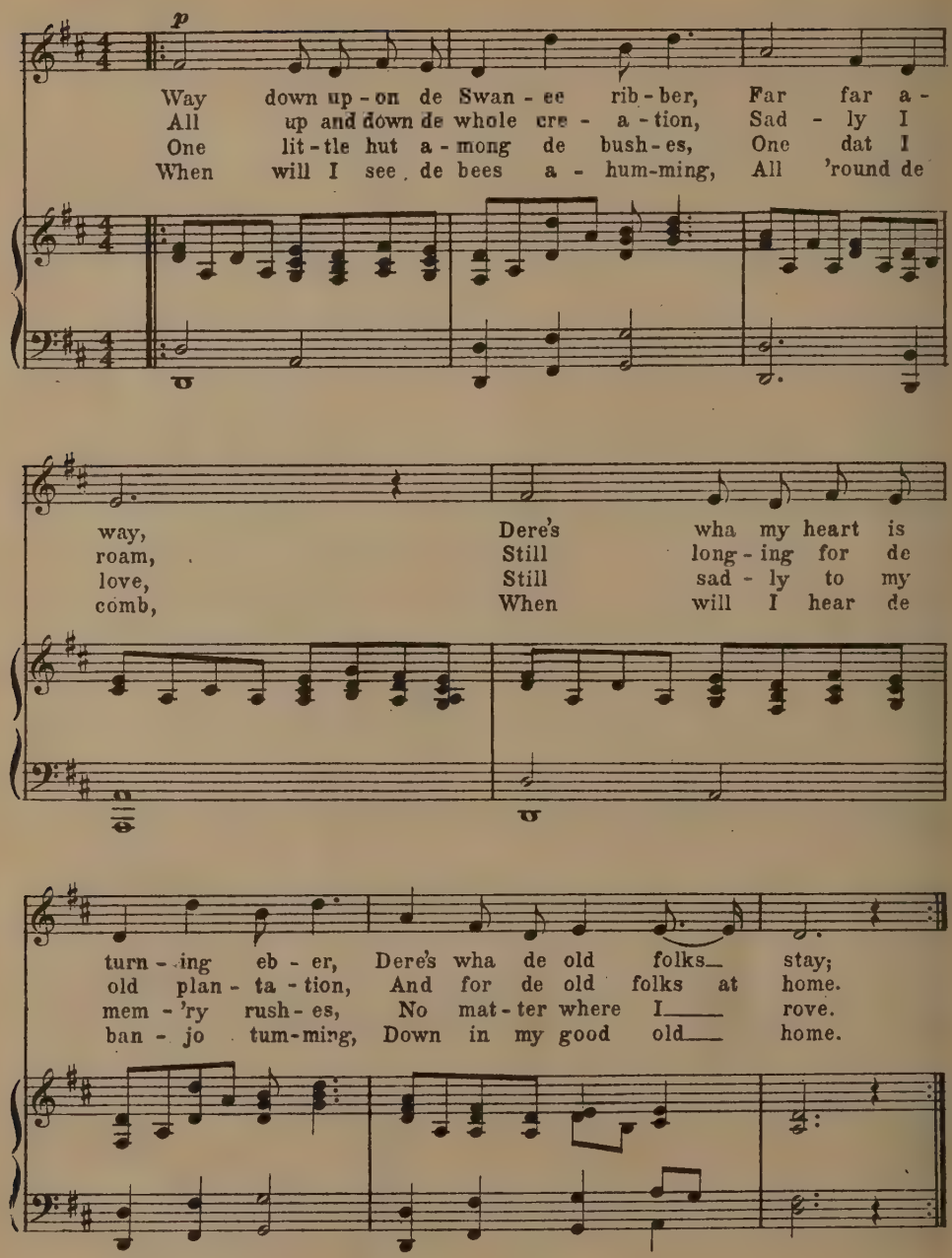

mf
peace and mirth. Far a - bove thee to faith and hope
mf
Flow'rs_ are ev - er spring - ing.
p
List - en! An - gels whis - per
p
to thy heart a - bout them sing - ing,
Lis - ten! An - gels whis - per to thy heart a - bout them sing - ing.

Old Folks at Home

Stephen Foster

Stephen Foster



All de world am sad and drear-y Eb-'ry where I roam;

Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from de old folks at home.

rit.

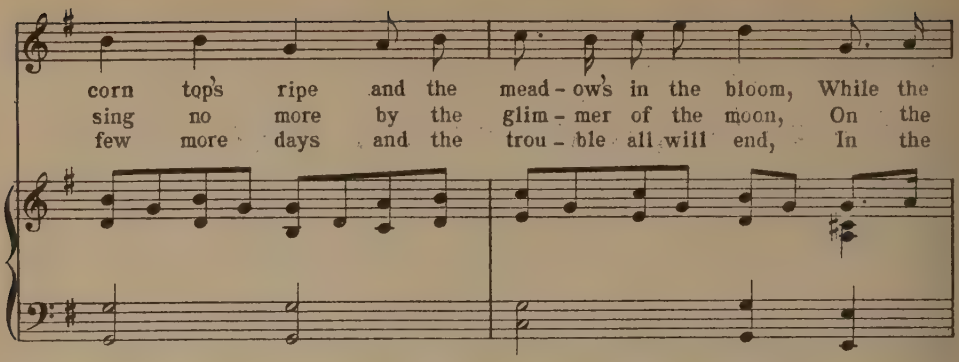
Stephen Foste

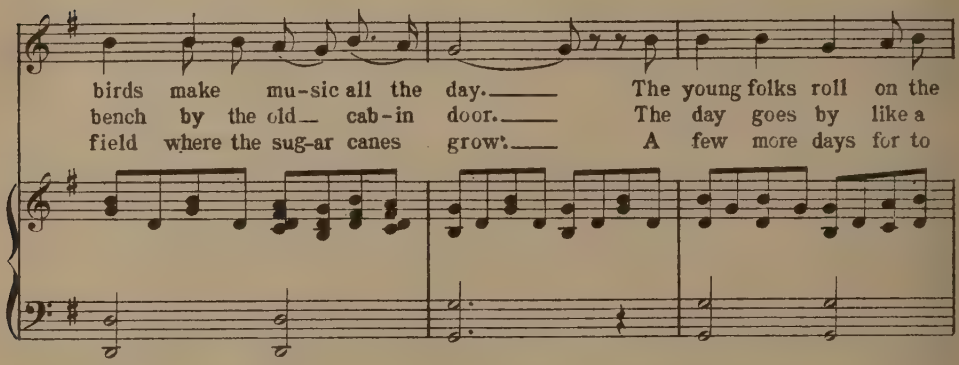
My Old Kentucky Home

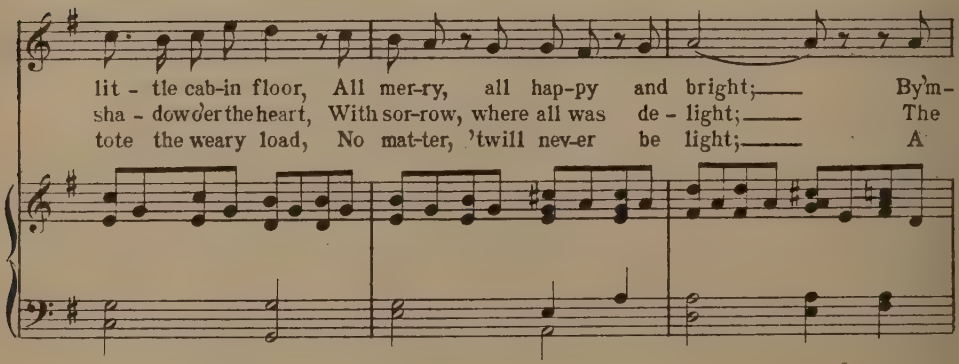
Stephen Foster

The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the
The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-

sum-mer, the dar-kies are gay; The
mead-ow, the hill and de shore; They
ev-er the dar-key may go; A


corn tops ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the


birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the
bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a
field where the sug-ar canes grow. A few more days for to


lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'm-
sha-dow'd the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; The
tote the weary load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A

bye hard - times comes a knock - ing at the door, Then my
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then my
few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night. — *mf* Weep no more, my

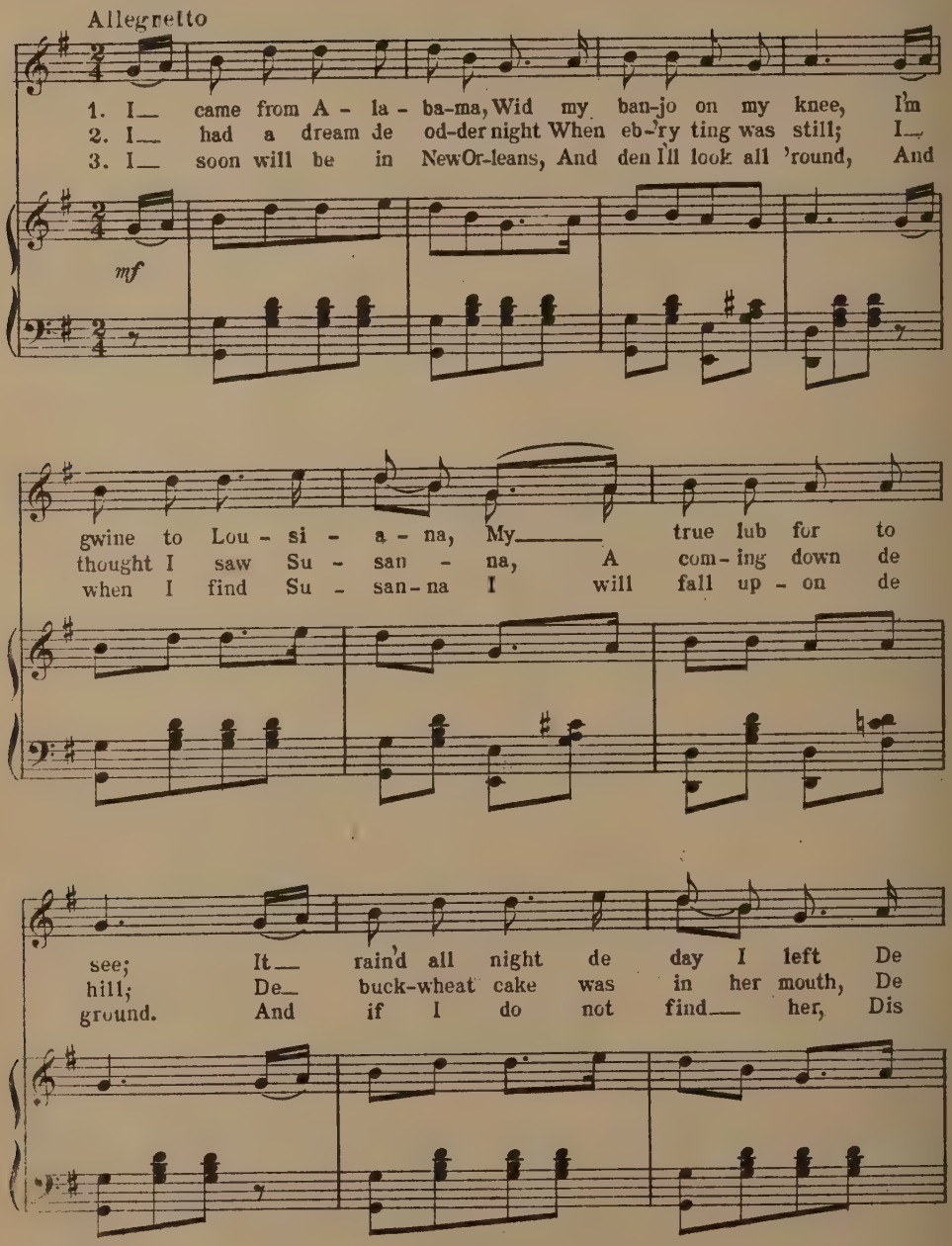
la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way! — *rit.*

Oh! Susanna

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster



weath-er it was dry, De- sun so hot I
tear was in her eye; Says- I, I'm com - ing
dark-y'll sure - ly die, And- when I'm dead and

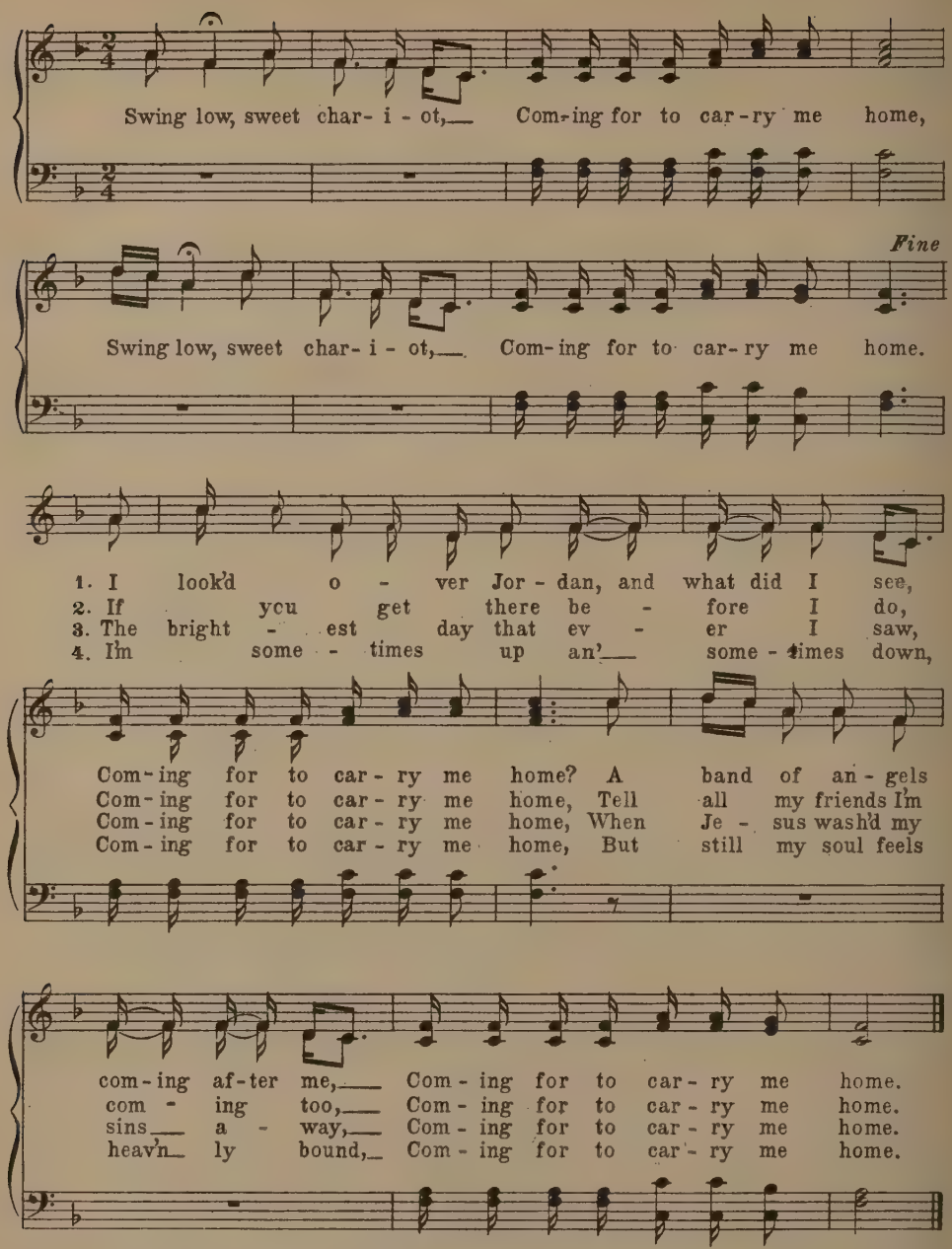
froze to death, Su - san - na, don't you cry.
from de south, Su - san - na don't you cry.
bur - ied, Su - san - na don't you cry.

Oh Su - san - na, Oh don't you cry for me, I've-

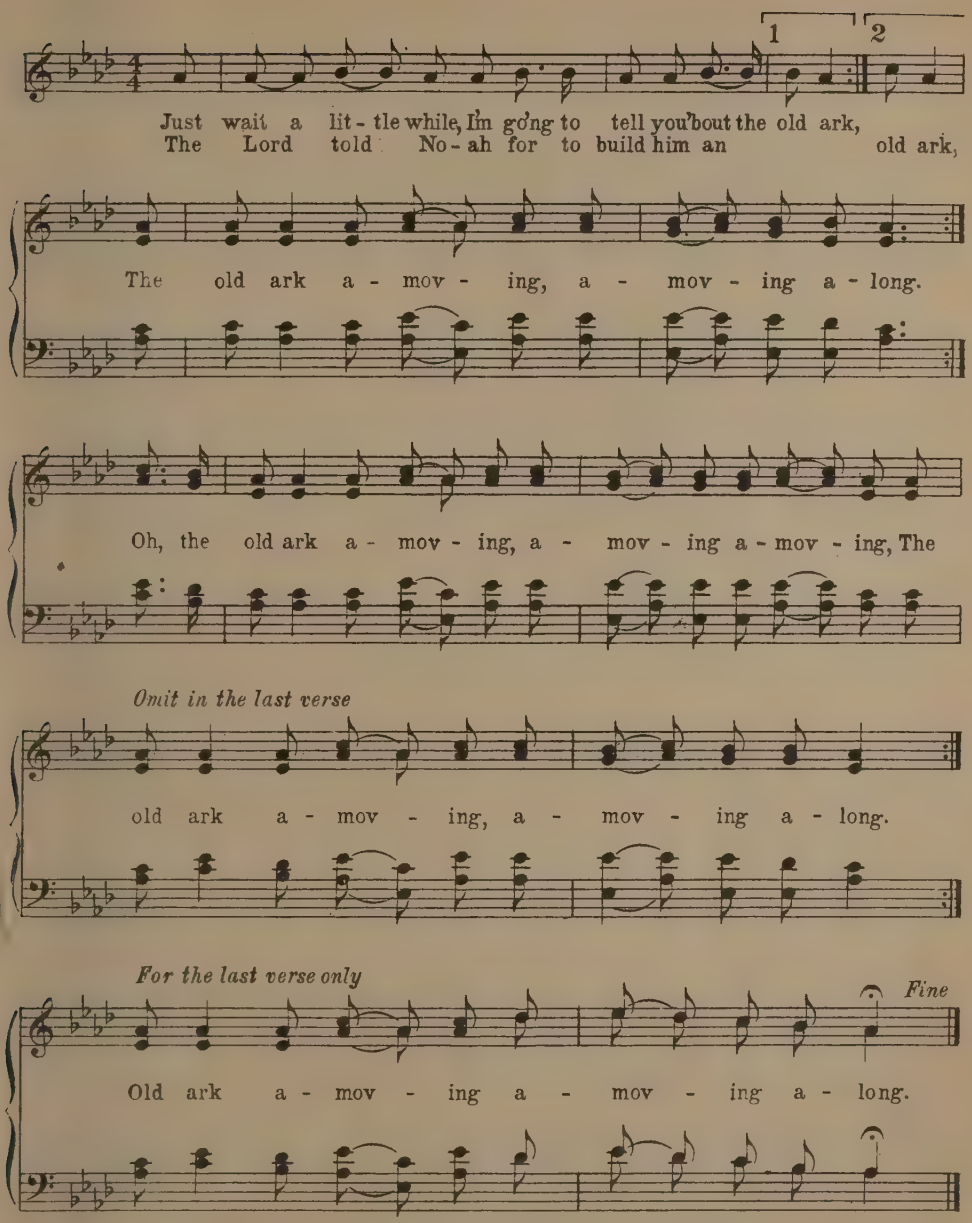
mf

come from A - la - ba - ma Wid my ban-jo on my knee.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot



The Old Ark A-Moving Along

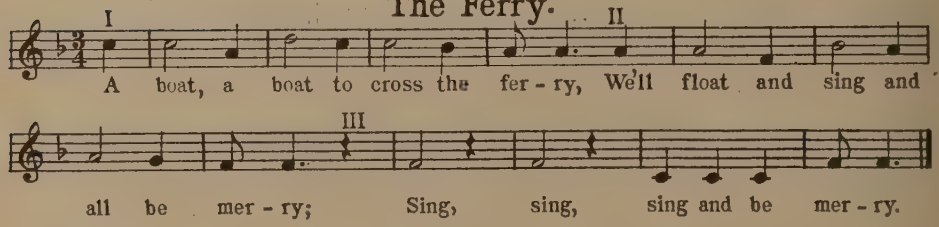


2 Then Noah and his sons went to work upon the dry land
The old ark a-moving, etc.
They built that ark just according to the command,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
Noah and his sons went to work upon the timber,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
The proud began to laugh, and the silly point their finger,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
Chorus.—Oh, the old ark a-moving, etc.

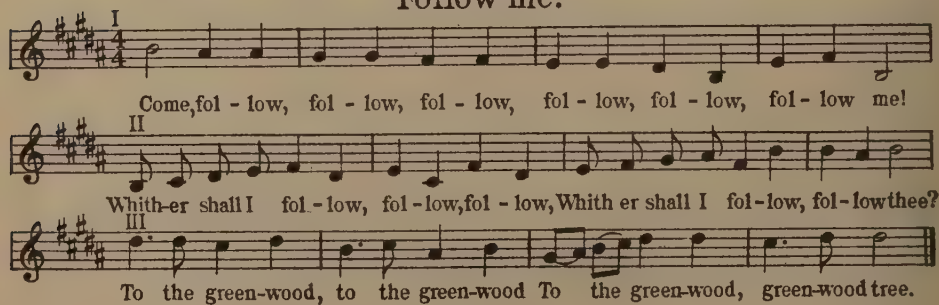
3 When the ark was finished just according to the plan,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
Master Noah took in his family, both animal and man,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
When the rain began to fall and the ark began to rise,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
The wicked hung around with their groans and their cries,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
Chorus.—Oh, the old ark a-moving, etc.

4 Forty days and forty nights, the rain it kept a-falling,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
The wicked climbed the trees, and for help they kept a-calling,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
That awful rain, she stopped at last, the waters they subsided
The old ark a-moving, etc.
And that old ark with all on board on Ararat she rided,
The old ark a-moving, etc.
Chorus.—Oh, the old ark a-moving, etc.

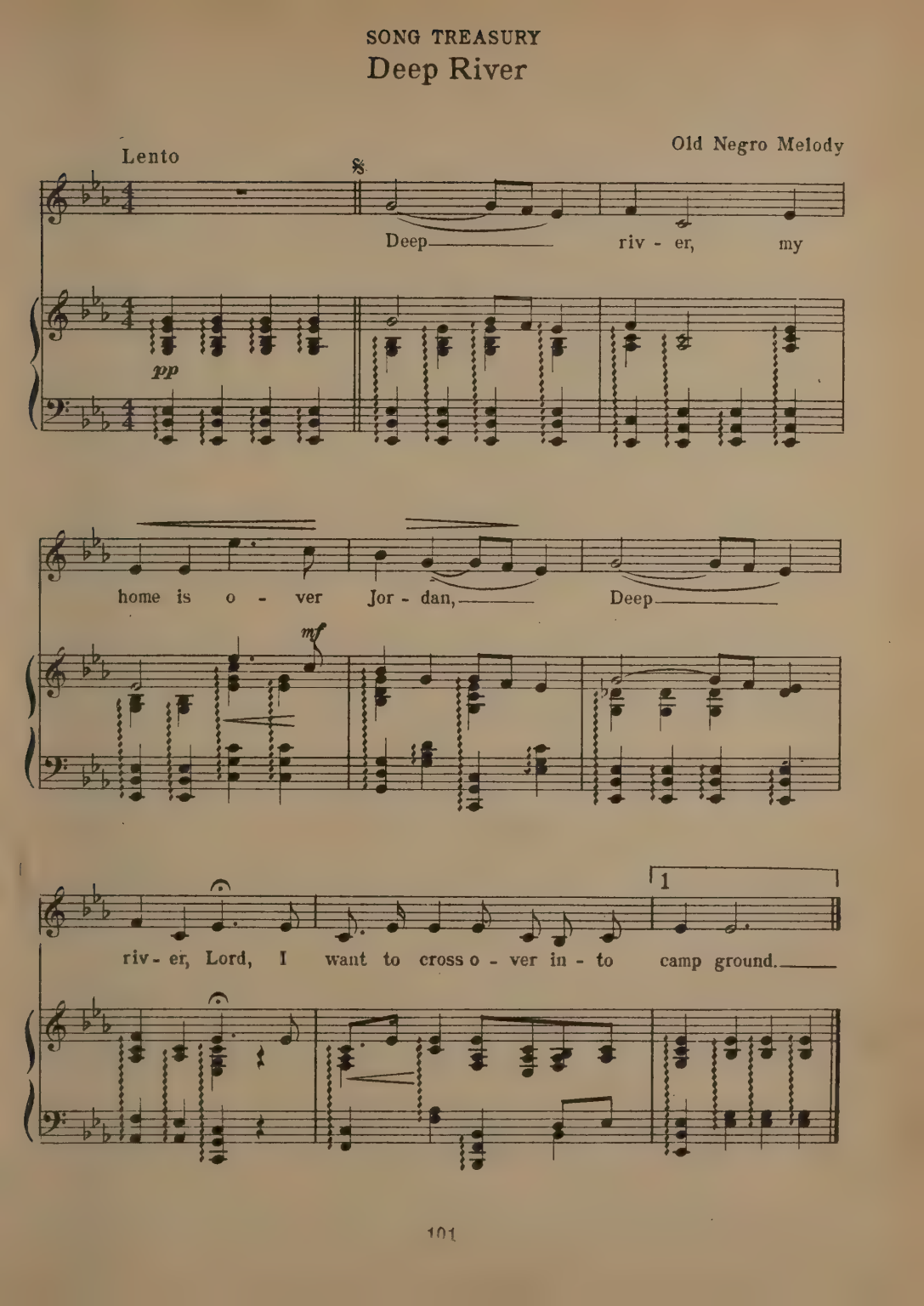
The Ferry.

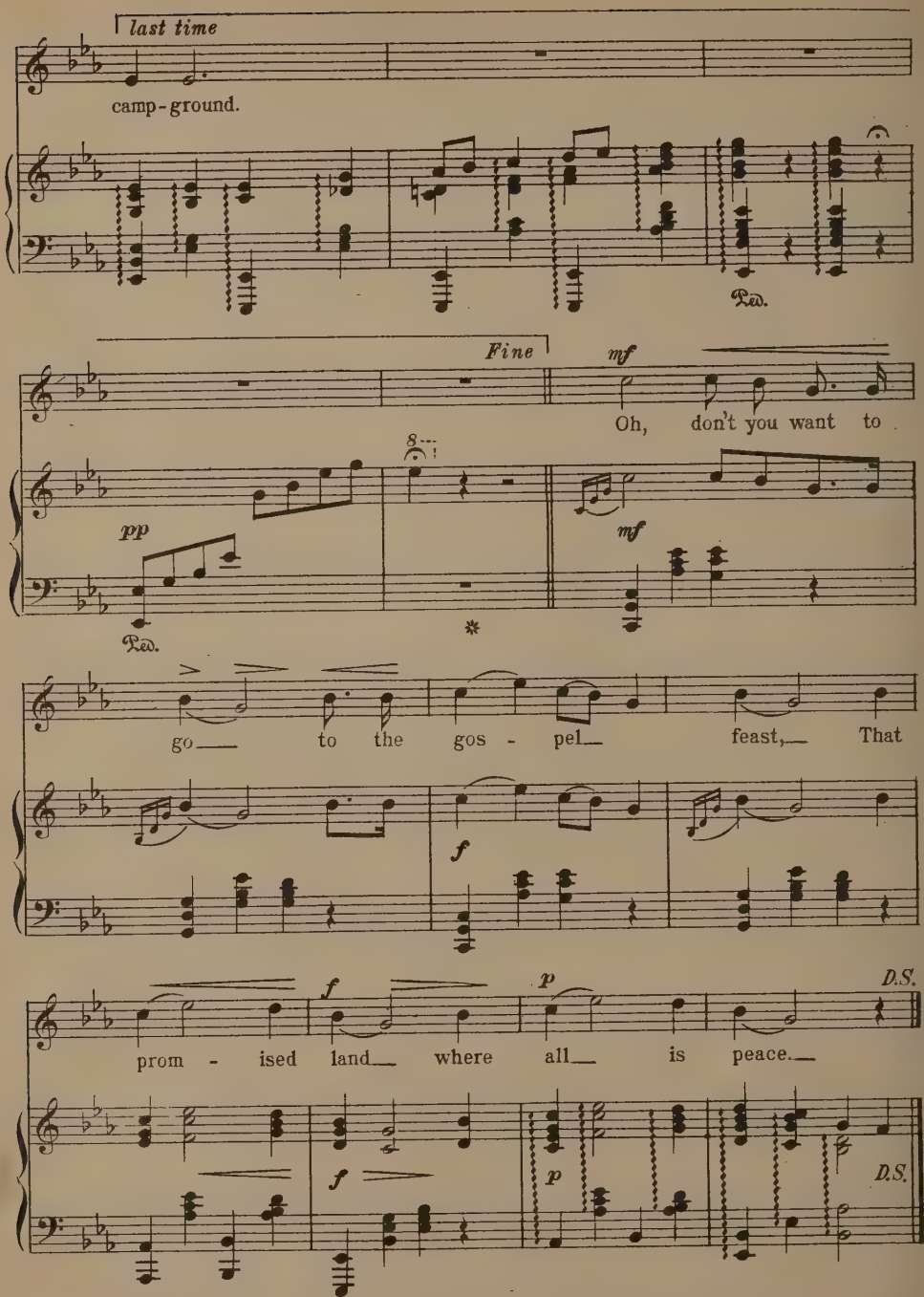


Follow me.



Deep River


Lento
Old Negro Melody
Deep riv - er, my
pp
home is o - ver Jor - dan, Deep
mf
riv - er, Lord, I want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground.
1


last time
camp-ground.
Ped.
Fine
mf
Oh, don't you want to
pp
mf
go to the gos - pel feast, That
f
f
p
D.S.
prom - ised land where all is peace.
f
p
D.S.

From "Davy and the Goblin"
by Charles E. Carryl

A Capital Ship

Arranged for Mixed Voices
by B. D. Allen

Solo

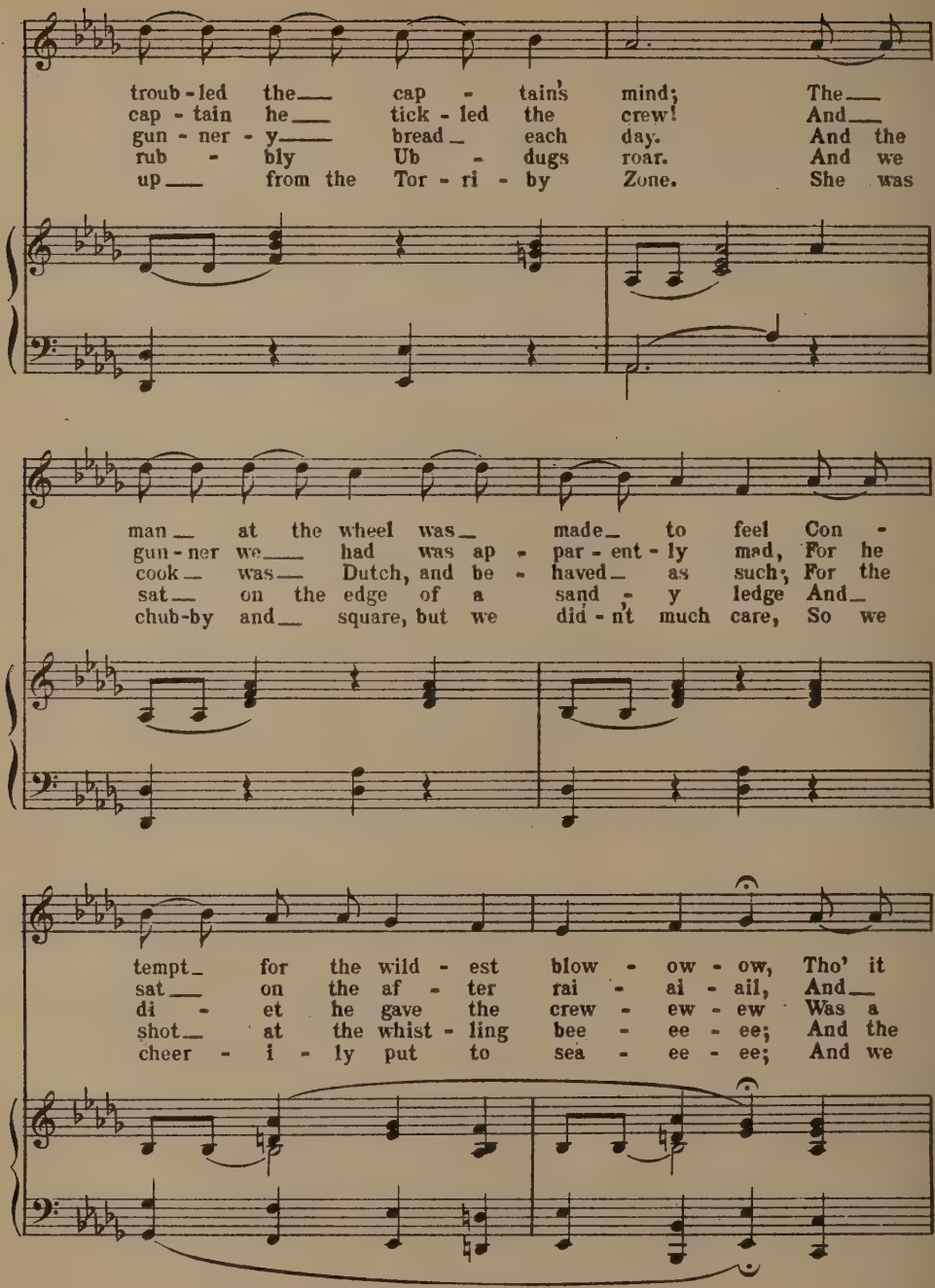
1. A cap - i - tal ship for an
2. The bo' - swain's mate was—
3. The cap - tain sat on the
4. All nau - ti - cal pride we—
5. On Rug - bug bark, from—

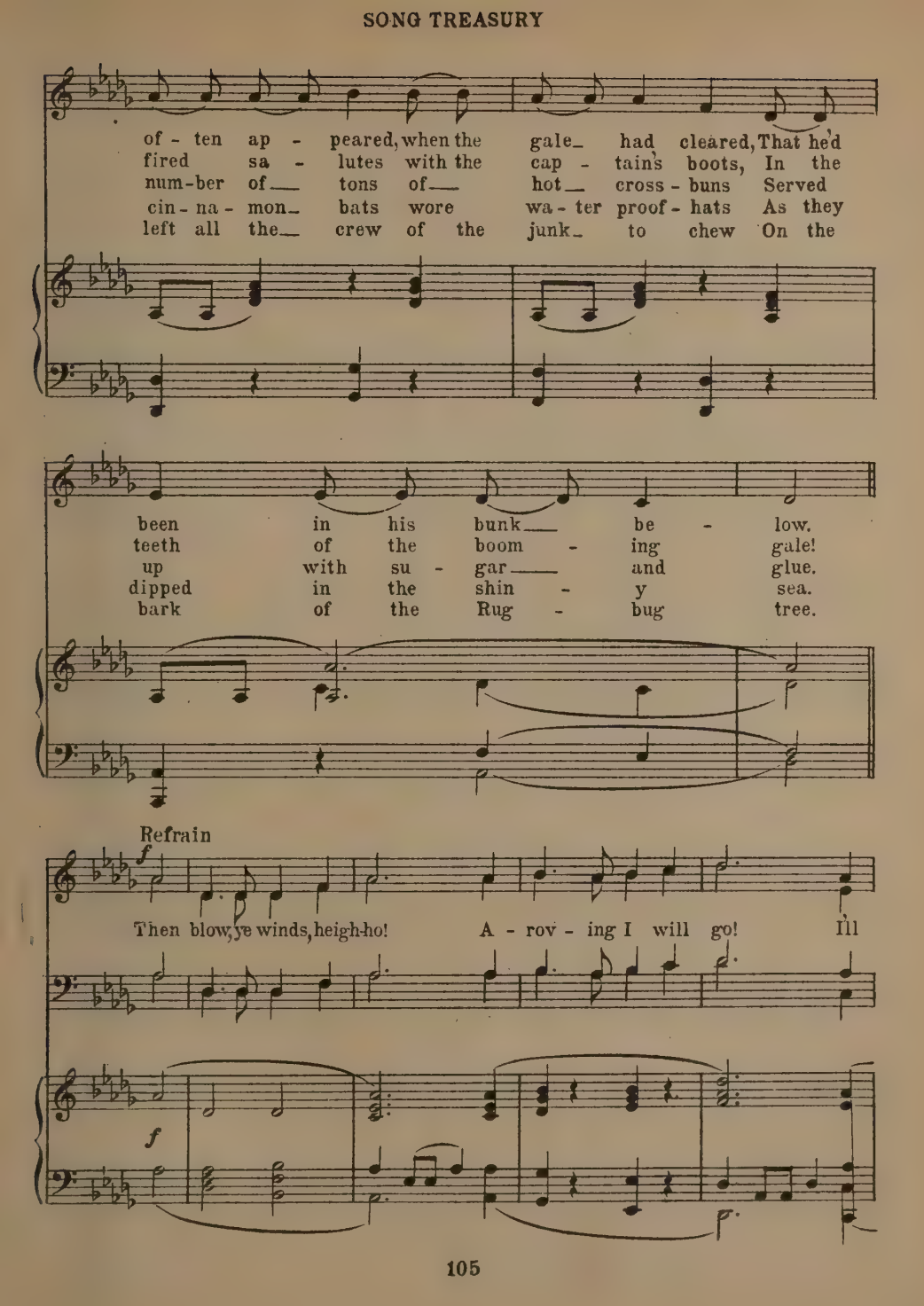
Allegro commodo

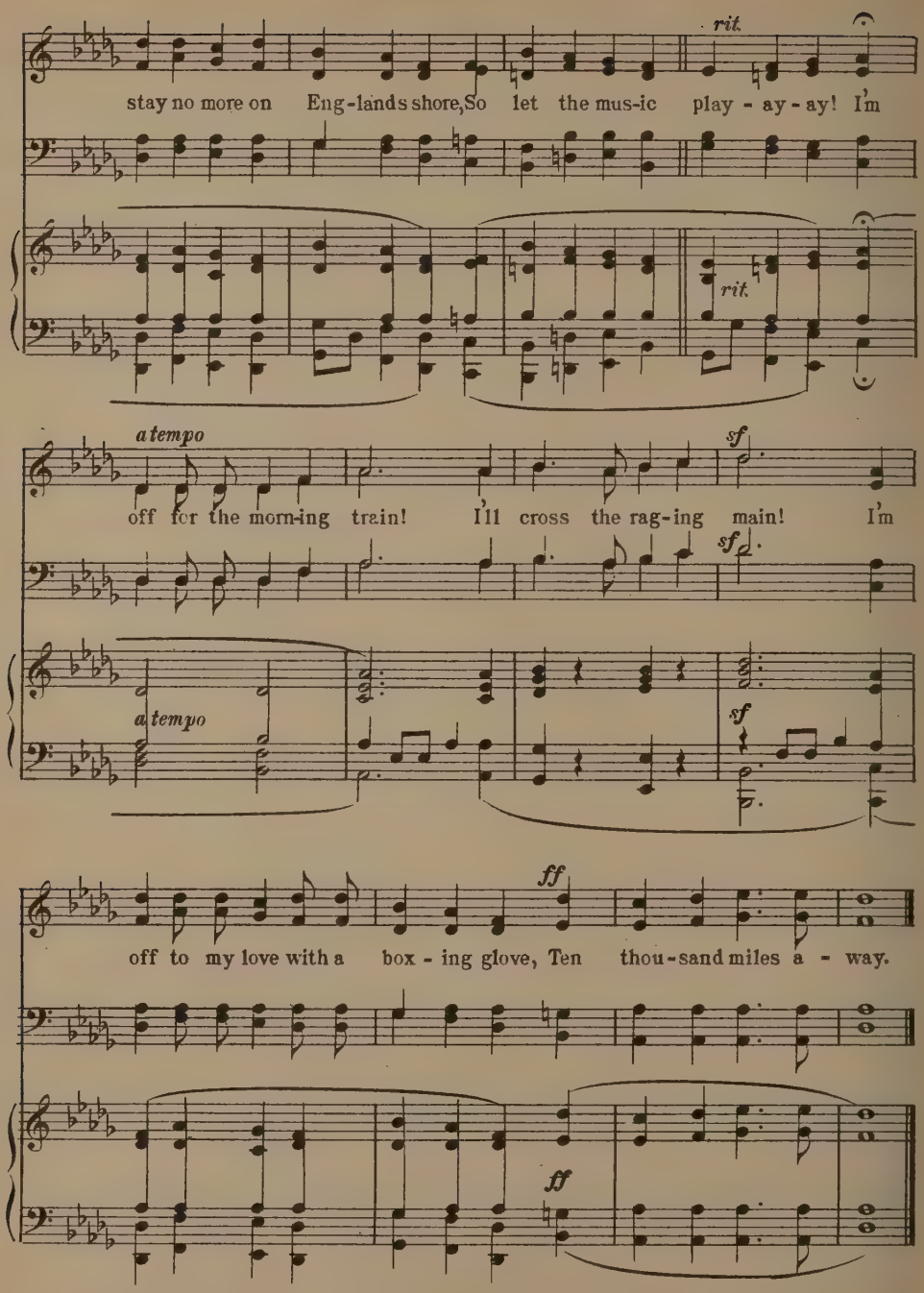
Ped. * *Ped. simili.*

o - cean trip, Was the Wal - lop - ing— Win - dow Blind! No
ver - y se - date Yet— fond of a - muse - ment too; He
com - mo - dore's hat And— dined in a roy - al way. Off
laid— a - side, And we ran— the— ves - sel a - shore On the
morn till dark, We— dined till we all— had grown Un -

wind— that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or—
played hop - scotch with the star - board watch, While the
toast - ed pigs and— pick - les and figs And—
Gul - li - by Isles, where the Poo - poo smiles, And the
com - mon - ly shrunk; when a Chi - nese junk Came—


troub - led the cap - tain's mind; The
cap - tain he tick - led the crew! And
gun - ner - y bread each day. And the
rub - bly Ub - dugs roar. And we
up from the Tor - ri - by Zone. She was
man at the wheel was made to feel Con -
gun - ner we had was ap - par - ent - ly mad, For he
cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the
sat on the edge of a sand - y ledge And
chub-by and square, but we did - n't much care, So we
tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
sat on the af - ter rai - ai - ail, And
di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew Was a
shot at the whist - ling bee - ee - ee; And the
cheer - i - ly put to sea - ee - ee; And we

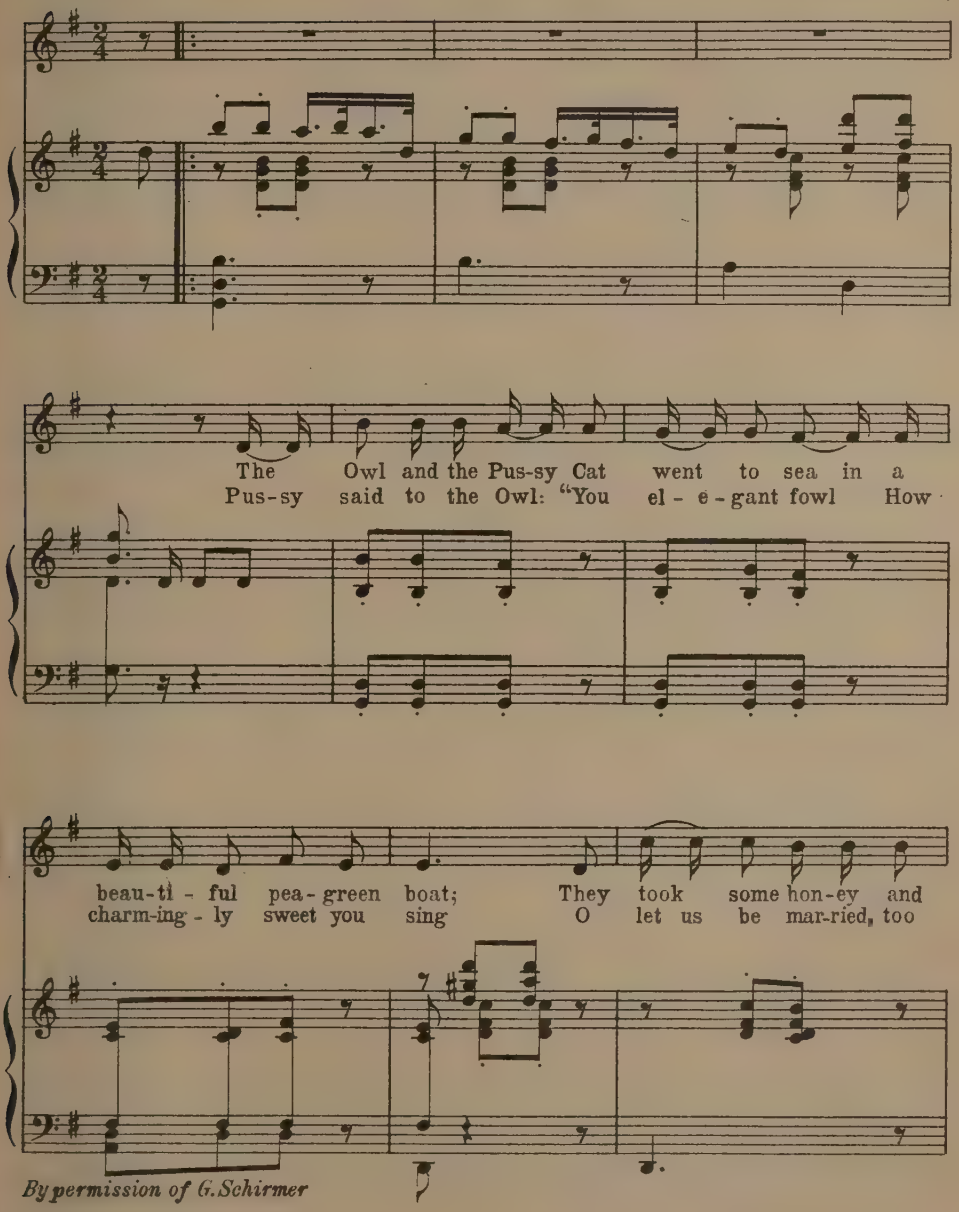

of - ten ap - peared, when the gale_ had cleared, That he'd
fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the
num-ber of___ tons of___ hot___ cross - buns Served
cin - na - mon_ bats wore wa - ter proof - hats As they
left all the___ crew of the junk_ to chew On the
been in his bunk___ be - low.
teeth of the boom - ing gale!
up with su - gar___ and glue.
dipped in the shin - y sea.
bark of the Rug - bug tree.
Refrain
f
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll
f


rit.
stay no more on Eng-lands shore, So let the mus-ic play - ay - ay! I'm
rit.
a tempo
sf
off for the morn-ing train! I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm
sf
a tempo
sf
ff
off to my love with a box - ing glove, Ten thou-sand miles a - way.
ff

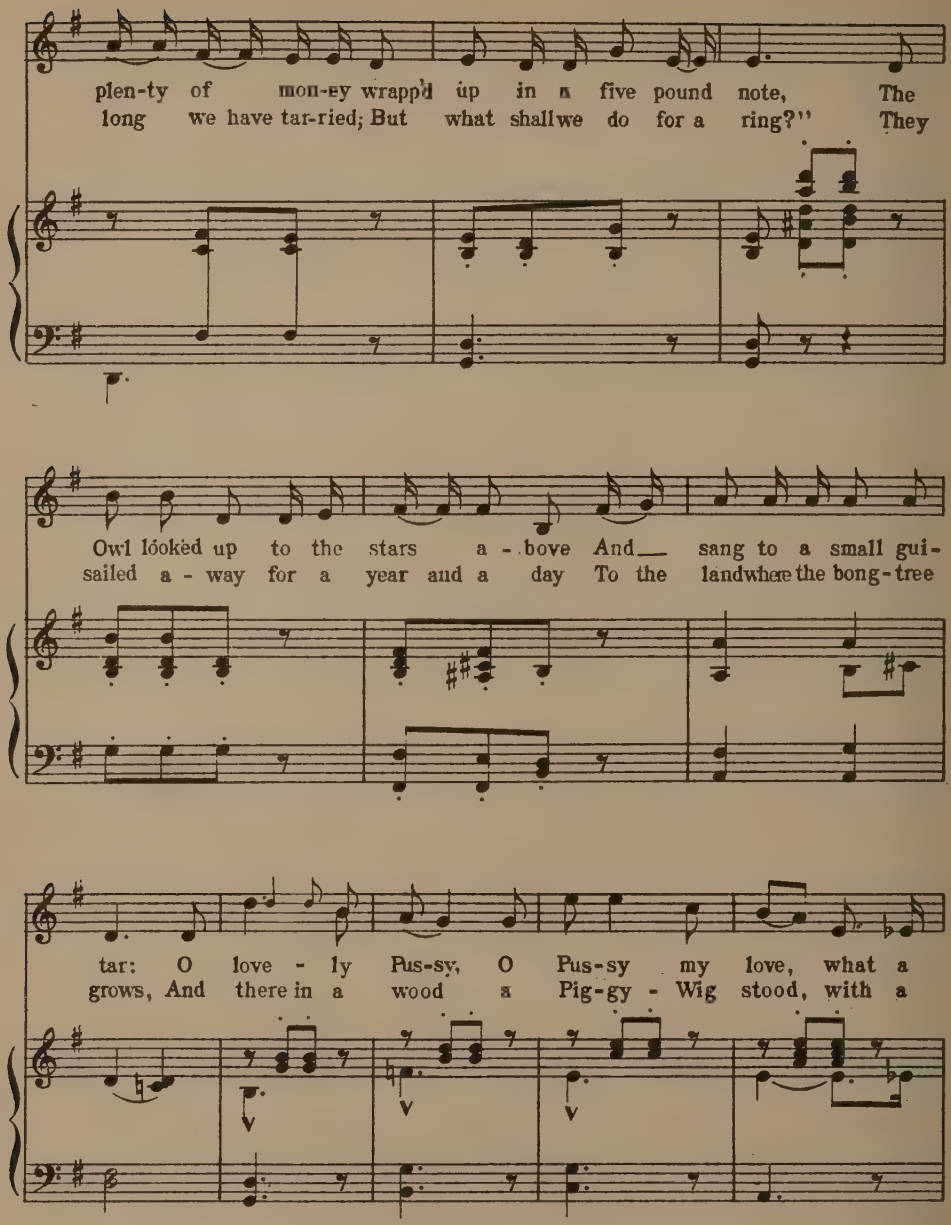
The Owl and The Pussy Cat

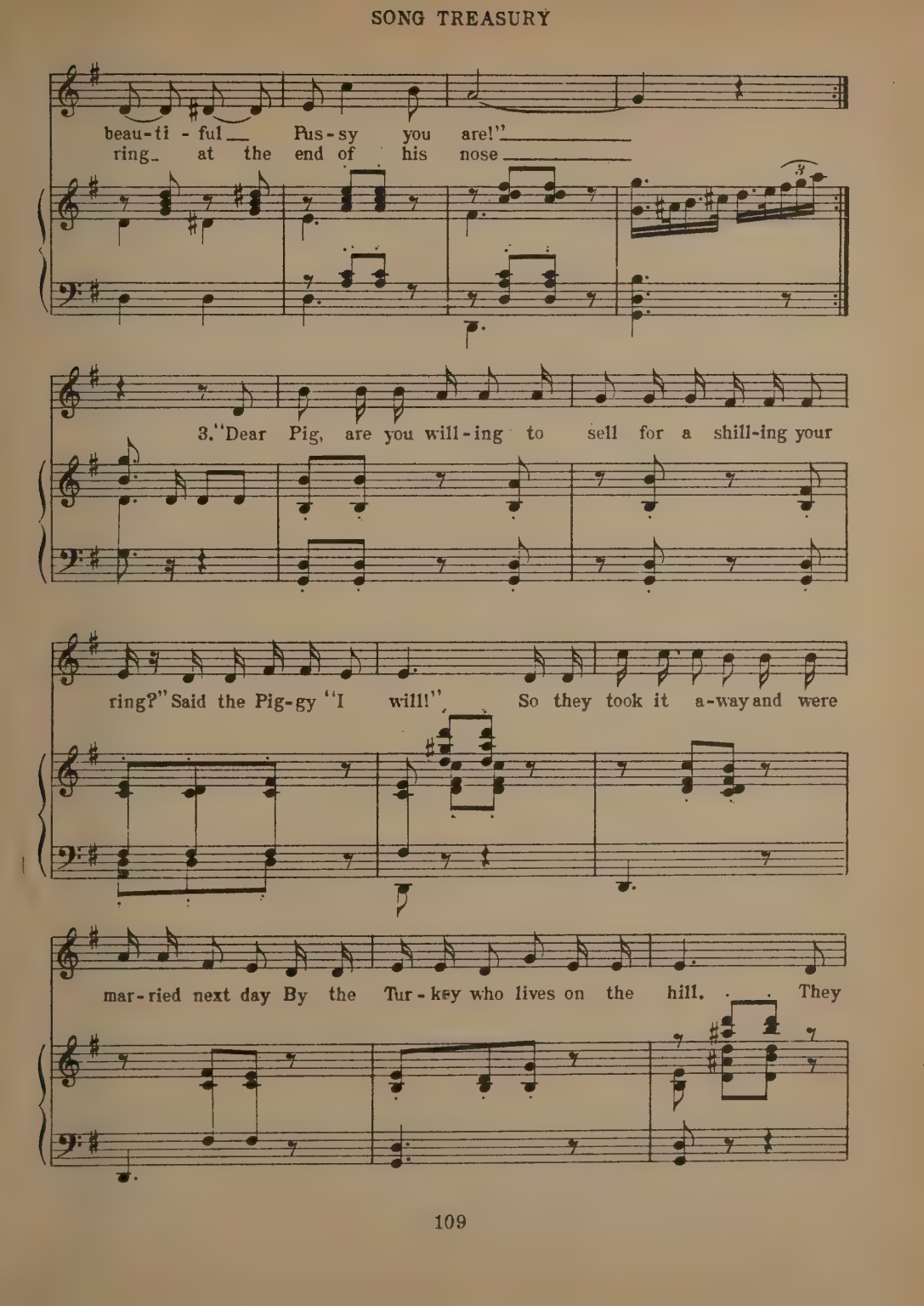
Edward Lear

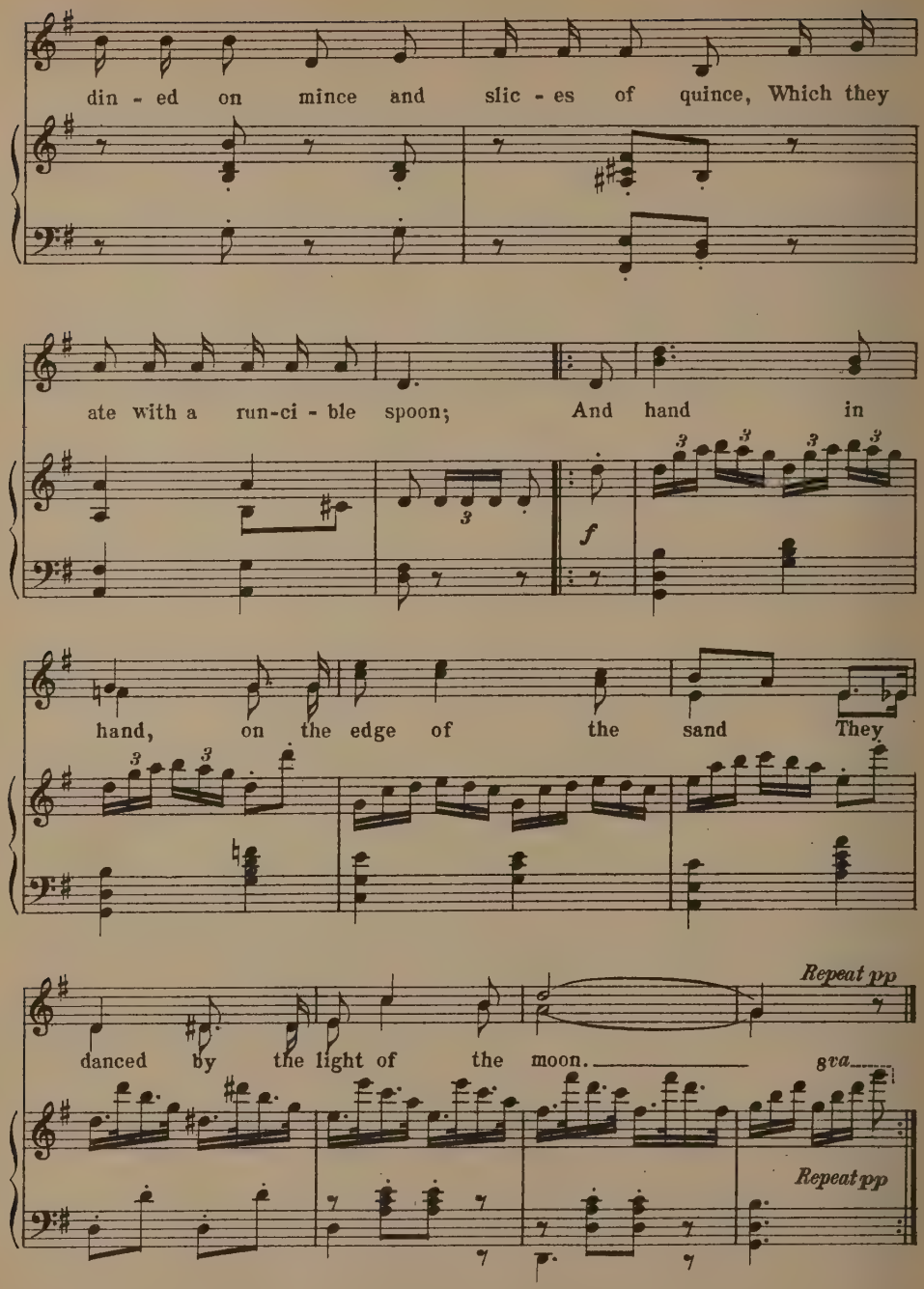
George Ingraham



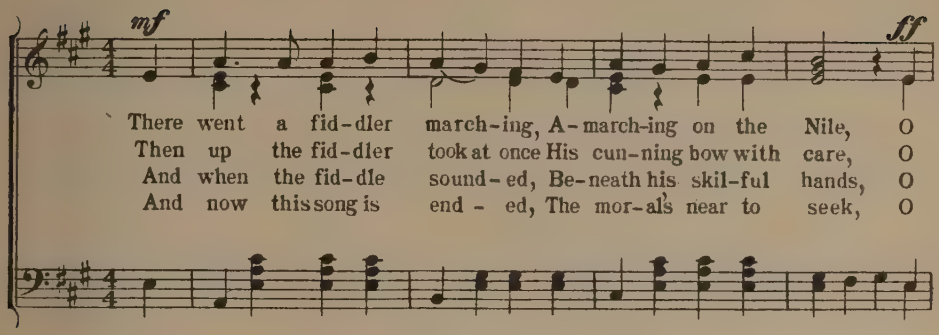
By permission of G. Schirmer

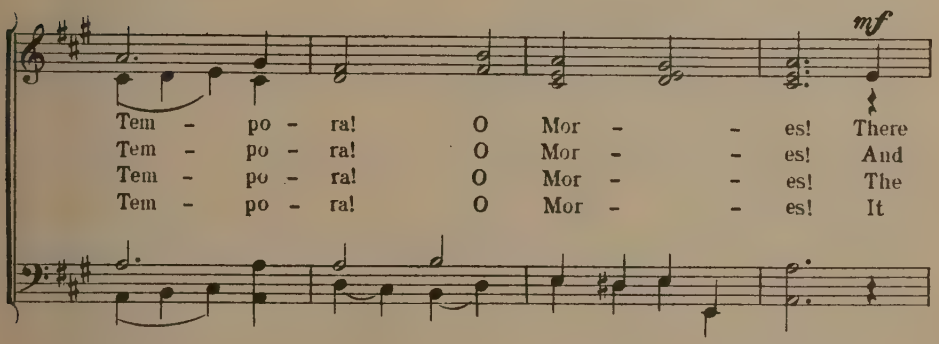

plen-ty of mon-ey wrapp'd up in a five pound note, The
long we have tar-ried; But what shall we do for a ring?" They
Owl looked up to the stars a - bove And sang to a small gui-
sailed a - way for a year and a day To the land where the bong-tree
tar: O love - ly Pus-sy, O Pus-sy my love, what a
grows, And there in a wood a Pig-gy - Wig stood, with a

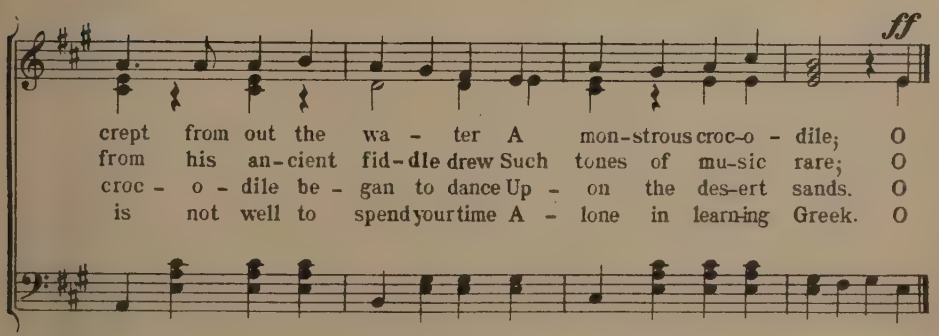

beau-ti - ful Pus-sy you are!"
ring at the end of his nose
3.
3."Dear Pig, are you will-ing to sell for a shill-ing your
ring?" Said the Pig-gy "I will!" So they took it a-way and were
mar-ried next day By the Tur-key who lives on the hill. They


din - ed on mince and slic - es of quince, Which they
ate with a run-ci - ble spoon; And hand in
hand, on the edge of the sand They
danced by the light of the moon.
Repeat pp
8va
Repeat pp

O Tempora! O Mores!







ff *mf*

Tem - po - ra! O Mor - - es! And
Tem - po - ra! O Mor - - es! Al -
Tem - po - ra! O Mor - - es! Quad-
Tem - po - ra! O Mor - - es! But

ff

mf

as it fain would swal-low him, Such teeth you nev-er saw! Fal -
le - gro, dol - ce, pres - to Such tunes you nev-er saw! Fal -
rilles, gav-ottes, and waltz - es, Such steps you nev-er saw! Fal -
learn at once to fid - dle, Such sport you nev-er saw! Fal -

ff

lal - la - la - la - la,
lal - la - la - la - la,
lal - la - la - la - la,
lal - la - la - la - la,

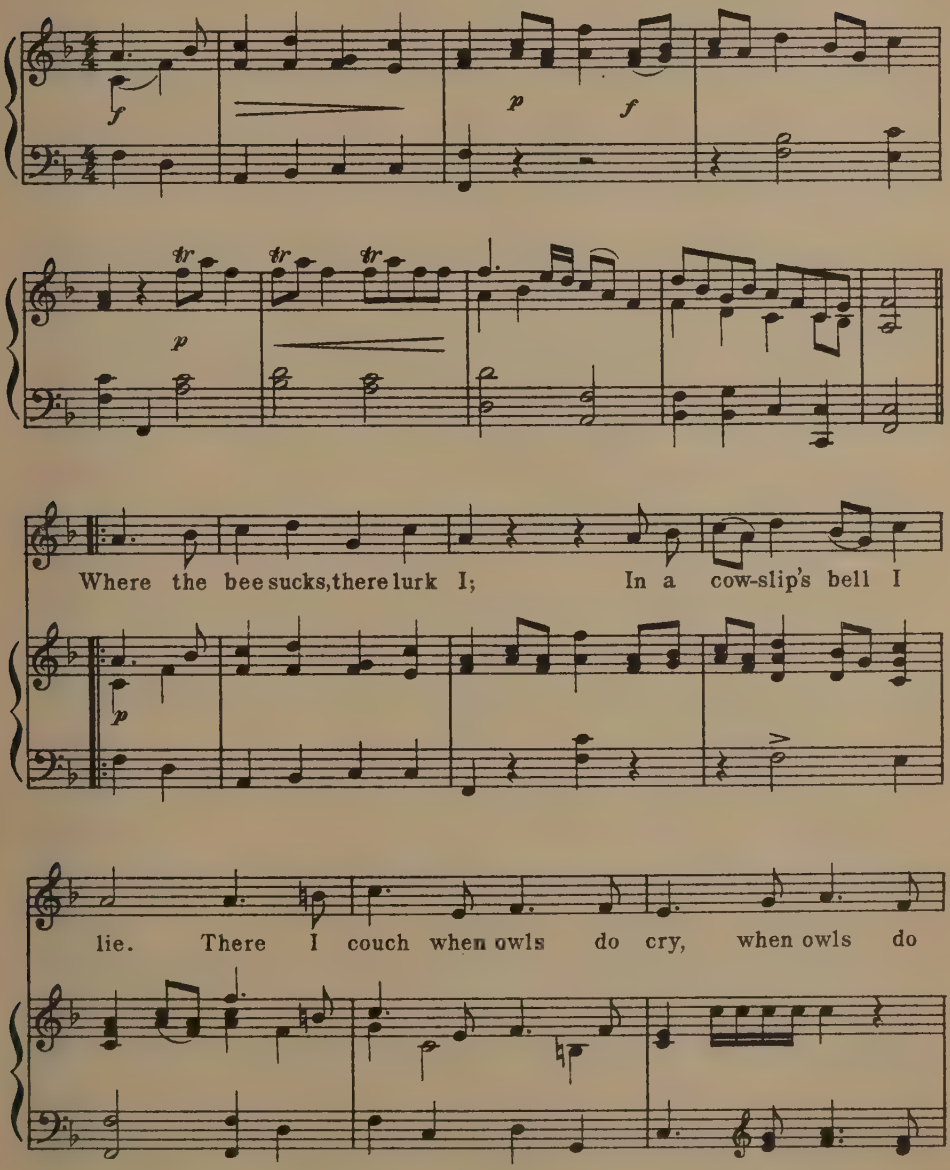
O Tem - po tem - po - ra To

ff

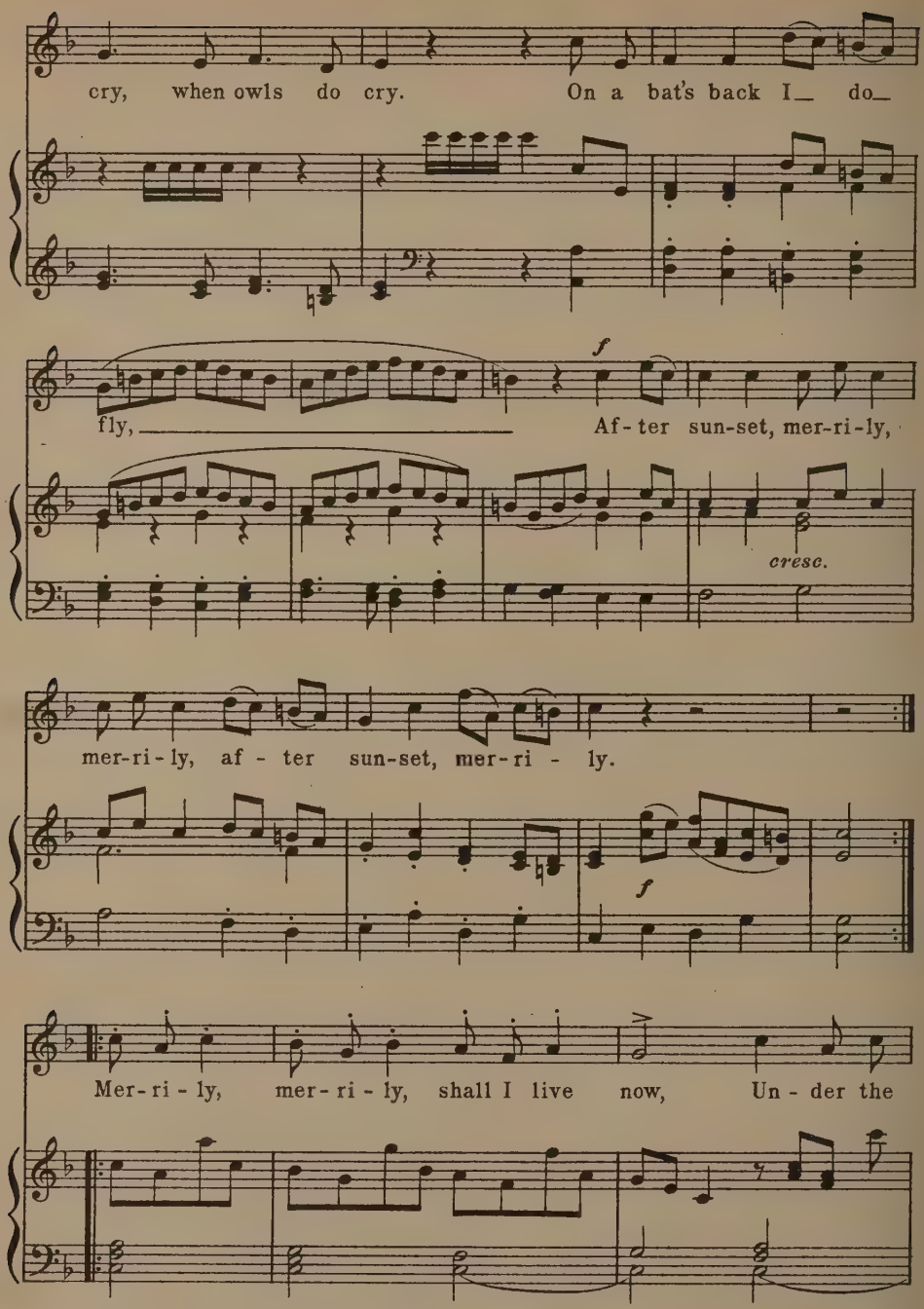
thee be praise for end - less days, Dame Mu - sic - a.

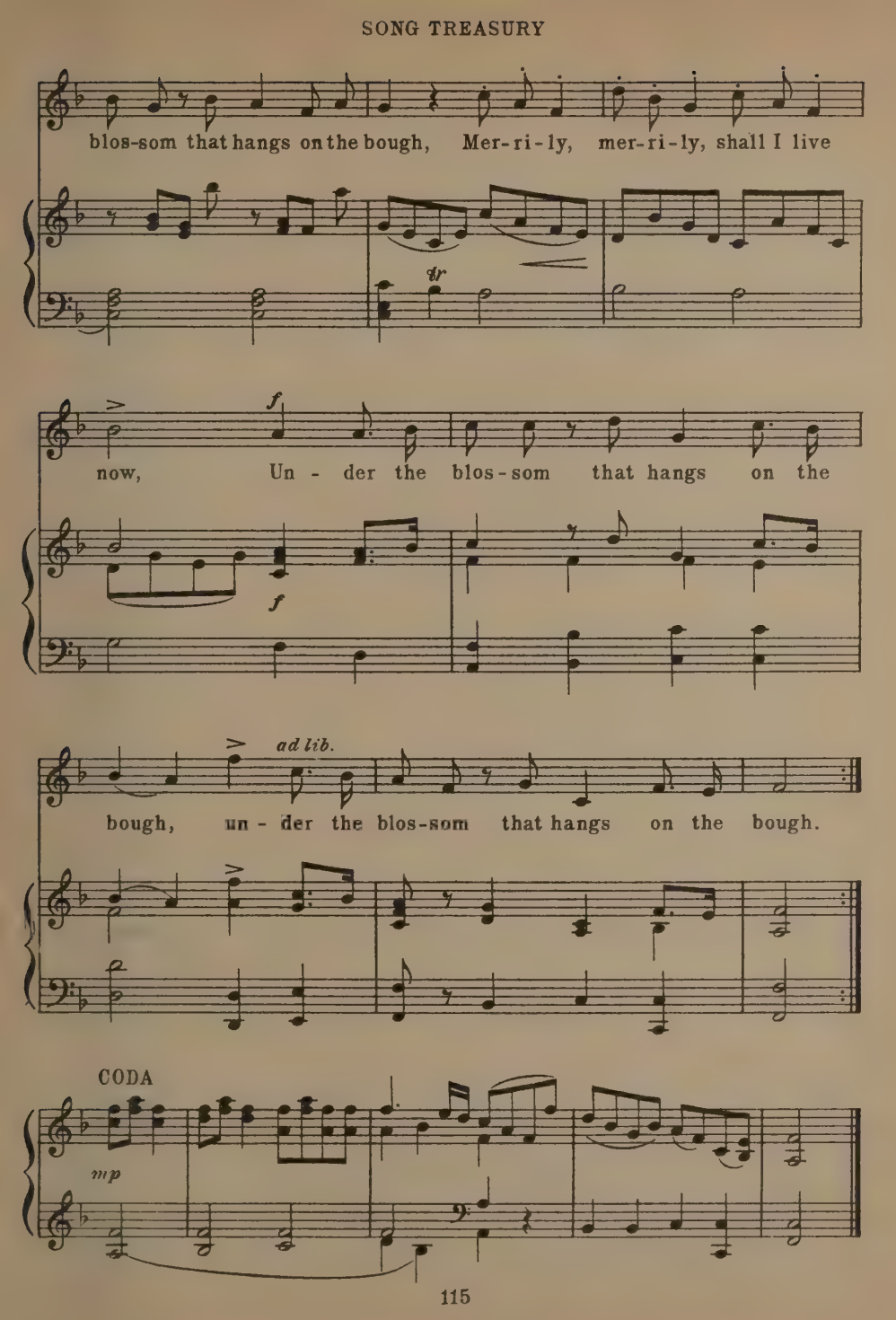
Where the Bee Sucks

From Shakespeare's "Tempest" — Dr. Arne



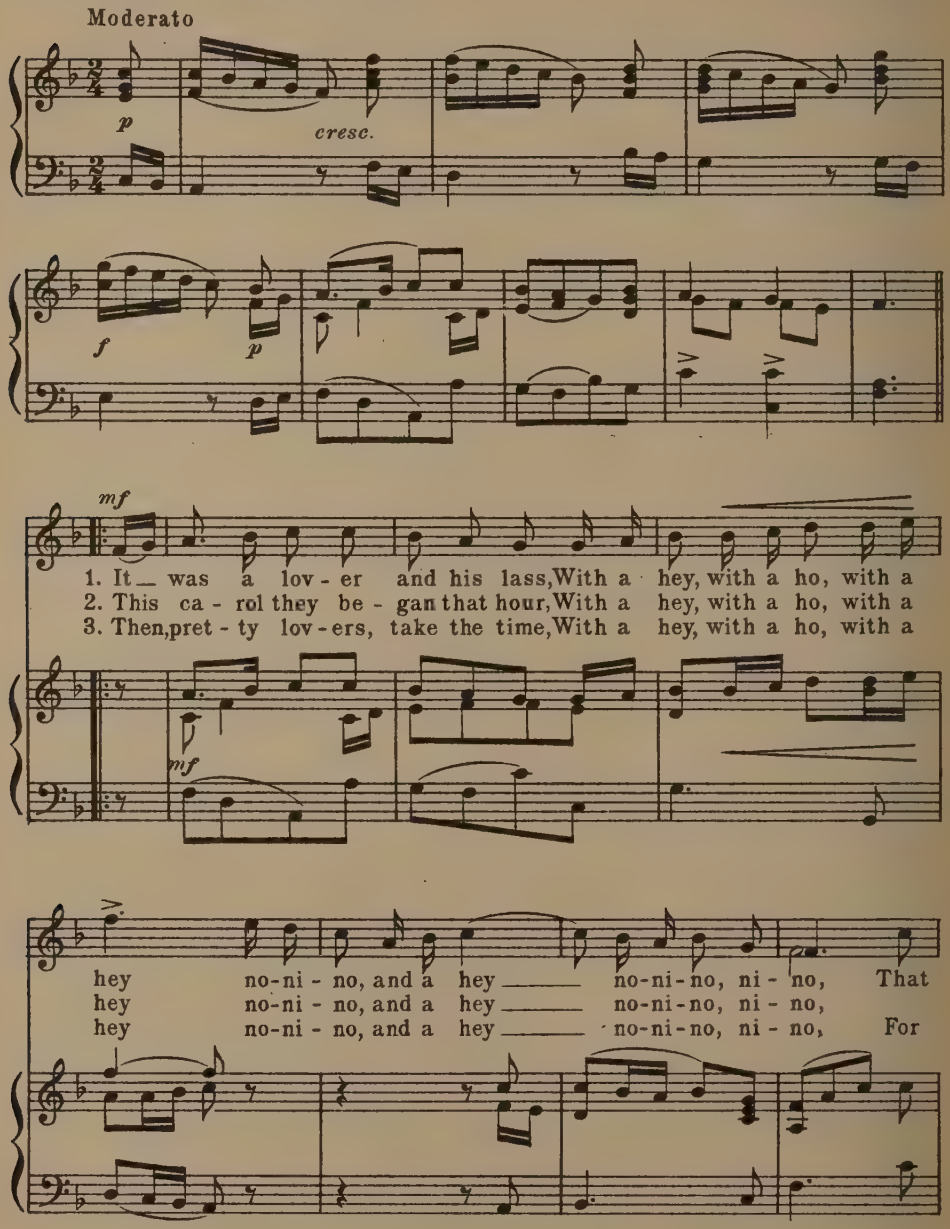
The words are given as they have always appeared in Dr. Arne's setting.


cry, when owls do cry. On a bat's back I_ do_
fly, _____ Af-ter sun-set, mer-ri-ly,
f
cresc.
mer-ri-ly, af - ter sun-set, mer-ri - ly.
f
Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the


blos-som that hangs on the bough, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live
now, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the
ad lib.
bough, un - der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.
CODA
mp

It Was a Lover and his Lass

From Shakespeare's "As You Like It" — Thomas Morley



o'er the green corn - fields did pass,
How that life was but a flower
love is crown-ed with the prime
In spring time, in spring time, in

spring time, The on-ly pret-ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey

f *p*

ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding. Sweet

cresc. *f*

lov-ers love the spring.

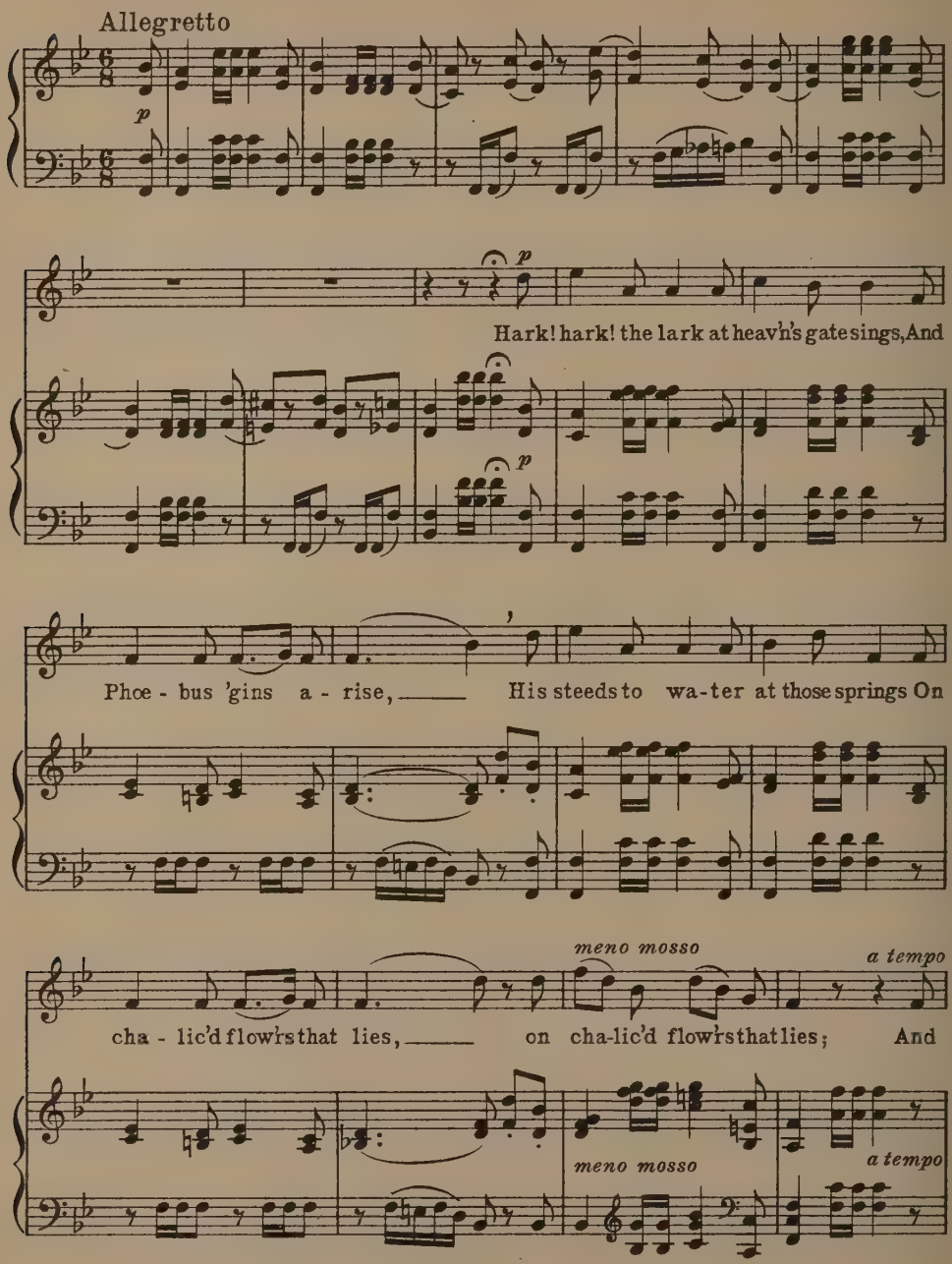
f

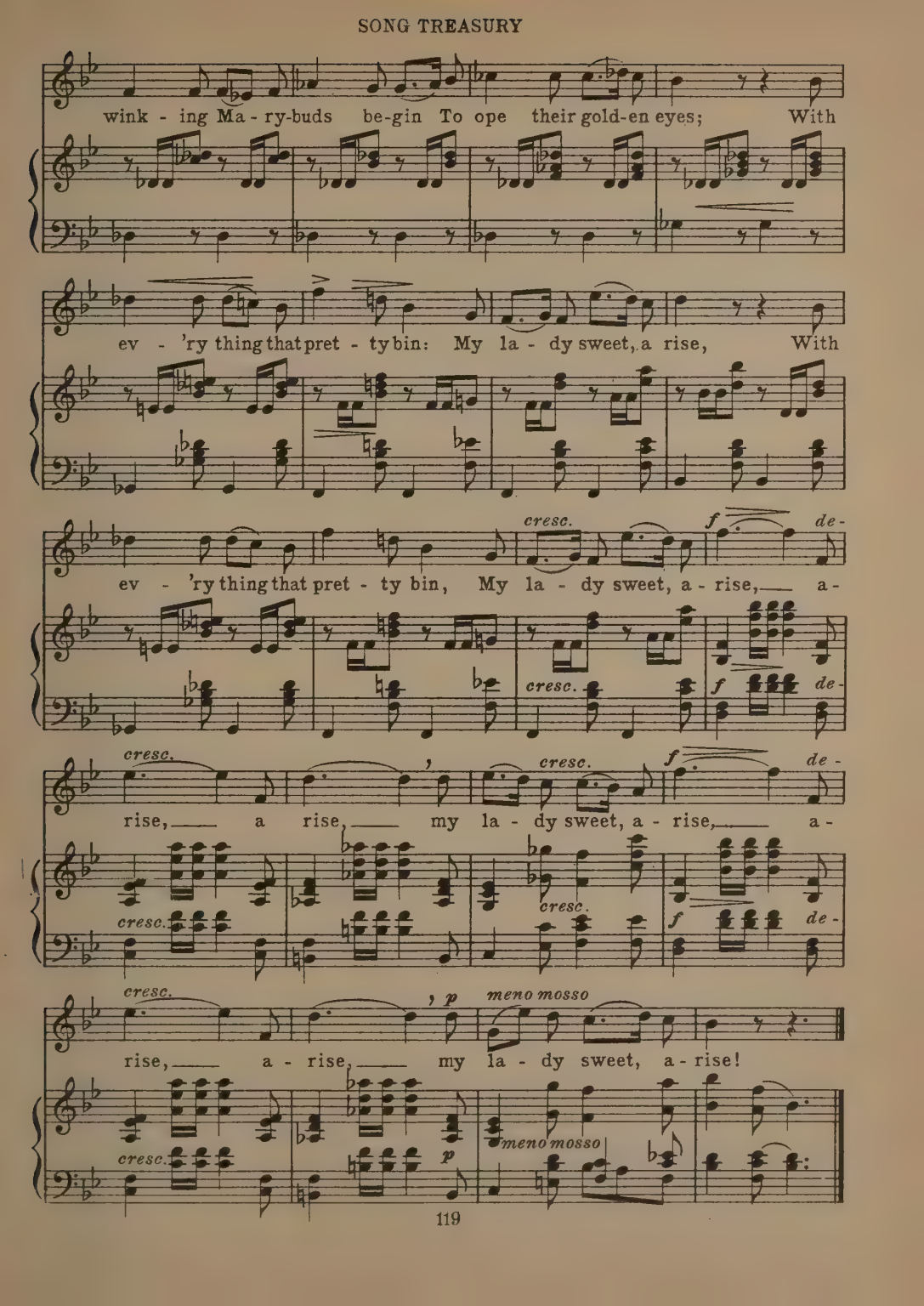
p

Hark! hark! the Lark!

From Shakespeare's "Cymbeline"

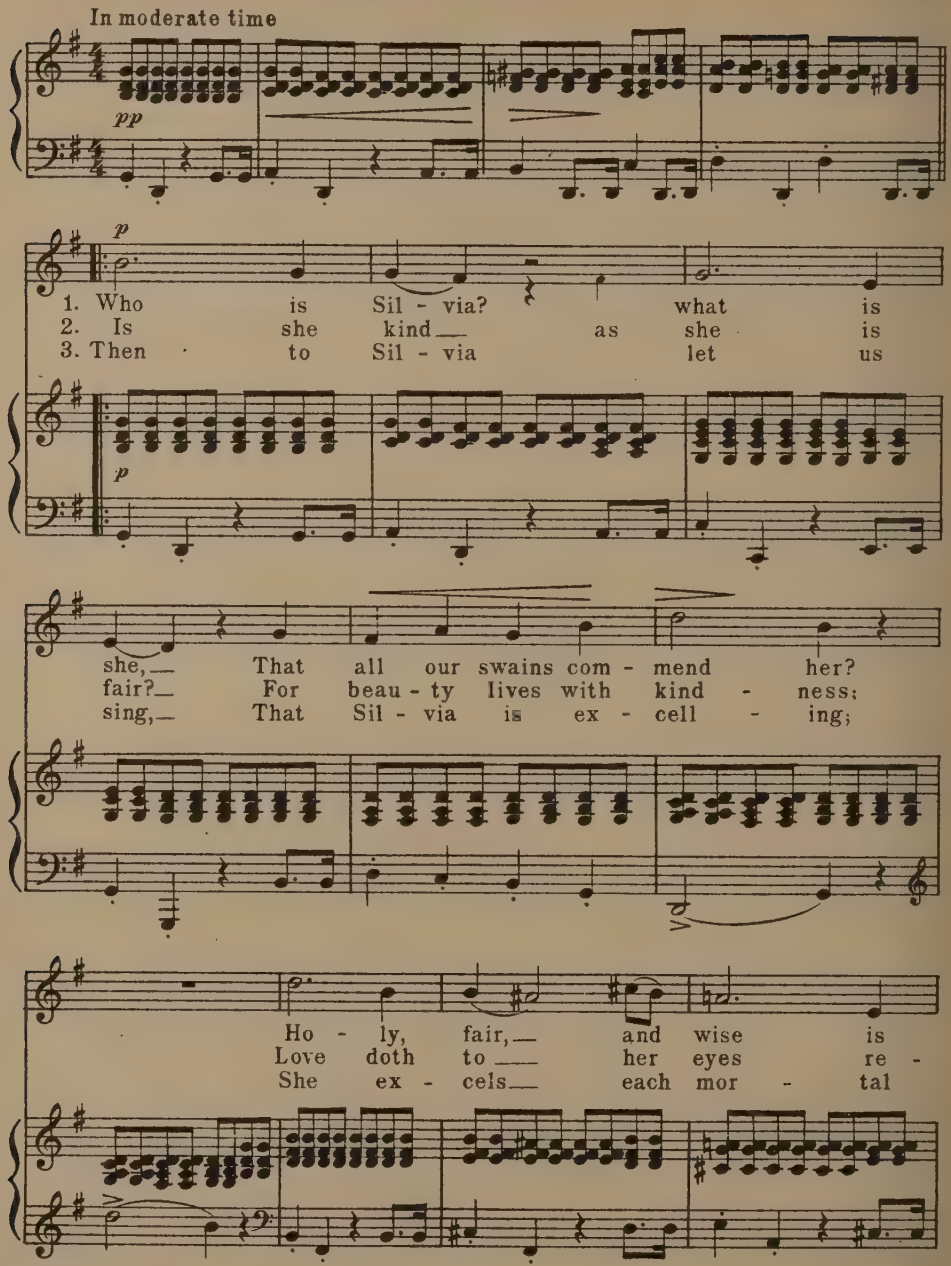
Franz Schubert




wink - ing Ma - ry-buds be-gin To ope their gold-en eyes; With
ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin: My la - dy sweet, a rise, With
ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a -
cresc.
f
de -
rise, a rise, my la - dy sweet, a - rise, a -
cresc.
f
de -
rise, a - rise, my la - dy sweet, a - rise!
p
meno mosso

Who Is Silvia?

From Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" — Schubert



she; The heav'n such grace did lend her,
pair, To help him of his blind-ness,
thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing;

pp

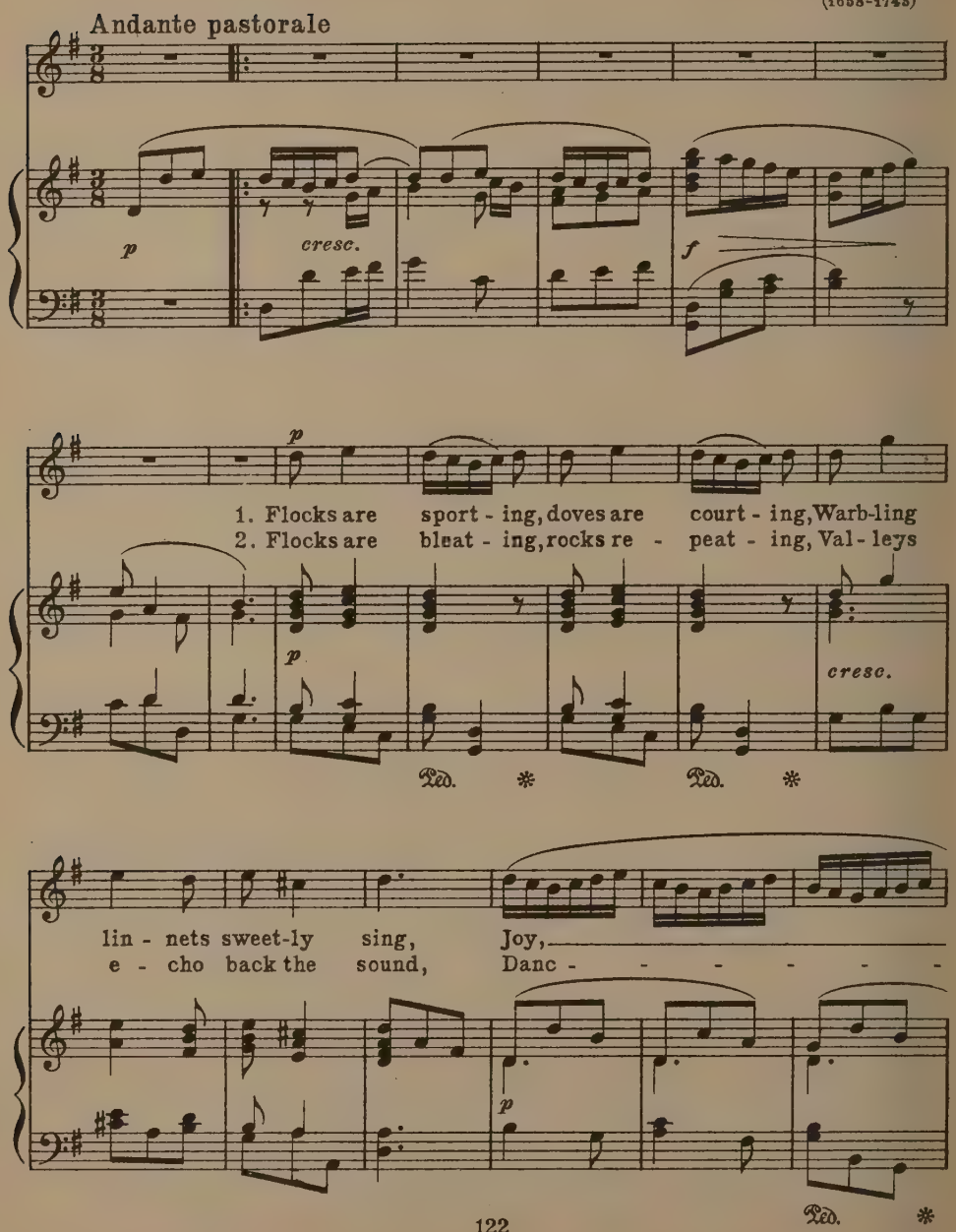
That she might ad - mir - ed be,
And be-ing helped in - hab - its there,
To her let us gar - lands bring,

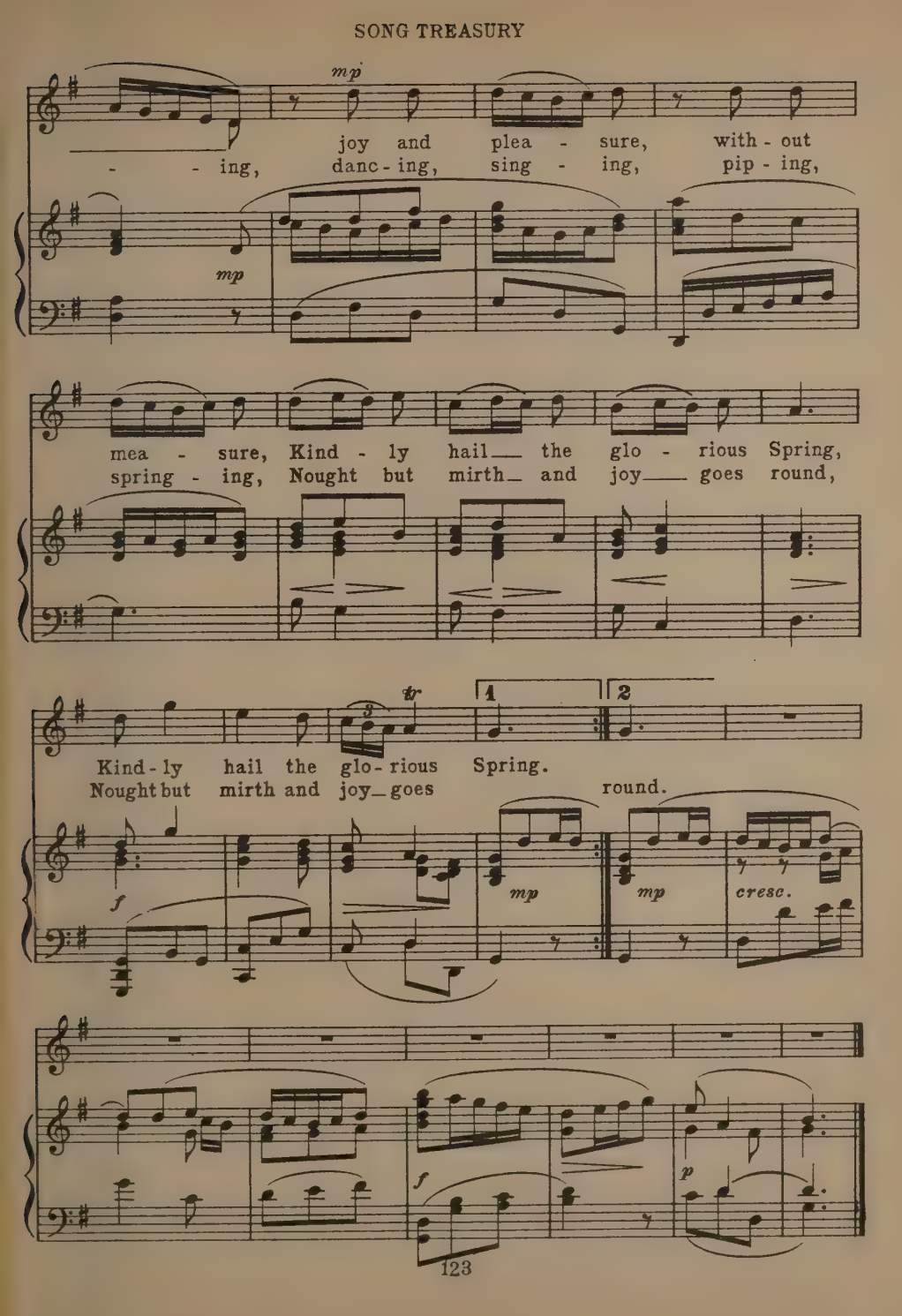
That she might ad - mir - ed be.
And be-ing helped in - hab - its there.
To her let us gar - lands bring.

Flocks are Sporting

Pastoral

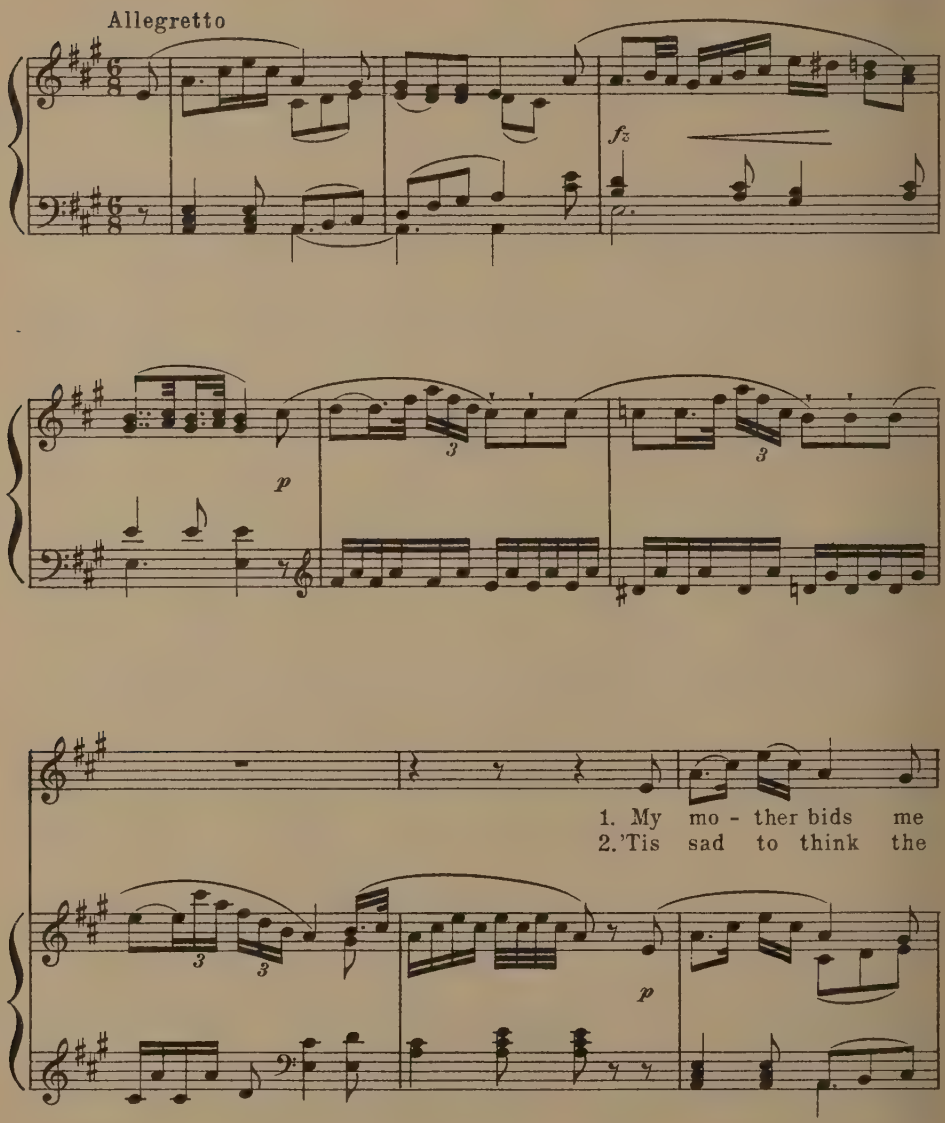
Henry Carey
(1658-1743)




mp
joy and plea - sure, with - out
- - ing, danc - ing, sing - ing, pip - ing,
mp
mea - sure, Kind - ly hail the glo - rious Spring,
spring - ing, Nought but mirth and joy goes round,
tr
1
2
Kind - ly hail the glo - rious Spring.
Nought but mirth and joy goes round.
f
mp
mp
cresc.
f
p

My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair

Joseph Haydn



bind my hair With bands of ro - sy hue, Tie
days are gone, When those we lov'd were near; I

up— my sleeves with ri - bands rare, And lace my bod-dice
sit— up - on this mos - sy stone, And sigh when none can

blue, Tie up— my sleeves with ri - bands
hear, I sit— up - on this mos - sy

fz *f* *fz*

rare, And lace,— and lace my— bod-dice blue.
stone, And sigh,— and sigh when none can hear.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep, While
And while I spin my flax - en thread, And

cresc.

o - thers dance and play? A -
sing my sim - ple lay; The

p

las! I scarce can go or creep, While Lu - bin is a -
vil - lage seems a - sleep or dead. Now Lu - bin is a -

way, A - las! I scarce can go or creep, While
way, The vil - lage seems a - sleep or dead, Now

Lu - bin is a - way, while Lu - bin is a -
Lu - bin is a - way, now Lu - bin is a -

way, is a - way, is a - way.
way, is a - way, is a - way.

pp

Now all the Roses are Blooming

Brahms

Allegro

Soprano I

1. Now all the ro-ses are bloom - ing, And Love a
2. And if I were im - pri - soned, As 'mid the
3. For care and sor-row I know not, Through blossom-ing

Soprano II

Alto I

1. Now all the ro-ses are bloom - ing, And Love a
2. And if I were im - pri - soned, As 'mid the
3. For care and sor-row I know not, Through blossom-ing

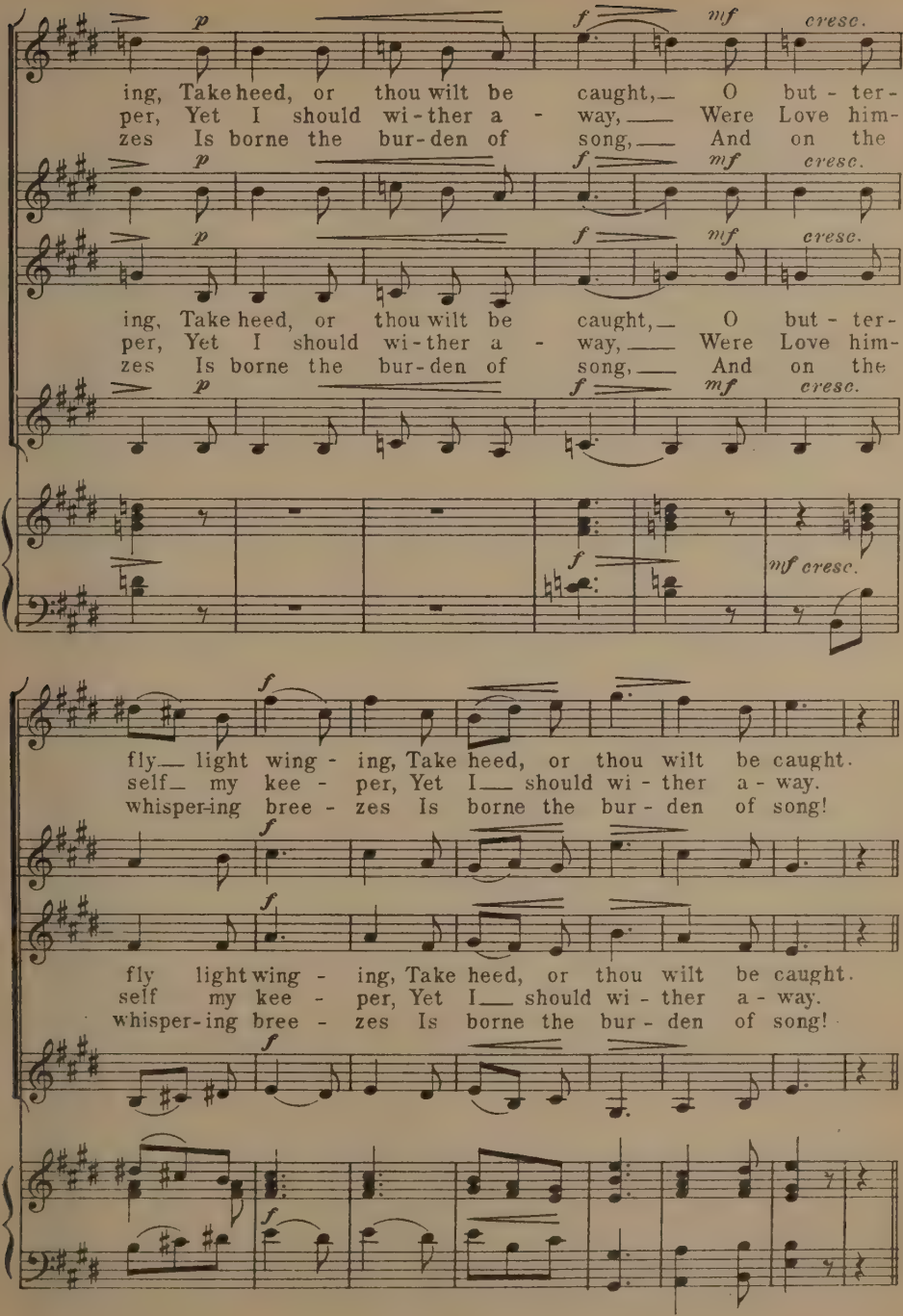
Alto II

Allegro

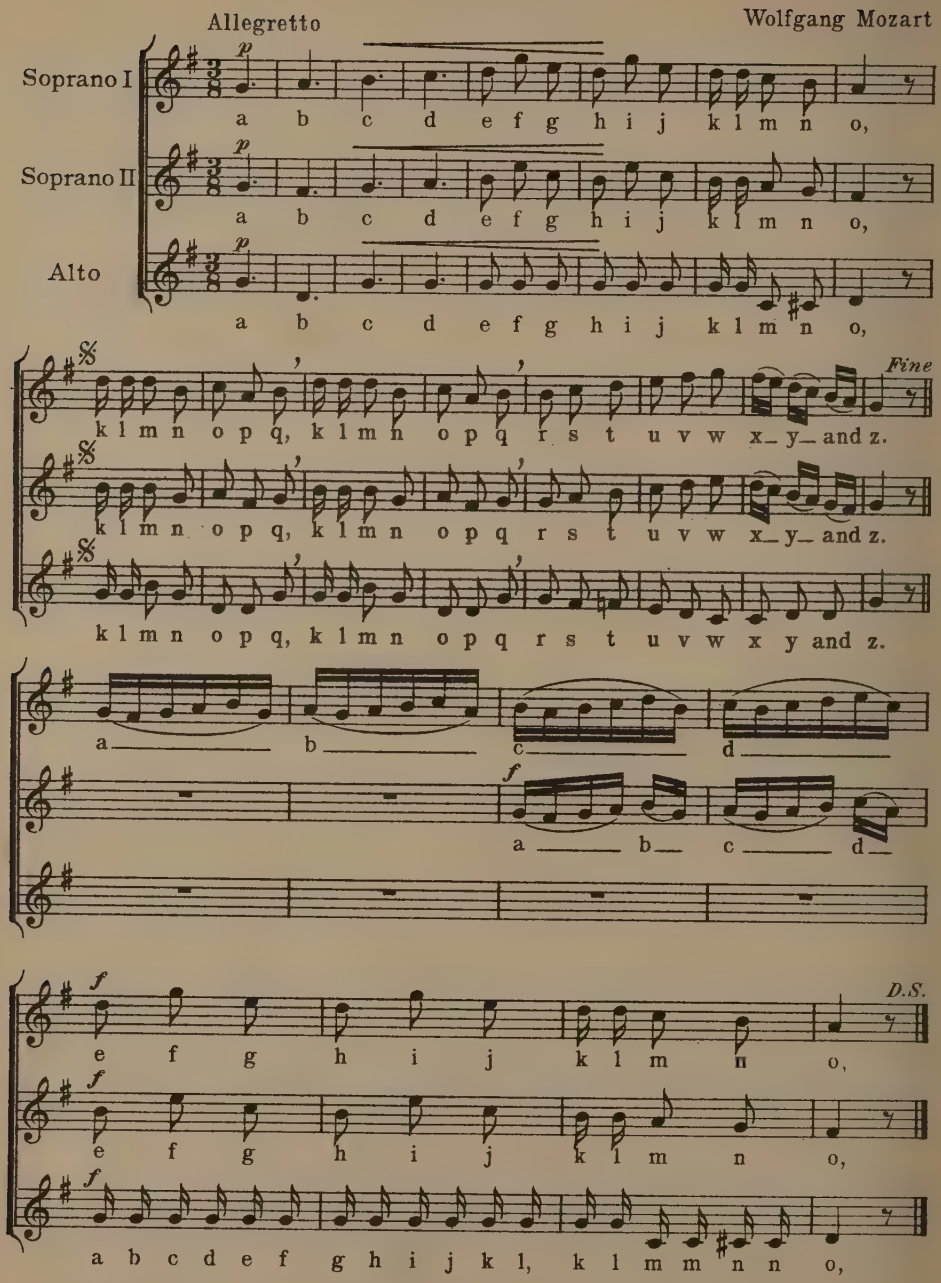
Piano
ad lib.

cun - ning net has wrought. O but - ter - fly light wing -
ro - ses fair I stray, Were Love him - self my kee -
woods I flit a - long, And on the whisper-ing bree -

cun - ning net has wrought. O but - ter - fly light wing -
ro - ses fair I stray, Were Love him - self my kee -
woods I flit a - long, And on the whisper-ing bree -


p
f
mf
cresc.
ing, Take heed, or thou wilt be caught, O but - ter-
per, Yet I should wi - ther a - way, Were Love him-
zes Is borne the bur - den of song, And on the
fly light wing - ing, Take heed, or thou wilt be caught.
self my kee - per, Yet I should wi - ther a - way.
whisper-ing bree - zes Is borne the bur - den of song!

The Alphabet



Cradle Song

Joh. Brahms
Arr. by Wm. Rees

Andante

Soprano I

1. Lul - la - by, and good - night, With ro - ses be - dight With li - lies be - spread Is_
2. Lul - la - by, and good - night, Thy moth-er's de - light Bright an-gels a - round My

Soprano II

1. Lul - la - by, and good - night, With ro - ses be-dight With li - lies be - spread Is_.
2. Lul - la - by, and good - night, Thy moth-er's de-light Bright an-gels a - round My

Alto

1. Lul - la - by, and good - night, With ro - ses be-dight With li - lies be - spread Is
2. Lul - la - by, and good - night, Thy moth-er's de-light Bright an-gels a - round My

Andante

Piano

By permission of G. Schirmer, Inc.

ba-by's wee bed. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slumber be
darling shall stand. They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my

ba-by's wee bed. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slumber be
darling shall stand. They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my

ba-by's wee bed. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slumber be
darling shall stand. They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my

ppp

blest. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.
arms. They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

ppp

blest. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.
arms. They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

ppp

blest. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.
arms. They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

ppp

Ped.

Spring's Messenger

Hoffman von Fallersleben — Robert Schumann

1. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck - oo. Light - ly he's swing - ing,
2. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck - oo. "Come to my bow - ers,
3. You are a he - ro, val - iant cuck - oo. Win - ter is fly - ing,

Gay - ly he's sing - ing, Gay - ly he's swing - ing and sing - ing. "Spring - time!
Pluck all my flow - ers, Come to my blos - som - y bow - ers. Spring - time!
Vexed by your cry - ing; Win - ter, old win - ter is fly - ing. Spring - time!

Spring - time! Spring - time, wel - come to you! Spring - time, wel - come to you!"
Spring - time! Spring - time com - eth a - new! Spring - time com - eth a - new!"
Spring - time! Spring - time con - quers a - new! Spring - time con - quers a - new!

See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes

Trio and Duet from "Judas Maccabæus"

Handel

Briskly

Soprano I

See the con-qu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trum-pets,

Soprano II

See the con-qu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trum-pets,

Alto

See the con-qu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trum-pets,

Briskly

Piano

mp

beat the drums; Sports pre-pare, the lau - rel bring,

beat the drums; Sports pre-pare, the lau - rel bring,

beat the drums; Sports pre-pare, the lau - rel bring,

Songs of tri-umph to him sing; Sports pre - pare, the

Songs of tri-umph to him sing; Sports pre - pare, the

Songs of tri-umph to him sing; Sports pre - pare, the

mf

Fine 2nd time

lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.

lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.

lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.

Fine 2nd time

1st time only

Bass for 2nd time

Duet

SOPRANO I

See the god-like youth ad-vance,

SOPRANO II

See the god-like youth ad-vance,

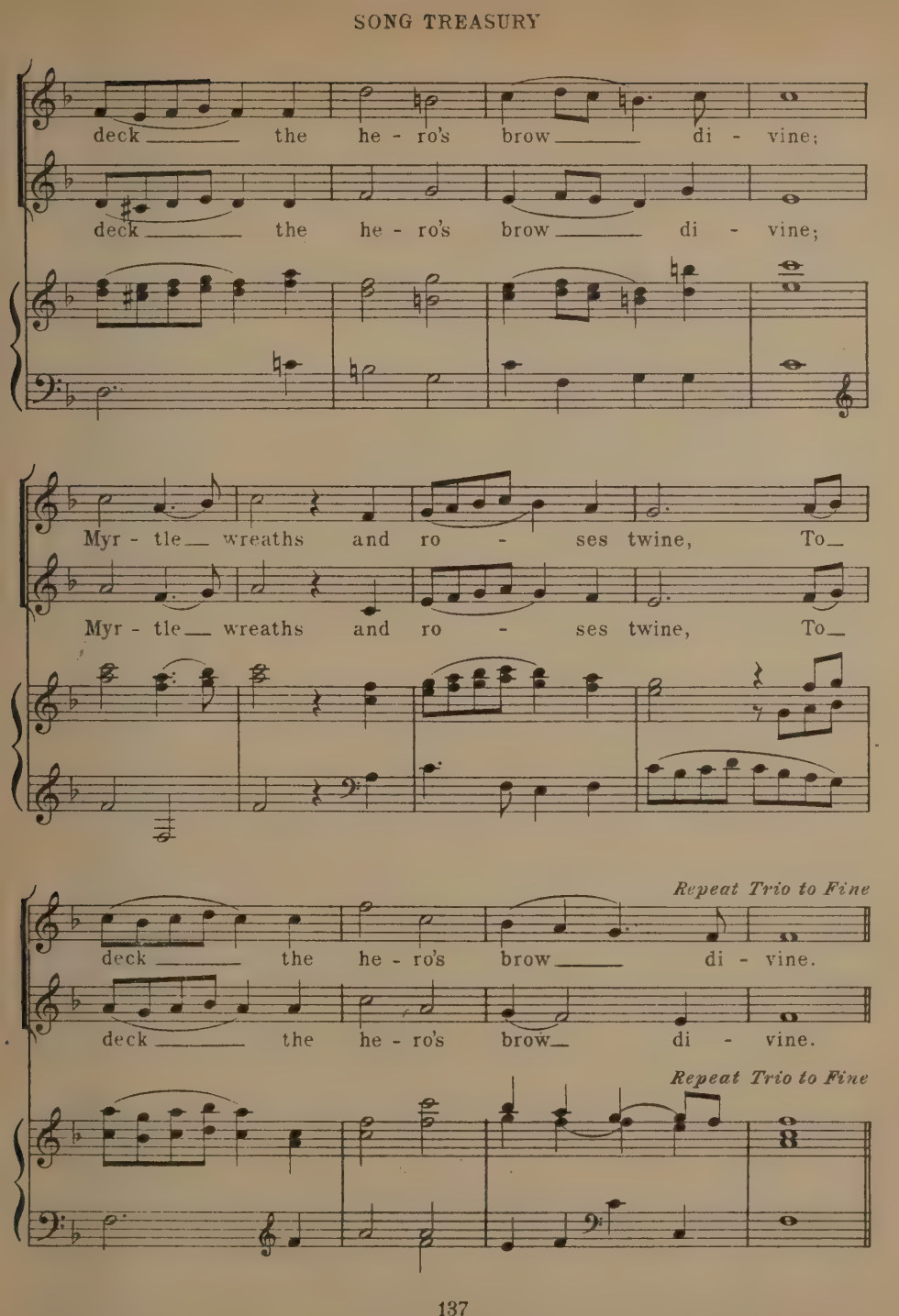
p

Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;

Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;

Myr-tle wreaths and ro-ses twine, To

Myr-tle wreaths and ro-ses twine, To


deck the he - ro's brow di - vine;
deck the he - ro's brow di - vine;
Myr - tle wreaths and ro - ses twine, To
Myr - tle wreaths and ro - ses twine, To
Repeat Trio to Fine
deck the he - ro's brow di - vine.
deck the he - ro's brow di - vine.
Repeat Trio to Fine

Wanderer's Night Song

Anton Rubinstein

Moderato

SOPRANO II

p

Moun-tains dim-ly tow'r-ing Rest in gloom of night,

p

Ped. *

Pines are dark-ly low'r-ing, Not a bird in sight; Ev-'ry sound is hush'd now,

con espressione

Wrapt in slum-ber blest, Pa-tience, wanderer, pa-tience, Soon thou too shalt rest.

SOPRANO I

p

Moun-tains dim-ly tow'r - ing, Rest in gloom of night,

SOPRANO II

Moun-tains dim-ly tow'ring Rest in gloom of night,

p

Pines are dark-ly low'r - ing, not a bird in sight;

Pines are dark-ly low'ring, not a bird in sight;

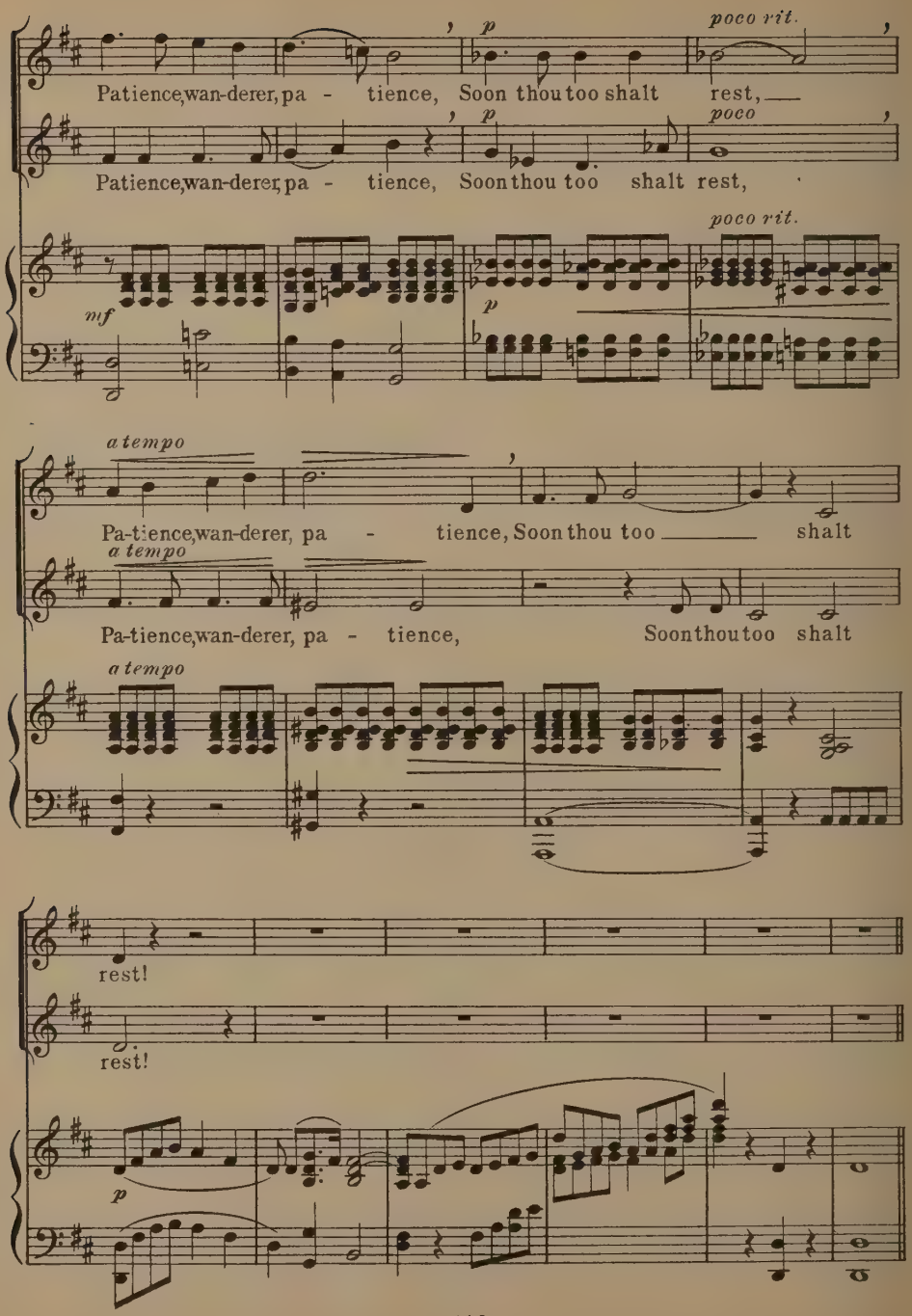
Animato

Ev - 'ry sound is hush'd now, Wrapt in slum-ber blest,

Ev-'ry sound is hush'd now, Wrapt in slum-ber blest,

Animato

cresc.


p
poco rit.
Patience, wan-derer, pa - tience, Soon thou too shalt rest,
p
poco
Patience, wan-derer, pa - tience, Soon thou too shalt rest,
poco rit.
mf
p
a tempo
Pa-tience, wan-derer, pa - tience, Soon thou too shalt
a tempo
Pa-tience, wan-derer, pa - tience, Soon thou too shalt
a tempo
rest!
rest!
p

Ave Maria

From the Unfinished Opera "Loreley"

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante sostenuto (♩= 76)

Chorus

Soprano I

Hark the sound of eve-ning bells,

Soprano II

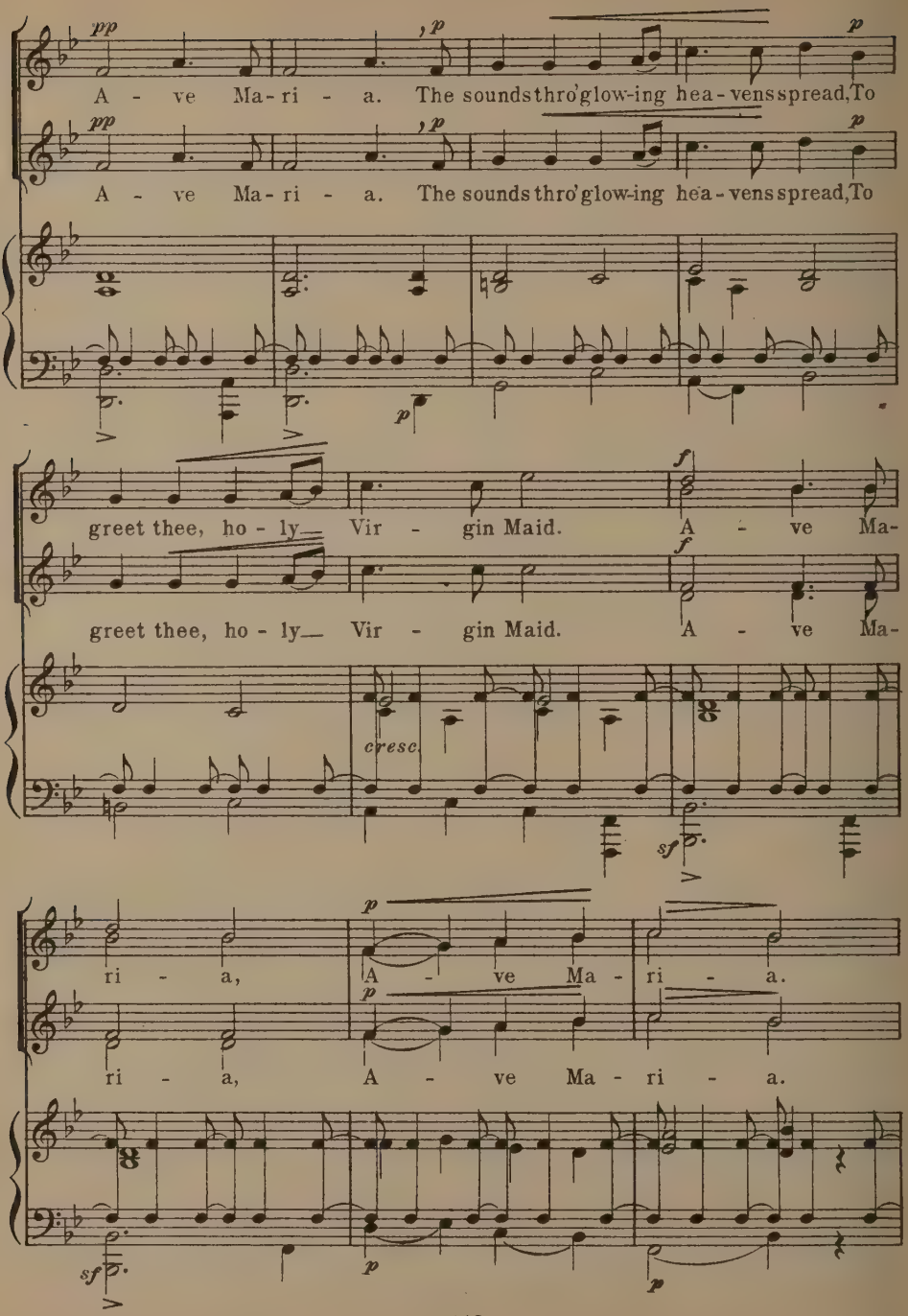
Hark the sound of eve-ning bells,

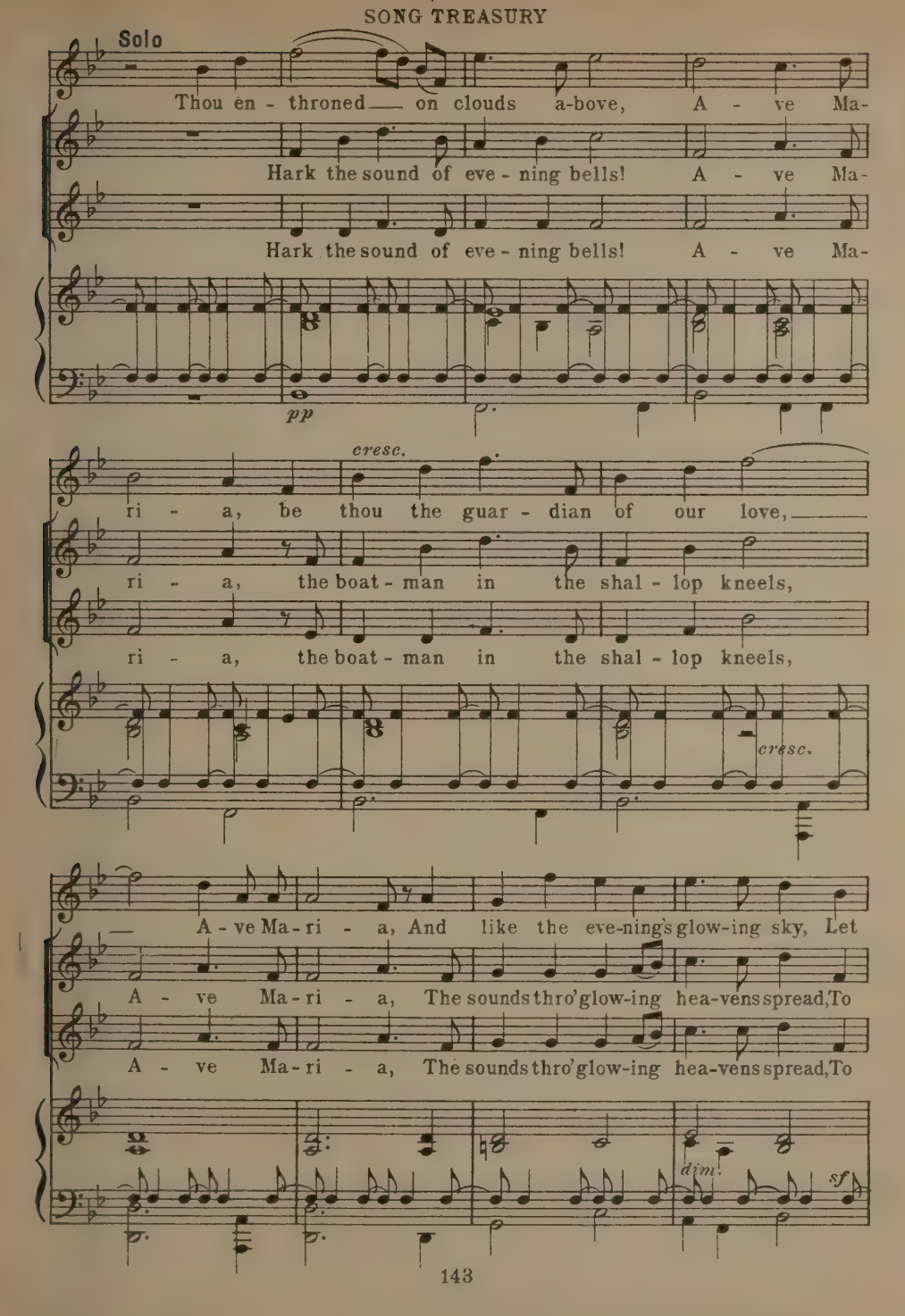
Andante sostenuto ♩= 76

Piano

A - ve Ma-ri - a, The boat-man in the shal-lop kneels,

A - ve Ma-ri - a, The boat-man in the shal-lop kneels,


pp
p
A - ve Ma - ri - a. The sounds thro' glow-ing hea - vens spread, To
pp
p
A - ve Ma - ri - a. The sounds thro' glow-ing hea - vens spread, To
p
greet thee, ho - ly Vir - gin Maid. A - ve Ma-
f
greet thee, ho - ly Vir - gin Maid. A - ve Ma-
f
cresc.
sf
ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a.
p
ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a.
p
sf
p
p


Solo
Thou en - throned on clouds a-bove, A - ve Ma-
Hark the sound of eve - ning bells! A - ve Ma-
Hark the sound of eve - ning bells! A - ve Ma-
pp
cresc.
ri - a, be thou the guar - dian of our love,
ri - a, the boat - man in the shal - lop kneels,
ri - a, the boat - man in the shal - lop kneels,
cresc.
A - ve Ma - ri - a, And like the eve-ning's glow-ing sky, Let
A - ve Ma - ri - a, The sounds thro' glow-ing hea-vens spread, To
A - ve Ma - ri - a, The sounds thro' glow-ing hea-vens spread, To
dim.
sf

joy and peace a - round it lie, let joy and peace a-round it lie,

greet thee, ho - ly Vir - gin Maid. A - ve Ma-ri - a,

greet thee, ho - ly Vir - gin Maid. A - ve Ma-ri - a,

sf *sf*

A - ve,— A - ve Ma - ri - -

p *dim.*

A - ve Ma - ri - a.

p *dim.*

A - ve Ma - ri - a.

pp

a!

mf *dim.*

Songs My Mother Taught Me

Anton Dvorak
Arr. by Frank Lynes

Andante con moto

mf *dim.*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

SOPRANO I *p mezza voce*

Songs my moth - er taught

SOPRANO II *p*

Songs my moth - er taught

ALTO *p*

Songs my moth - er taught

pp *pp*

Ped. * Ped. Ped. *Ped. sempre*

me In the days long van - ish'd;

me In the days long van - ish'd;

me In the days long van - ish'd;

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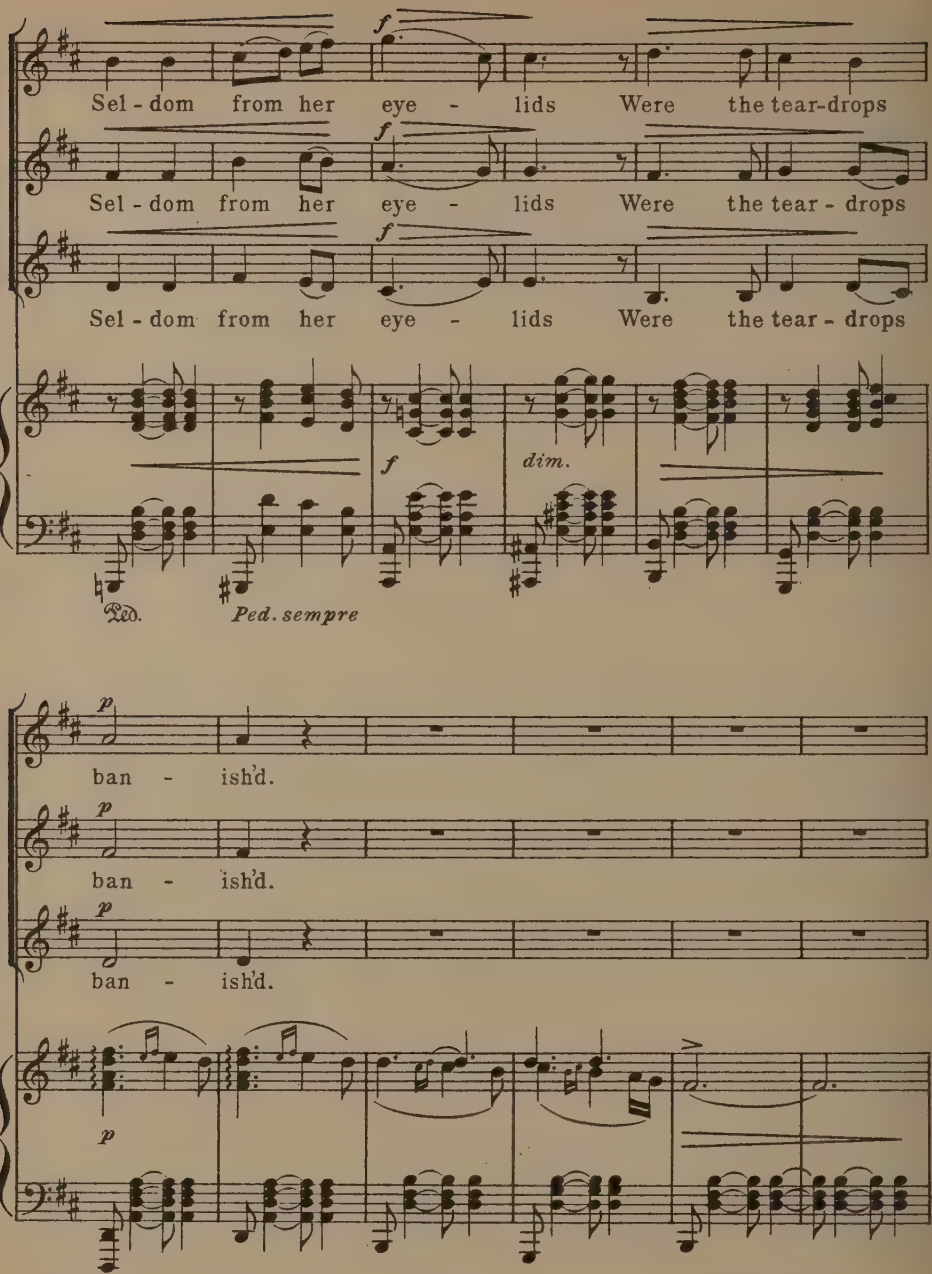

Sel - dom from her eye - lids Were the tear-drops
Sel - dom from her eye - lids Were the tear - drops
Sel - dom from her eye - lids Were the tear - drops
f
dim.
Ped.
Ped. sempre
p
ban - ish'd.
ban - ish'd.
ban - ish'd.

Now I teach my child - ren Each me - lo - dious

Now I teach my child - ren Each me - lo - dious

Now I teach my child - ren Each me - lo - dious

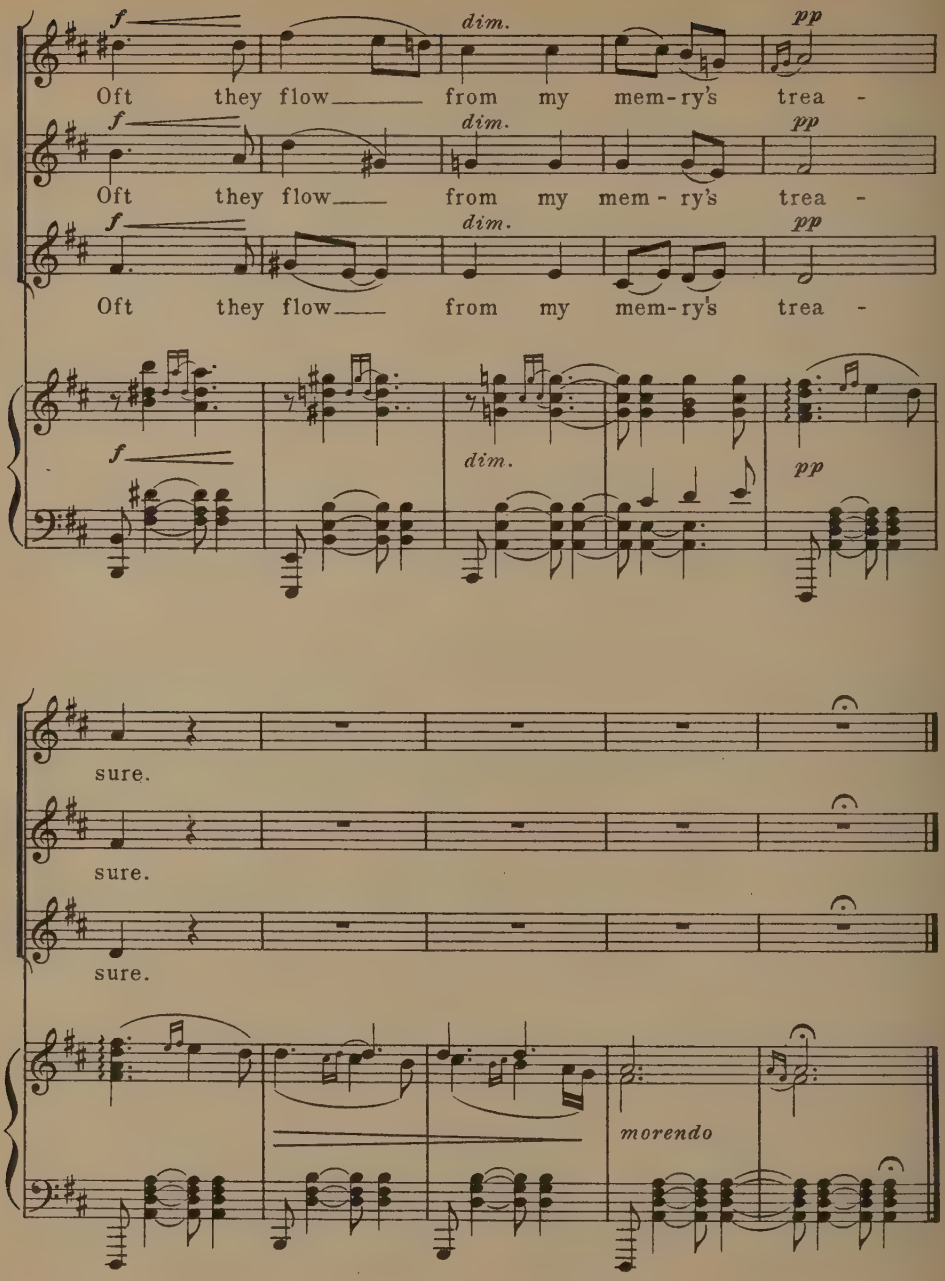
pp

mea - sure; Oft the tears are flow - - ing,

mea - sure; Oft the tears are flow - - ing,

mea - sure; Oft the tears are flow - - ing,

cresc.


f
dim.
pp
Oft they flow from my mem-ry's trea -
Oft they flow from my mem - ry's trea -
Oft they flow from my mem-ry's trea -
sure.
sure.
sure.
morendo

America

S. F. Smith — H. Carey

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. *A - men.*

The Star-Spangled Banner

(Service Edition)

Francis Scott Key
(1780–1843)

John Stafford Smith
(1750–1836)

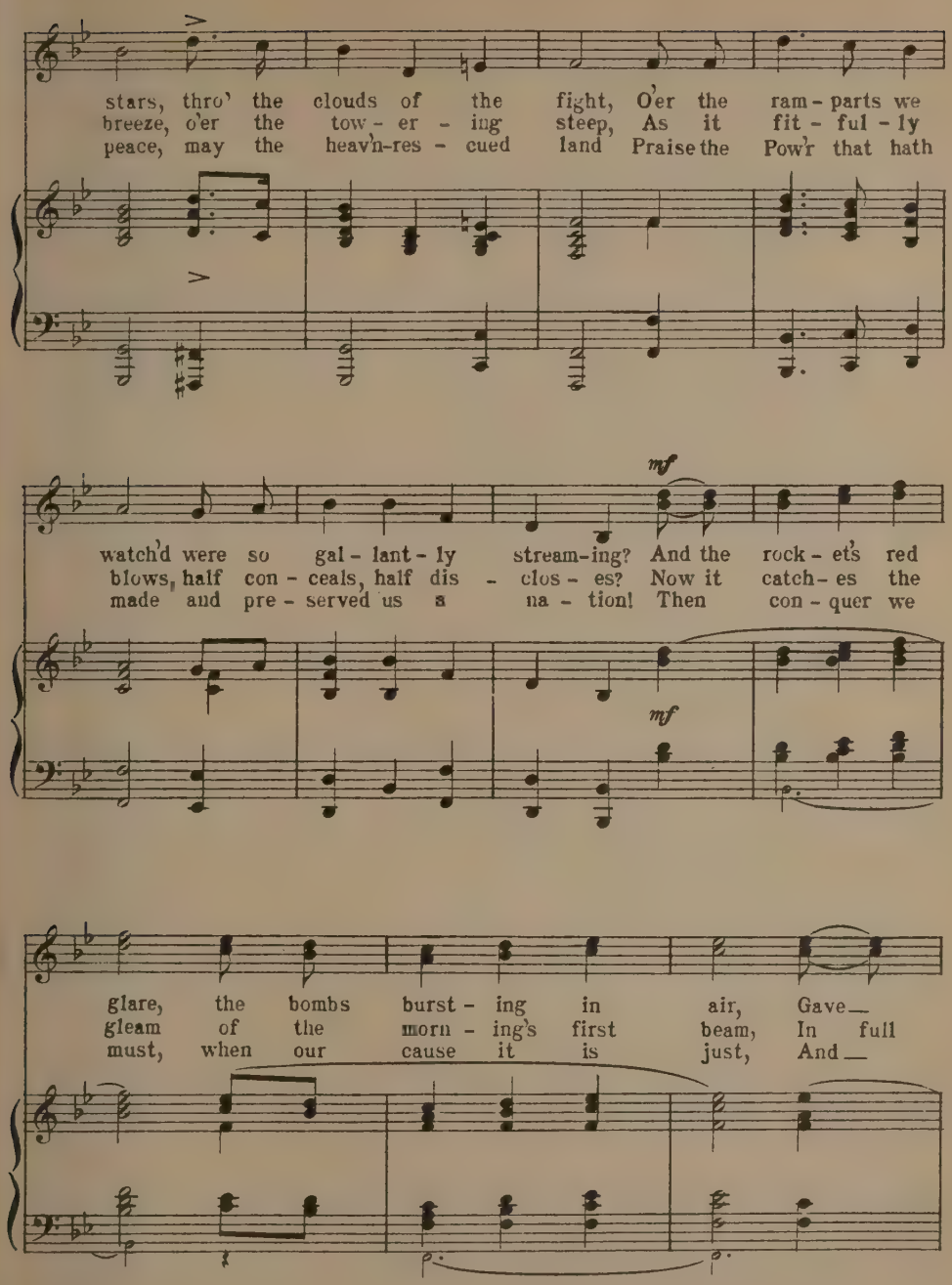
With spirit

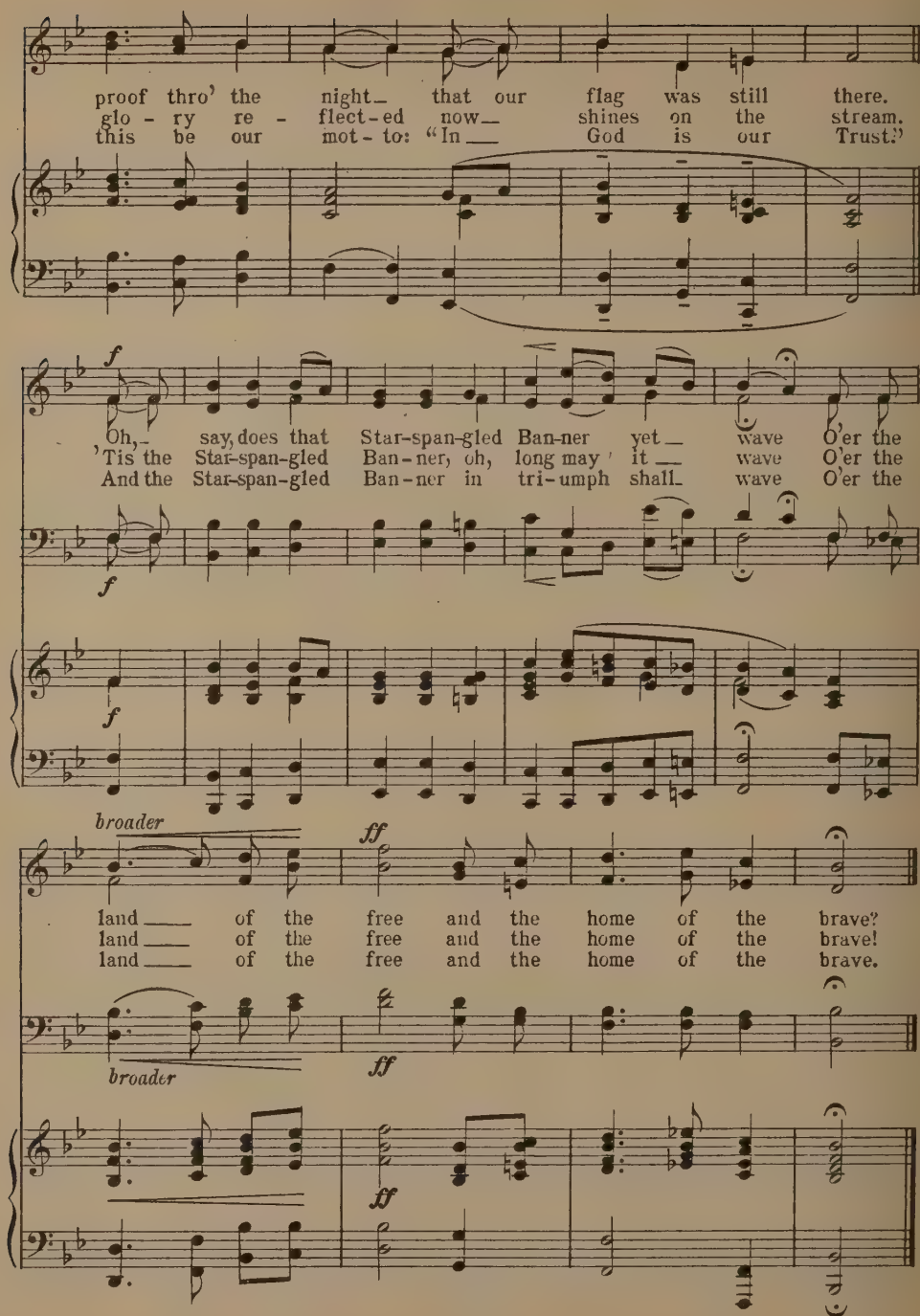
Oh, — say! can you see — by the dawn's ear - ly
On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the
Oh, — thus be it ev - er when — free - men shall

f

light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the
deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty host in dread
stand Be - tween their loved homes and the

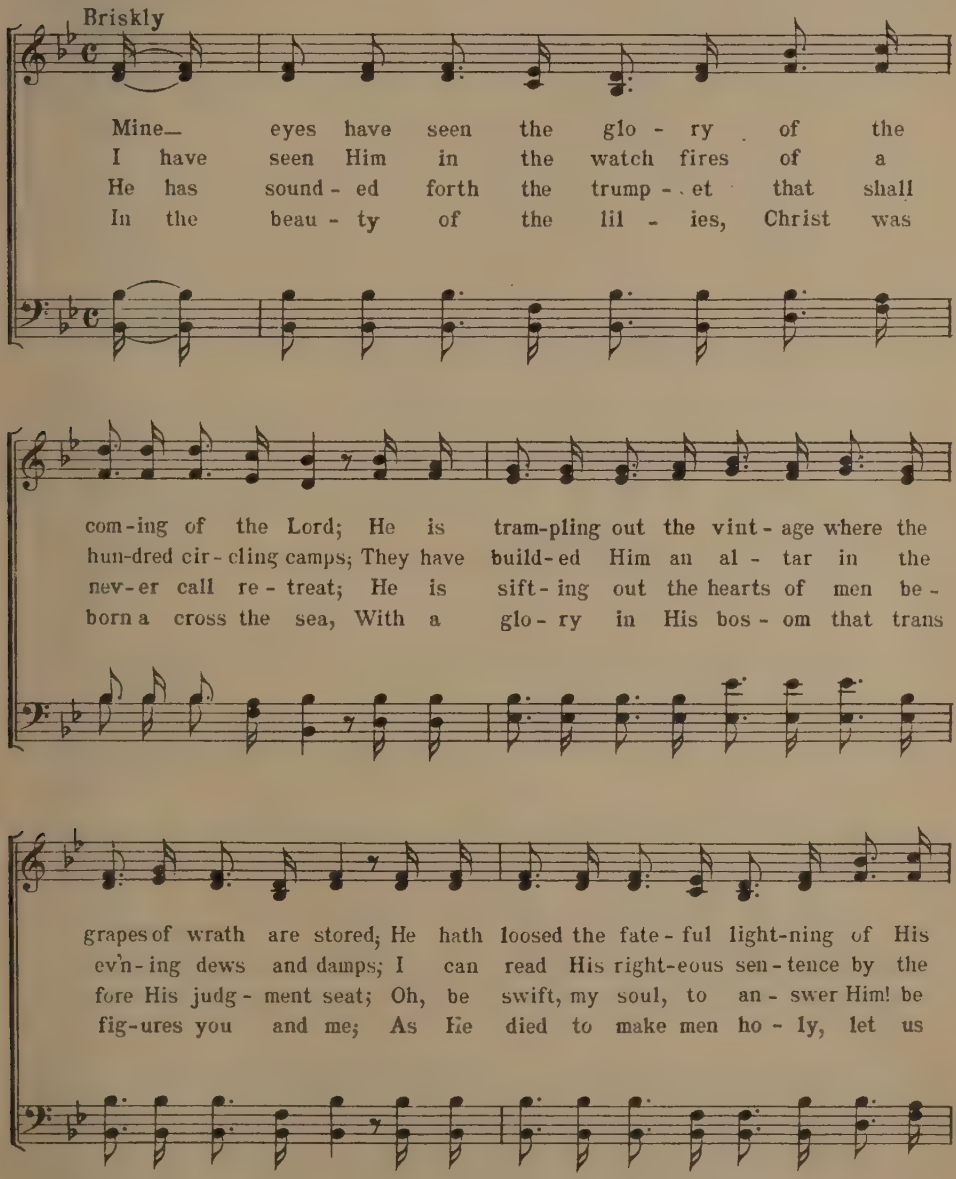
twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and

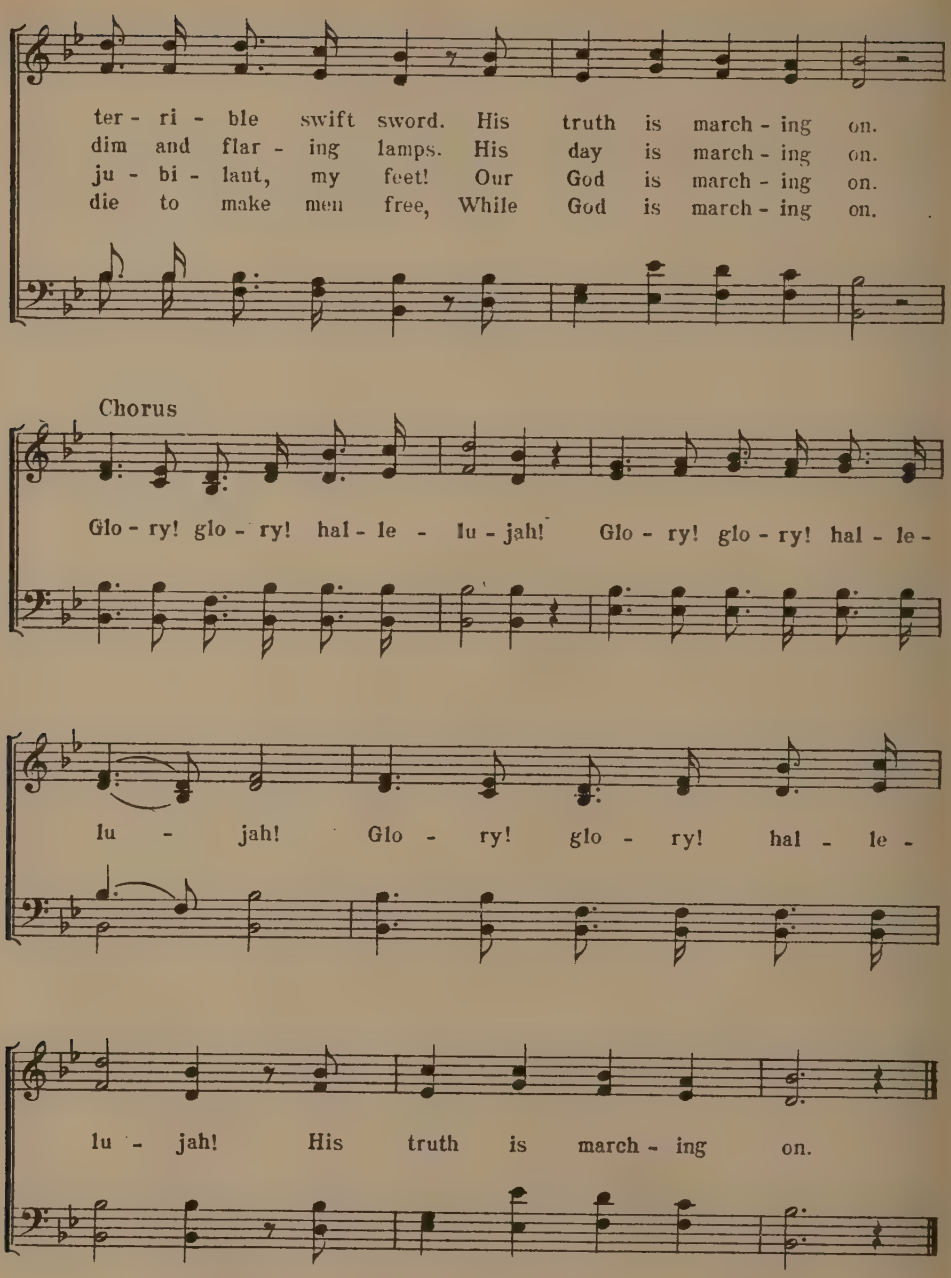

stars, thro' the clouds of the fight, O'er the ram - parts we
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath
mf
watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock - et's red
blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
made and pre - served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we
mf
glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave—
gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full
must, when our cause it is just, And—


proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
glo - ry re - flect-ed now shines on the stream.
this be our mot - to: "In God is our Trust."
f
Oh, say, does that Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the
'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the
And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the
f
f
broader
ff
land of the free and the home of the brave?
land of the free and the home of the brave!
land of the free and the home of the brave.
broader
ff
ff

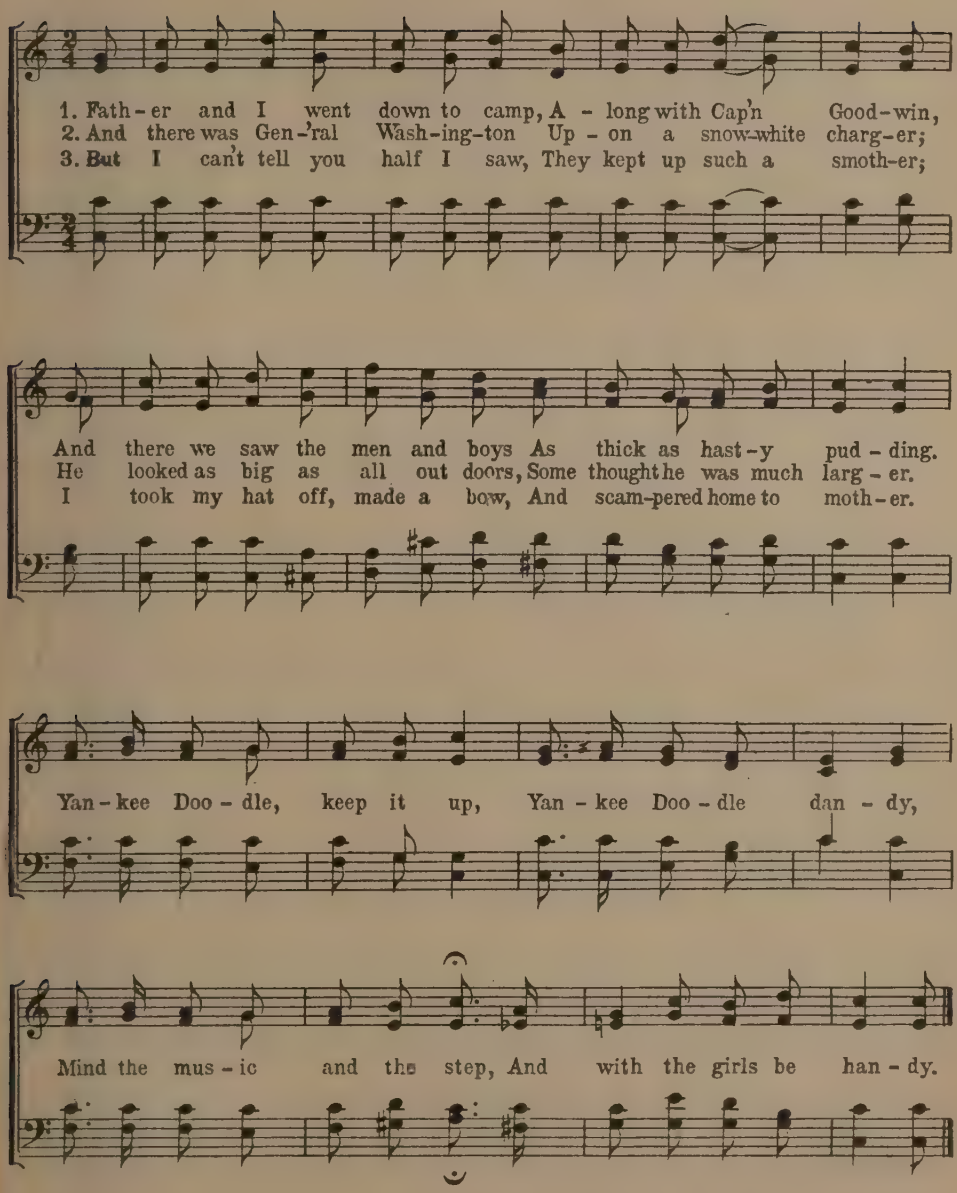
Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe — Wm. Steffe




ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth is march - ing on.
dim and flar - ing lamps. His day is march - ing on.
ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.
Chorus
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le -
lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le -
lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Yankee Doodle



Dixie

Dan D. Emmett

Dan D. Emmett

Con spirito

I_ wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar is
O_ gay de times dat we had to - ged - der; Cared not we for

mf

not for-got-ten Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie
wind or wed-der, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie

f

Land! 'Tis_ dere we spent such hap - py hours Mid de for - es'
Land. 'Twas al - ways gay and pleas-ant dere; Ne'er a cloud and

mf

leaves an' flow-ers Look a - way! Looka - way! Looka - way! Dix-ie Land.
ne'er a care, Look a - way! Look a - way! Looka - way! Dix-ie Land.

f

Chorus

f

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, hoo - ray! hoo - ray! In Dix-ie land I'll

f

take my stand, To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way a - way a -

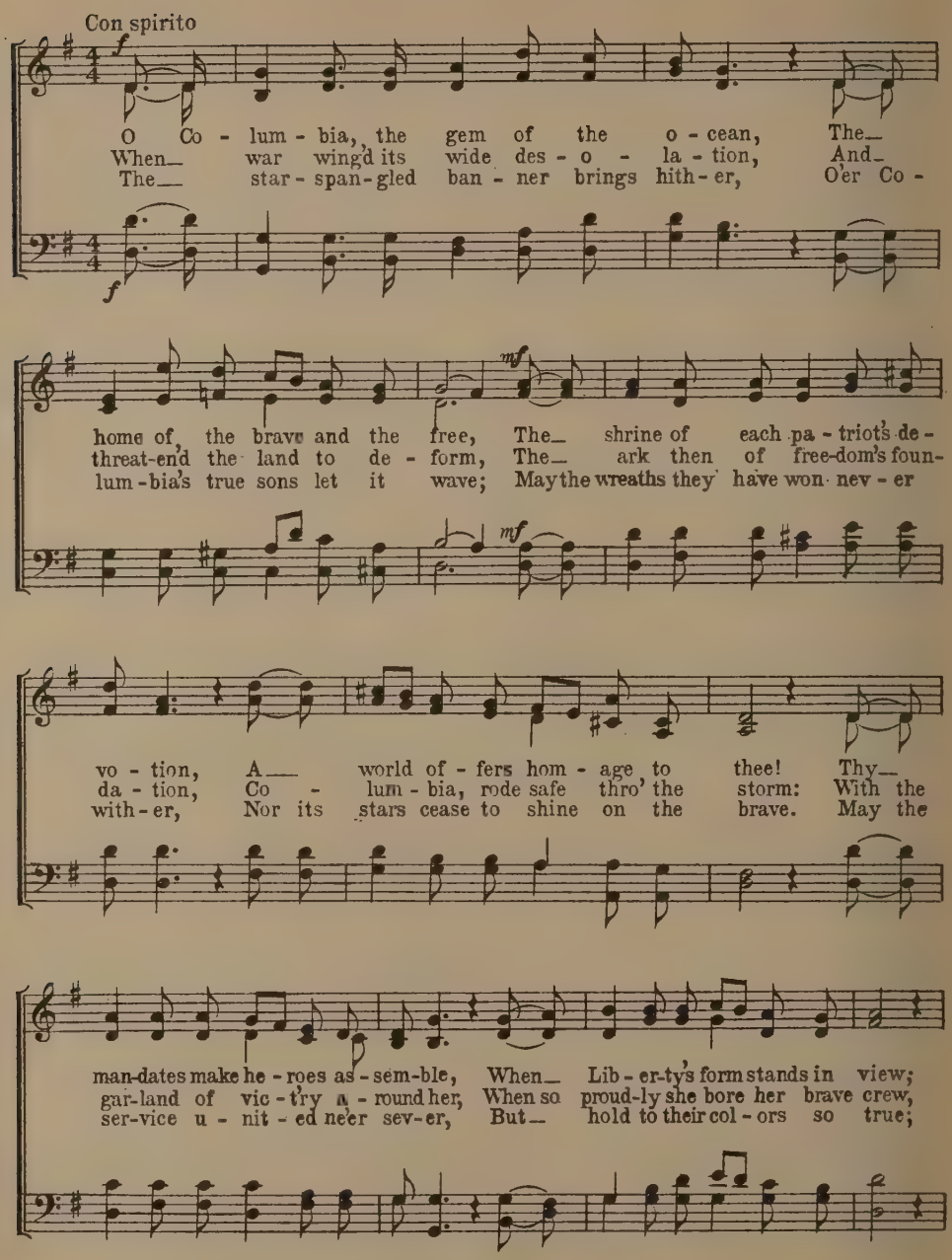
p

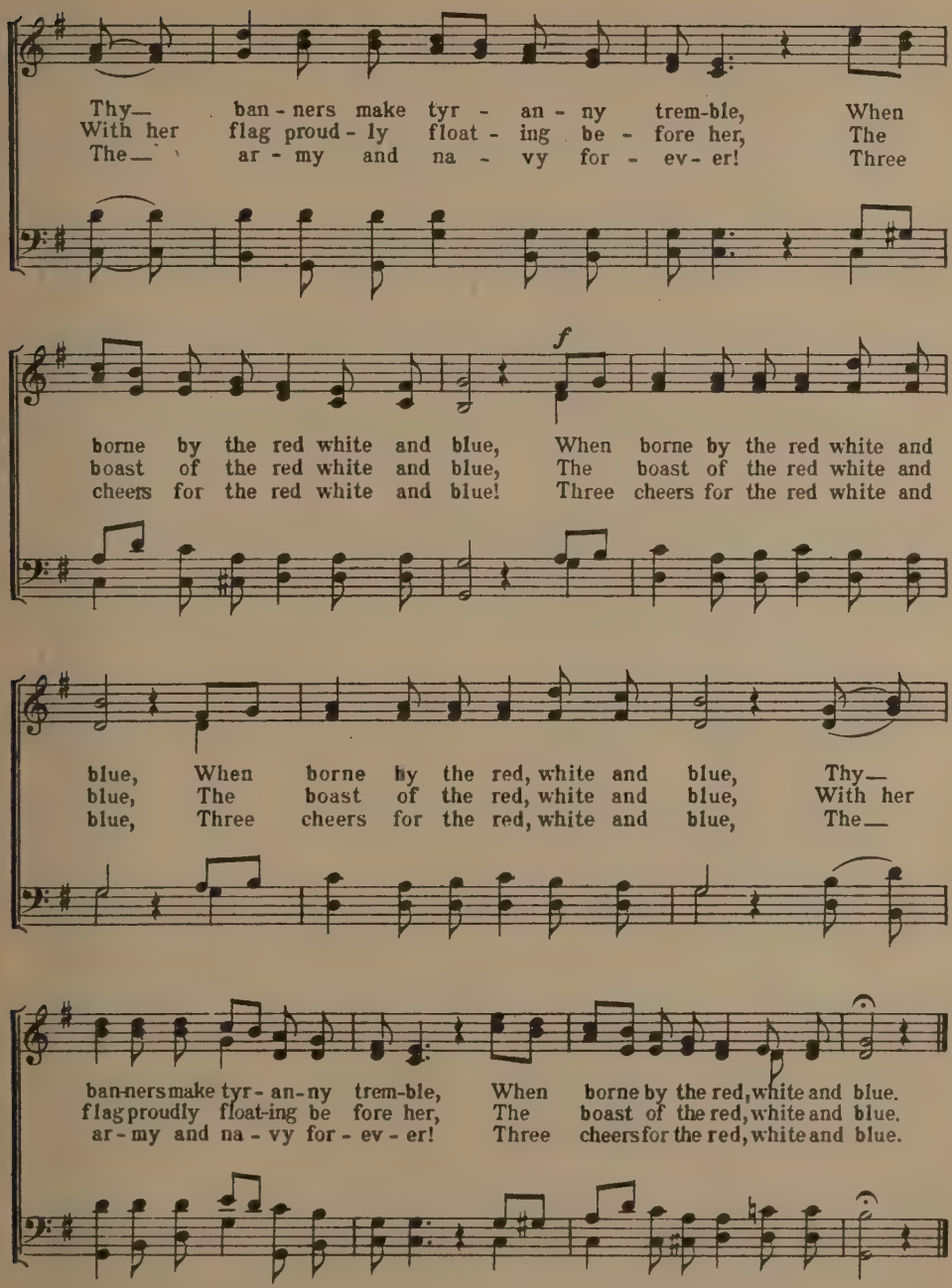
way down south in Dix-ie, A - way a - way a - way down south in Dix-ie.

p

p

The Red, White And Blue




Thy— ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The
The— ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er! Three
f
borne by the red white and blue, When borne by the red white and
boast of the red white and blue, The boast of the red white and
cheers for the red white and blue! Three cheers for the red white and
blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy—
blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The—
ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly float-ing be fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Rule, Britannia

Thomson — Arne

Maestoso

1. When Bri - tain
2. The na - tions
3. The mu - ses

f *mp*

first at heav'n's com - mand, A - rose
not so blest as thee Must in
still with free - dom found, Shall to

from out the a - zure main, A - rose from out the
their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in their turn to
thy hap-py coast re - pair, Shall to thy hap-py

Ped. *

a - zure main, This was the char-ter, the char - ter of the
ty - rants fall, While thou shalt flour-ish, shalt flour - ish great and
coast re - pair, Blest Isle of beau-ty, with match-less beau-ty

mf

land, And guar-dian an - - gels sang the strain.
free, The dread and en - - vy of them all.
crown'd, And man - ly hearts to guard the fair.

Chorus

ff

Rule, Bri - tan-nia, Bri - tan - nia rule the waves,

ff

Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, shall be slaves.

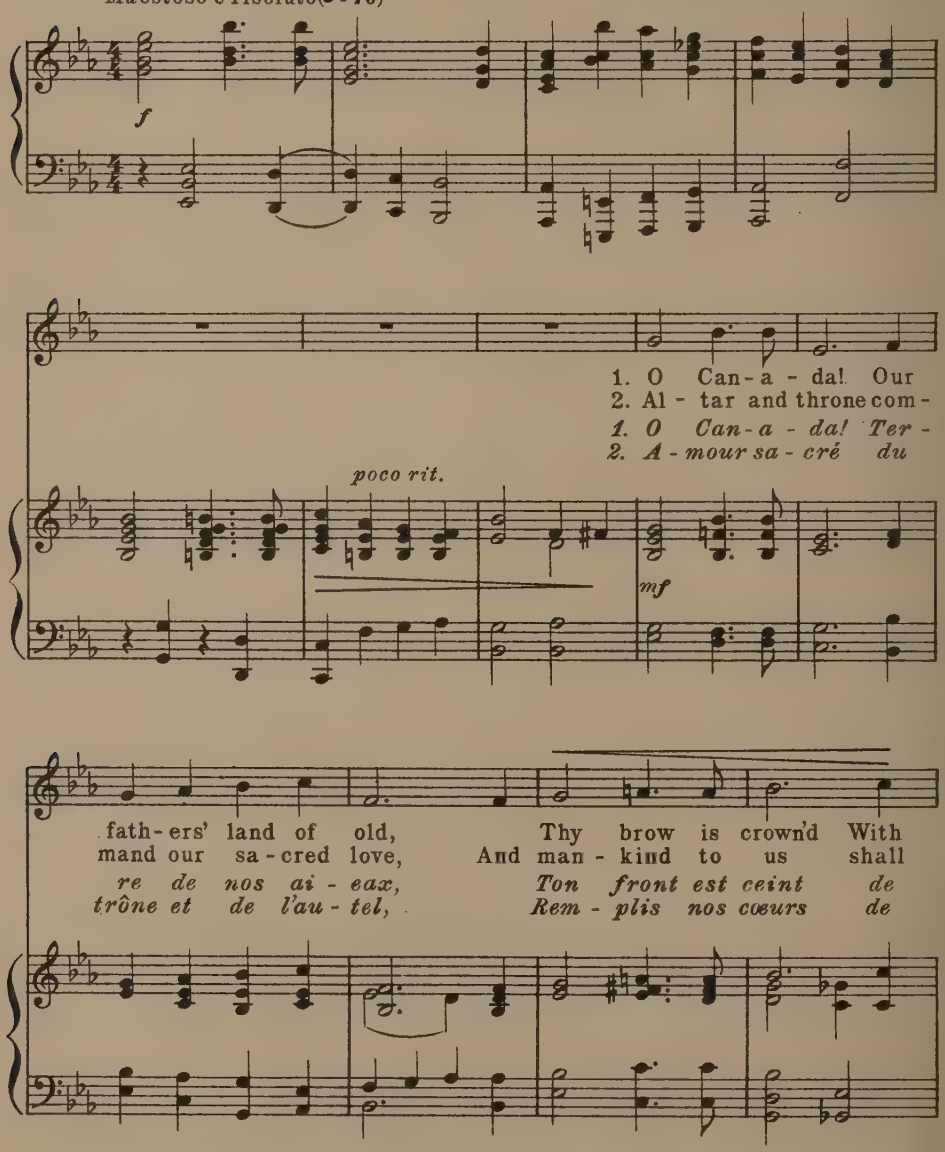
O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old

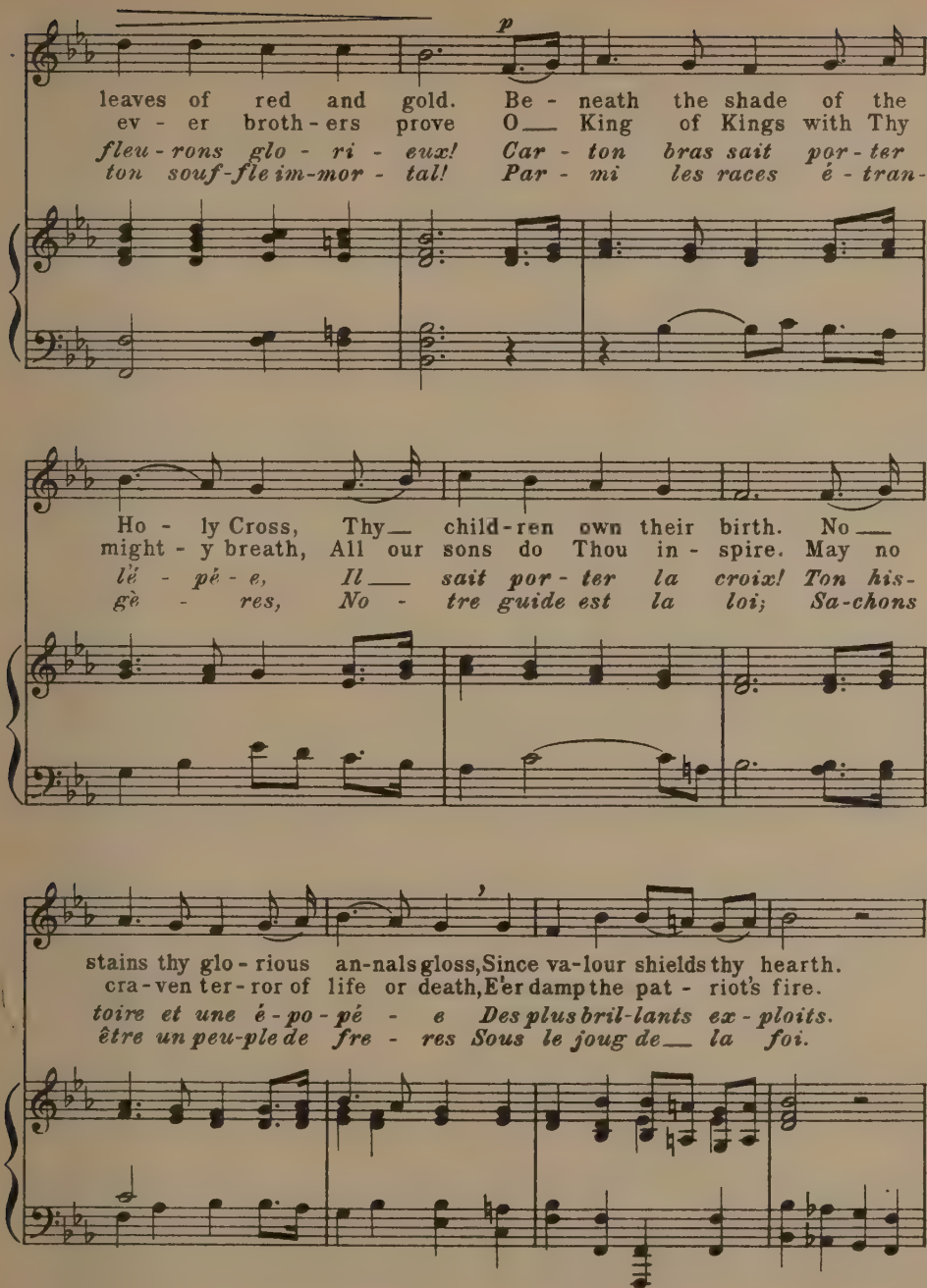
O Canada! Terre de nos aieux!

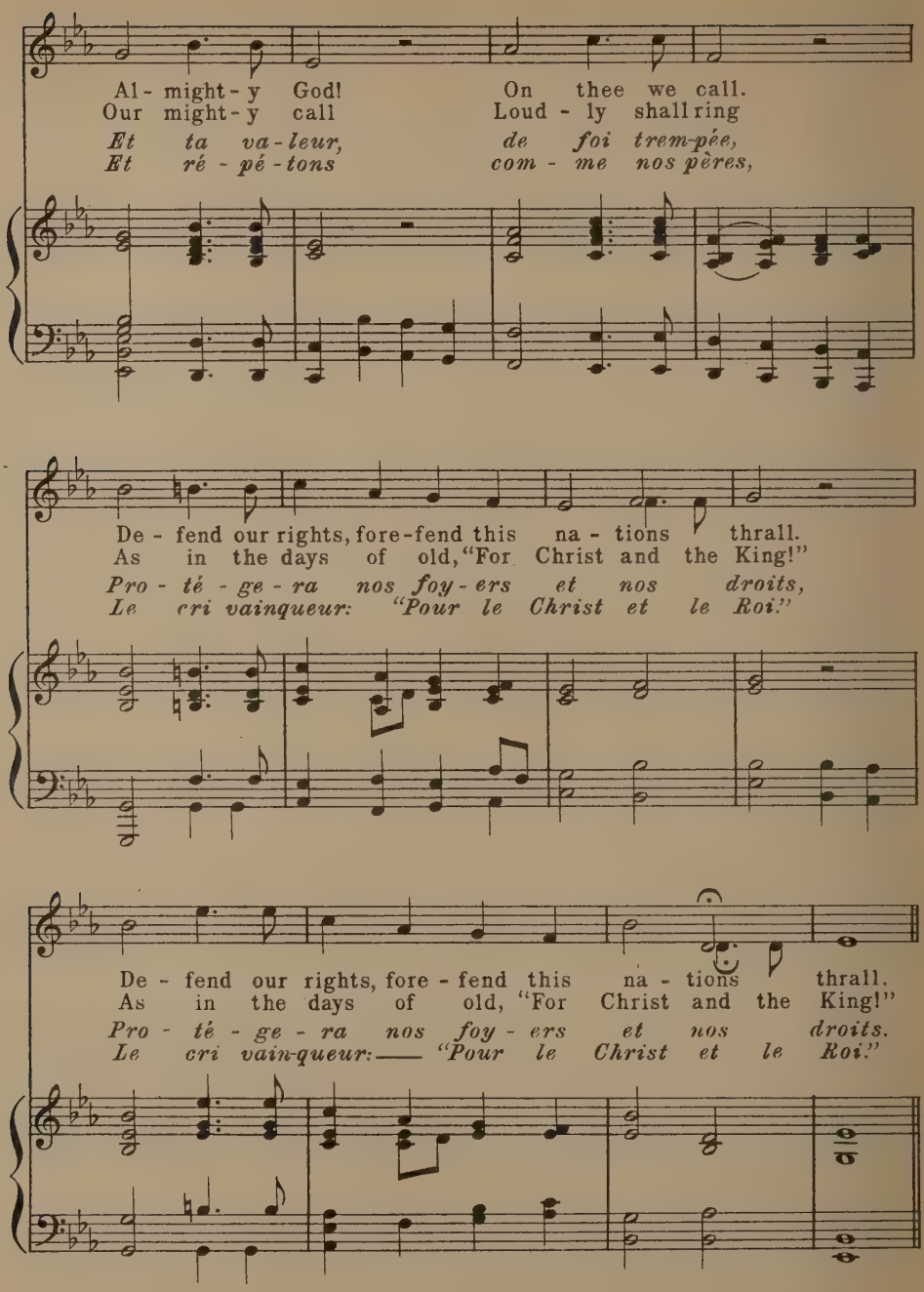
Chant National

Words by The Honorable Judge Routhier

Music by C. Lavallée
Arranged and Edited
by Dr. T. B. Richardson




p
leaves of red and gold. Be - neath the shade of the
ev - er broth - ers prove O___ King of Kings with Thy
fleu - rons glo - ri - eux! Car - ton bras sait por - ter
ton souf - fle im - mor - tal! Par - mi les races é - tran -
Ho - ly Cross, Thy___ child - ren own their birth. No___
might - y breath, All our sons do Thou in - spire. May no
lë - pé - e, Il___ sait por - ter la croix! Ton his -
gè - res, No - tre guide est la loi; Sa - chons
stains thy glo - rious an - nals gloss, Since va - lour shields thy hearth.
cra - ven ter - ror of life or death, E'er damp the pat - riot's fire.
toire et une é - po - pé - e Des plus bril - lants ex - ploits.
être un peu - ple de fre - res Sous le joug de___ la foi.


Al - might - y God! On thee we call.
Our might - y call Loud - ly shall ring
Et ta va - leur, de foi trem-pée,
Et ré - pé - tons com - me nos pères,
De - fend our rights, fore - fend this na - tions thrall.
As in the days of old, "For Christ and the King!"
Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos droits,
Le cri vainqueur: "Pour le Christ et le Roi."
De - fend our rights, fore - fend this na - tions thrall.
As in the days of old, "For Christ and the King!"
Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos droits.
Le cri vain-queur: — "Pour le Christ et le Roi."

The Garibaldi Hymn

Luigi Mercantini
Translated by
Florence G. Attenborough

V. Billi

Come, arm ye! Come,

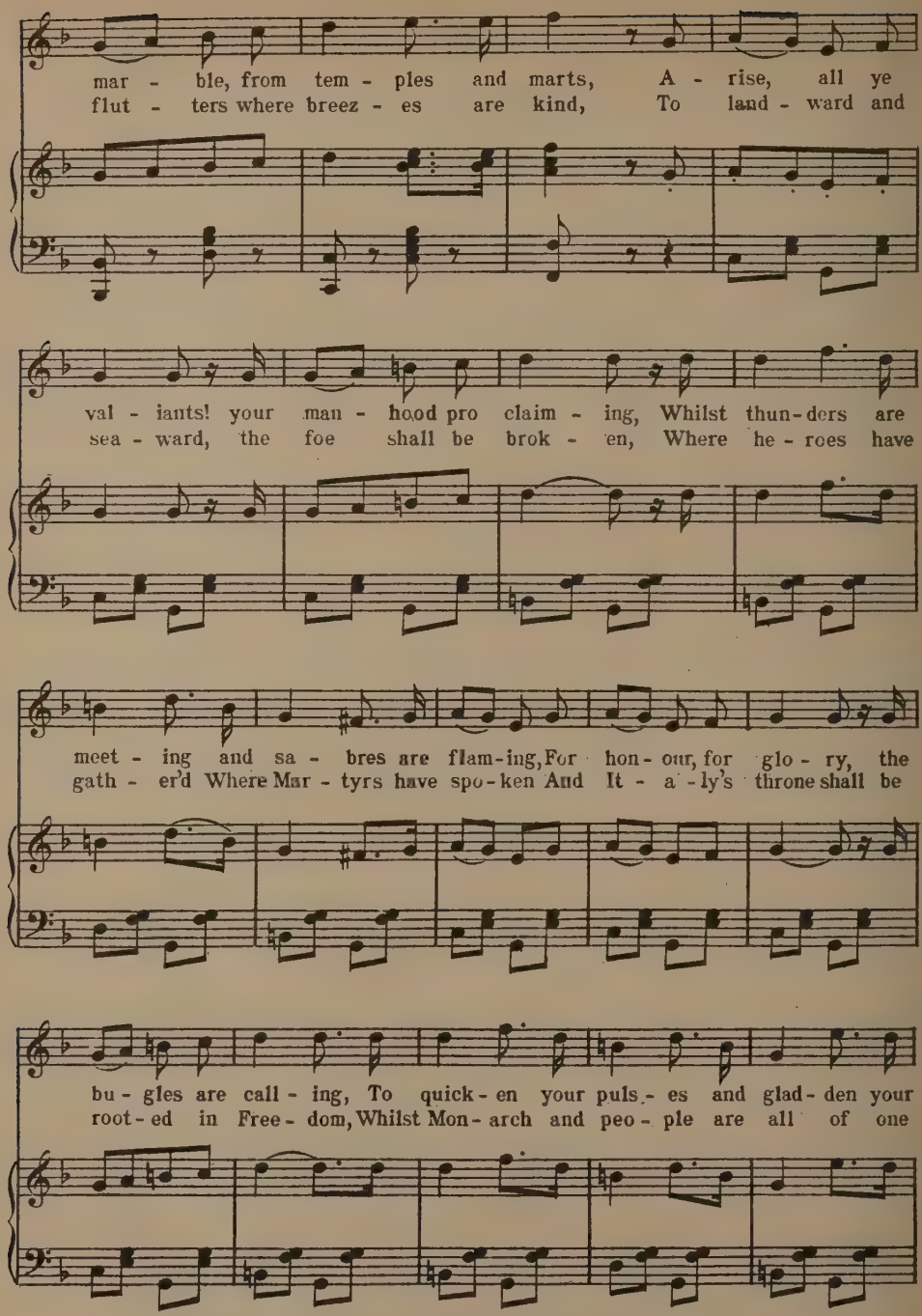
f

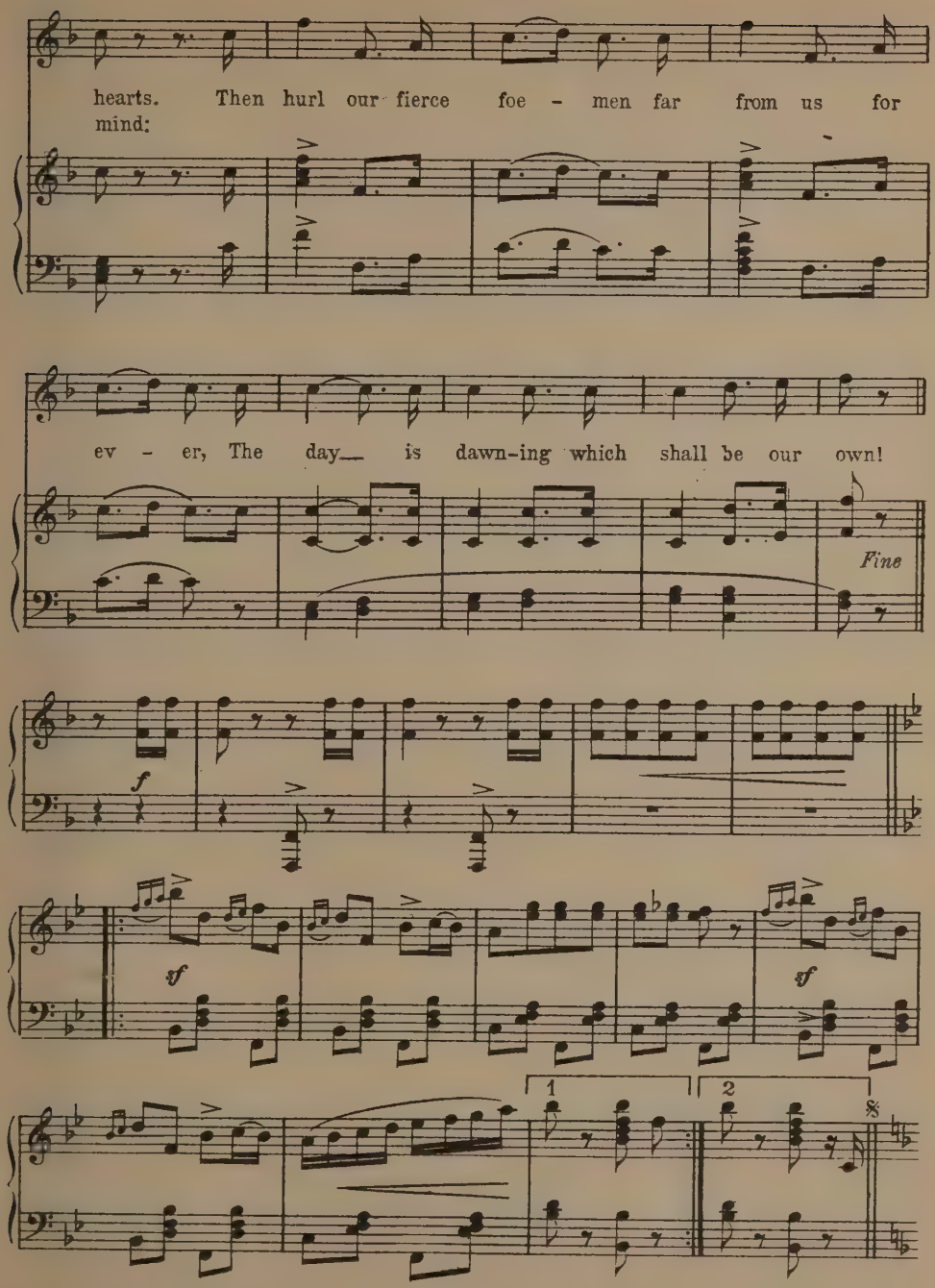
arm ye! 1. From vine-yards of ol-ives, from grape man-tled
2. Too long cru-el ty-rants have tram-pled us

bow-ers, Where land-scapes are laugh-ing in maz-es of flow-ers: From
un-der, The chains they have forged us are riv-en a-sund-er; The

moun-tains all light-ed by sap-phire and am-ber, From cit-ies of
sci-ons of It-a-ly rise in de-fi-ance, Her flag nob-ly

Translation used by permission of G. Schirmer


mar - ble, from tem - ples and marts, A - rise, all ye
flut - ters where breez - es are kind, To land - ward and
val - iants! your man - hood pro claim - ing, Whilst thun-ders are
sea - ward, the foe shall be brok - en, Where he - roes have
meet - ing and sa - bres are flam-ing, For hon - our, for glo - ry, the
gath - er'd Where Mar - tyrs have spo-ken And It - a -ly's throne shall be
bu - gles are call - ing, To quick - en your puls - es and glad - den your
root - ed in Free - dom, Whilst Mon - arch and peo - ple are all of one


hearts. Then hurl our fierce foe - men far from us for
mind:
ev - er, The day is dawn-ing which shall be our own!
Fine
f
ff
ff
1
2

La Brabançonne

Translated by
Florence Attenborough

The Belgian National Anthem

F. Campenhout

Allegro marziale

f

The years of slav-e - ry are past, The

Bel-gian re-joic-es once more; Cou-rage re-stores to him at

last The rights he held of yore! Strong and

mf legato

firm his clasp will be Keep-ing the an-cient flag un-

Translation used by permission of G. Schirmer

f

furl'd To fling its mes - sage on the watch - ful world: For

King, for Right, and Lib-er - ty! *ff* To fling its mes - sage on the

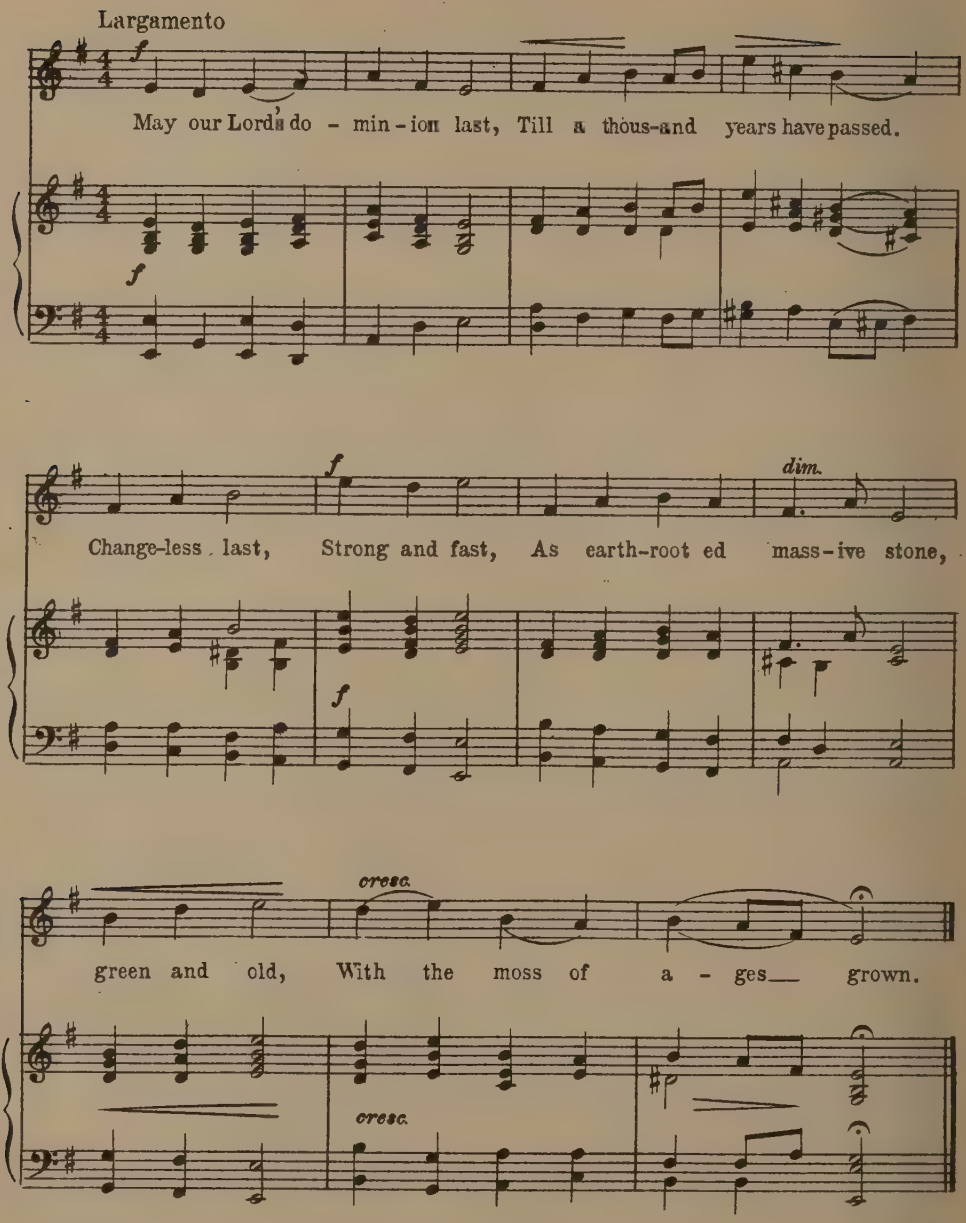
ff

watch-ful world: For King, for Right and Lib-er - ty! For

King, for Right, and Lib-er - ty! For King for Right, and Lib-er - ty!

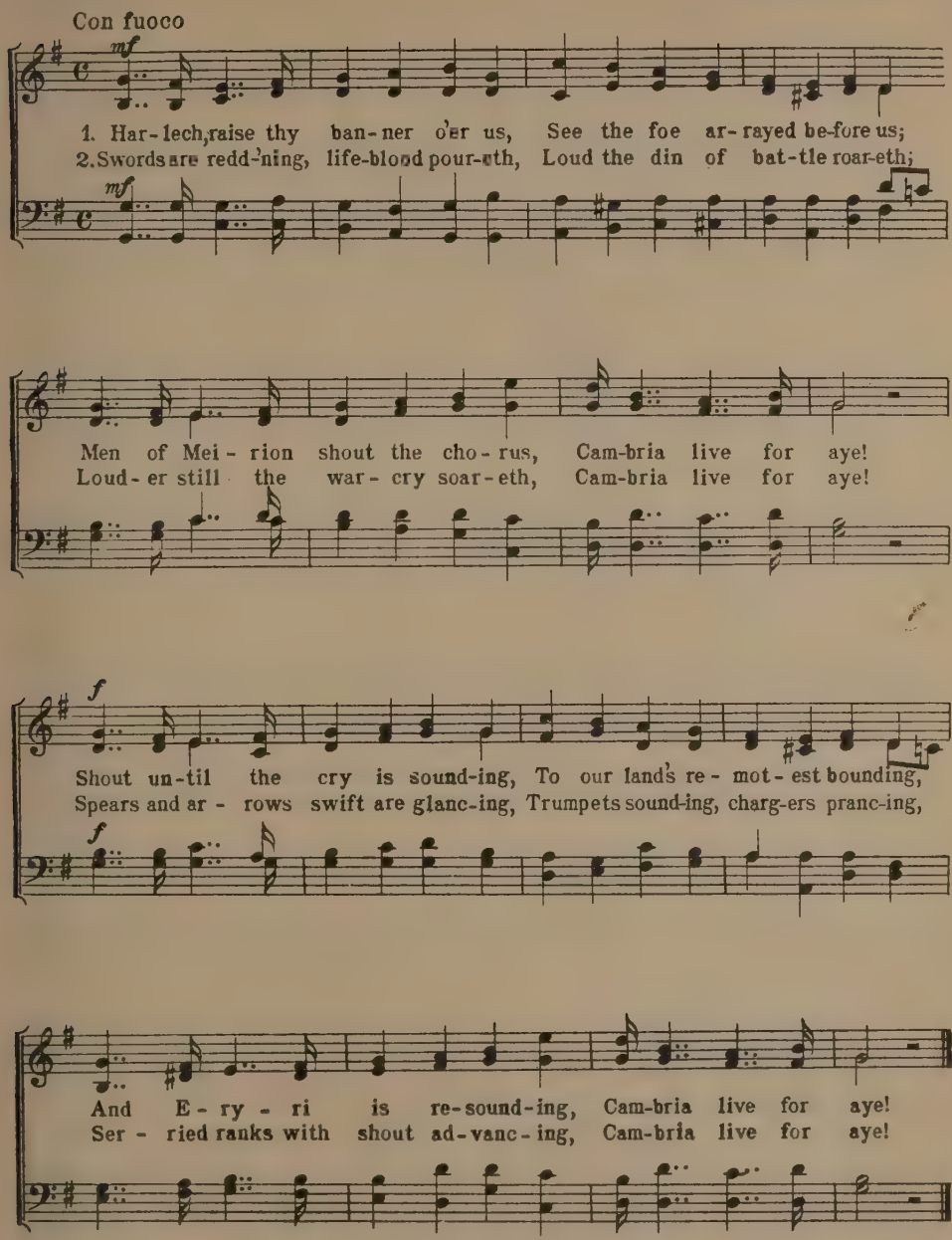
Japanese National Hymn

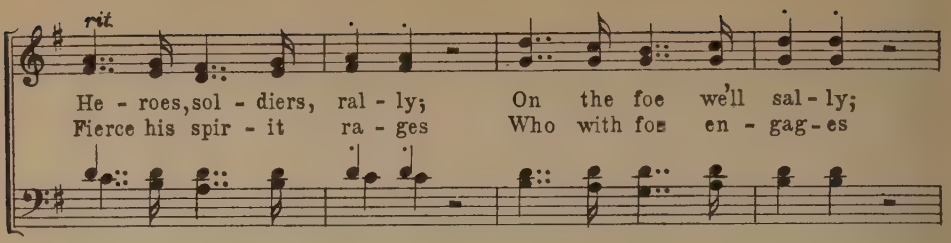
(Kimi Ga Yo)

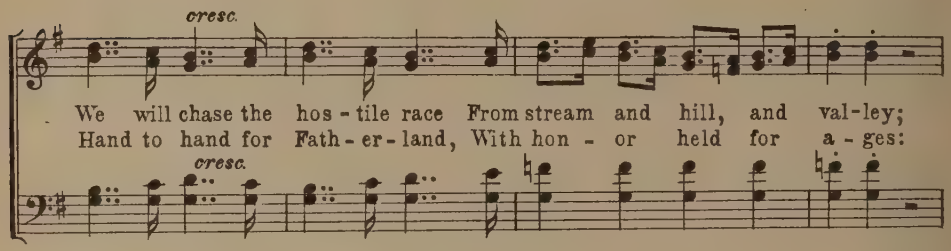


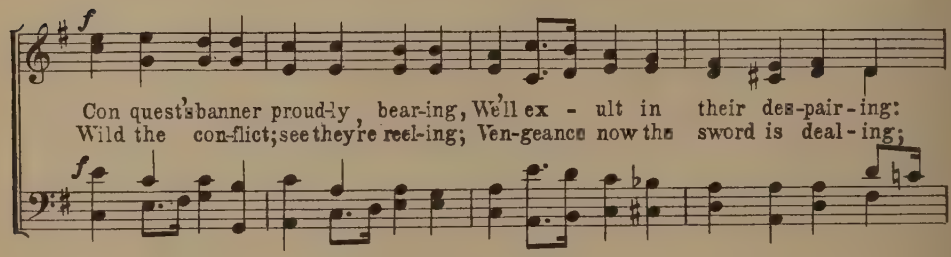
Men Of Harlech

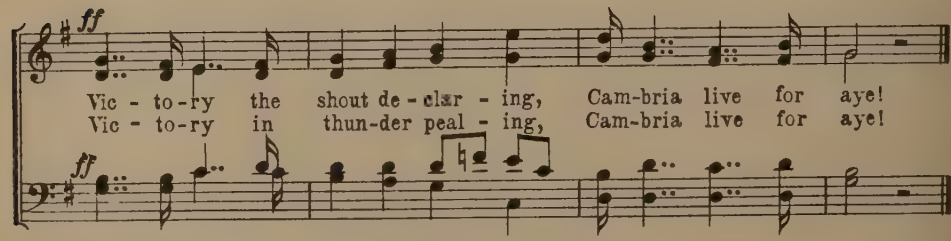
J. Tilleard — Welsh Patriotic Song




rit.
He - roes, sol - diers, ral - ly; On the foe we'll sal - ly;
Fierce his spir - it ra - ges Who with foe en - gag - es

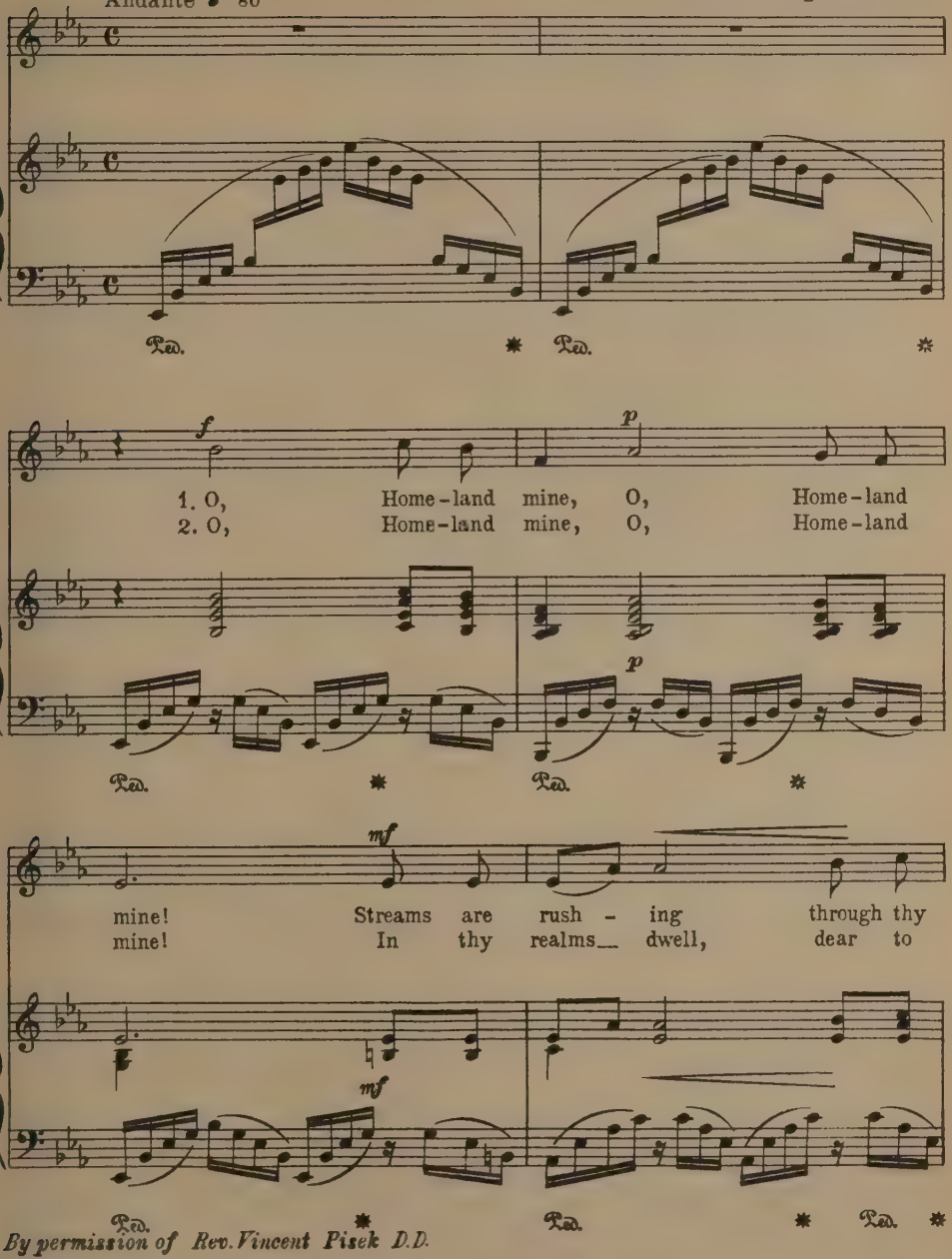

cresc.
We will chase the hos - tile race From stream and hill, and val - ley;
Hand to hand for Fath - er - land, With hon - or held for a - ges:
cresc.


f
Con quest's banner proud - ly, bear - ing, We'll ex - ult in their des - pair - ing:
Wild the con - flict; see they're reel - ing; Ven - geance now the sword is deal - ing;
f


ff
Vic - to - ry the shout de - clar - ing, Cam - bria live for aye!
Vic - to - ry in thun - der peal - ing, Cam - bria live for aye!
ff

My Homeland

National Song of Bohemia



By permission of Rev. Vincent Pisek D.D.

mead - ows; 'Mid thy rocks sigh fra - grant
God's heart, Gen - tle souls in bod - ies

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pine groves. Or - chards decked in Springs ar-
stal - wart. Clear of mind, they win suc-

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ray, Scenes of Pa - - - ra - dise por-
cess; Cour - age show when foes op-

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

tray. And this land of won - drous
press. Such the Cechs, in whom I

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

f

beau - ty, Is the Čech land, Home-land
glo - ry, Where the Čechs live is my

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ff *rit.*

mine, Is the Čech land, Home-land mine.
home, Where the Čechs live is my home.

rit.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Hymne Des Marseillaise

Rouget de Lisle

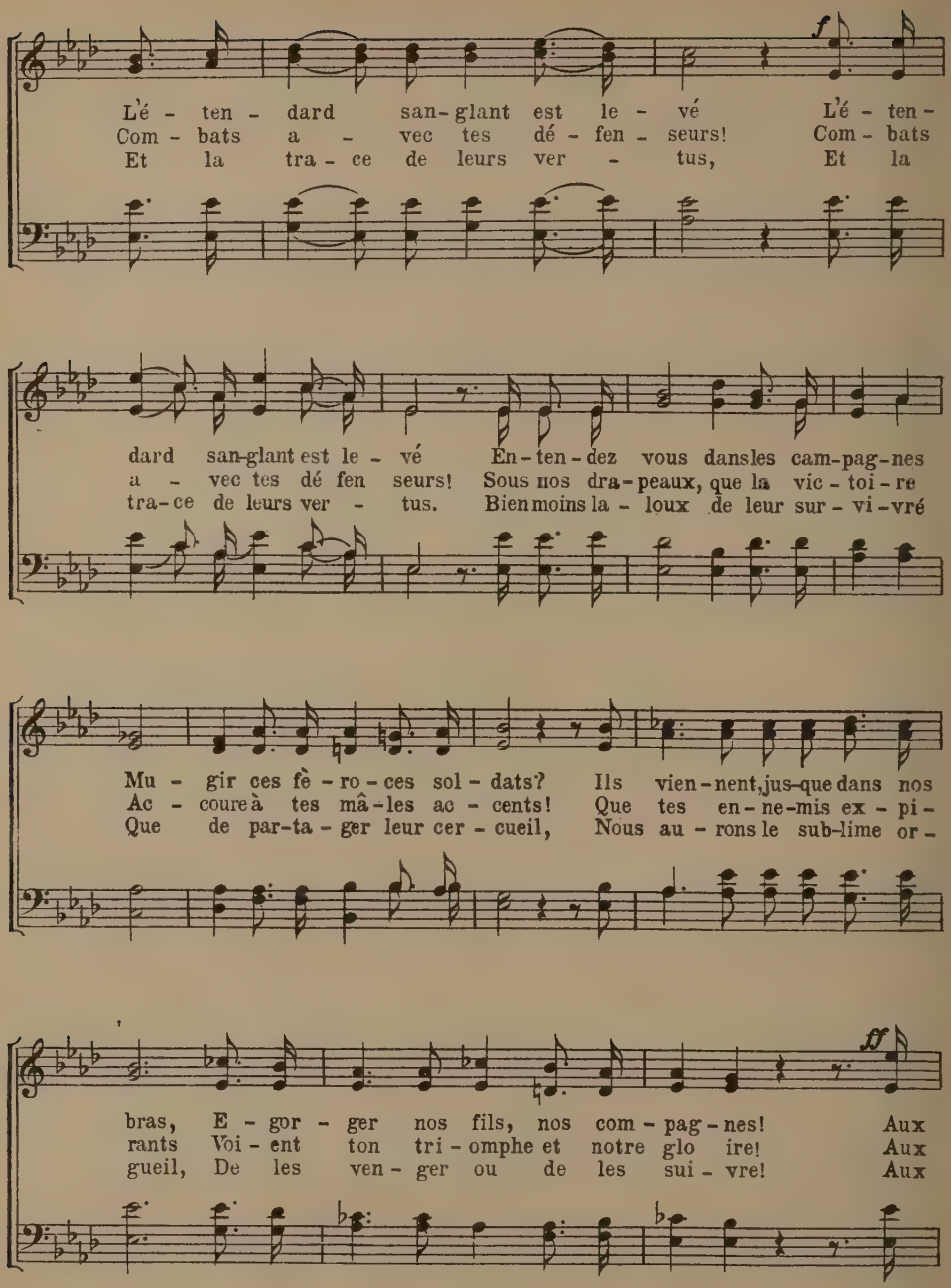
Allegro marziale

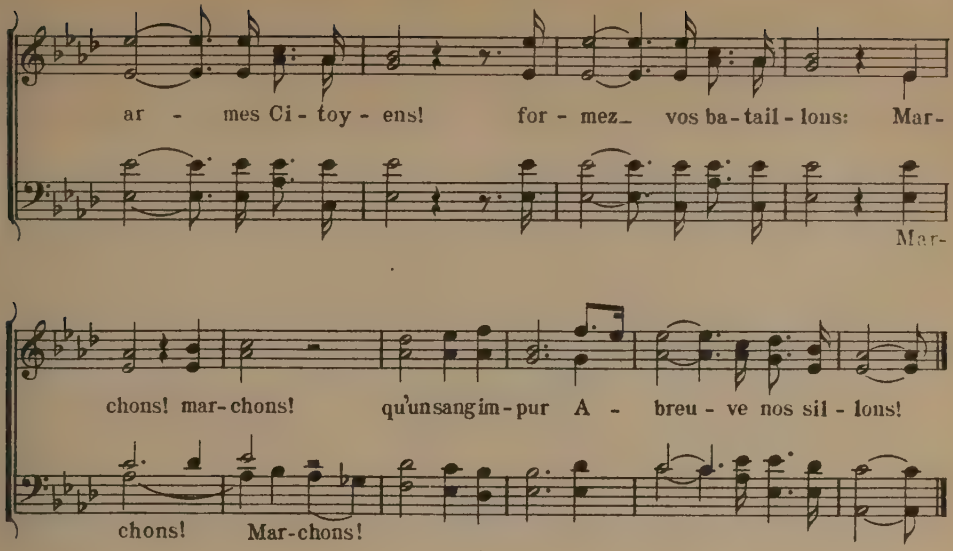
f

1. Al-lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est
2. A-mour sa - cré de la pa - tri - e, Con-duis, sou-tiens nos
3. Nous en - tre - rons dans la car - ri - é - re Quand nos ai - nés n'y

p

ar - ri - vé. Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e.
bras ven - geurs! Li - ber - té, Li-ber-té ché - ri - e,
se - ront plus; Nous y trou - ve-rons leur pous - sié - re


f
L'é - ten - dard san-glant est le - vé L'é - ten -
Com - bats a - vec tes dé - fen - seurs! Com - bats
Et la tra - ce de leurs ver - tus, Et la
dard san-glant est le - vé En - ten - dez vous dans les cam-pag-nes
a - vec tes dé fen seurs! Sous nos dra - peaux, que la vic - toi - re
tra-ce de leurs ver - tus. Bien moins la - loux de leur sur - vi - vré
Mu - gir ces fè - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent, jus-que dans nos
Ac - coure à tes mâ - les ac - cents! Que tes en - ne-mis ex - pi -
Que de par-ta - ger leur cer - cueil, Nous au - rons le sub-lime or -
ff
bras, E - gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pag - nes! Aux
rants Voi - ent ton tri - omphe et notre glo ire! Aux
gueil, De les ven - ger ou de les sui - vre! Aux



1.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
  Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grand-sires hoary,
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
  With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
  When peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' avenging sword unsheath!
  March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

2.

O Liberty! can man resign thee?
  Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeon belts and bars confine thee,
  Or whips thy noble spirit tame
  Or whips thy noble spirit tame
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
  The blood-stained sword our conq'rers wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
  And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' avenging sword unsheath!
  March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

Veni Emmanuel

Translated by J. M. Neale — Ancient Plain Song

O come, O come, Em - man - u - el. And ran - som cap - tive
O come, Thou day-spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
O come, O come Thou Lord of might! Who to Thy tribes on

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here;
Ad - vent here Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night,
Si - nai's Height In an - cient times didst give the law,

ff

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear
And death's dark sha - dows put to flight. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-
In cloud and maj - es - ty and awe.

ff

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el. *A - men.*

Adeste Fideles

Anon (*Latin, 17th Cent.*)
Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841

John Reading

O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O
Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion,
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing

Come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem;
Sing, all ye ci-ti-zens of heav'n a-bove:
Je-sus, to Thee be glo-ry giv'n.

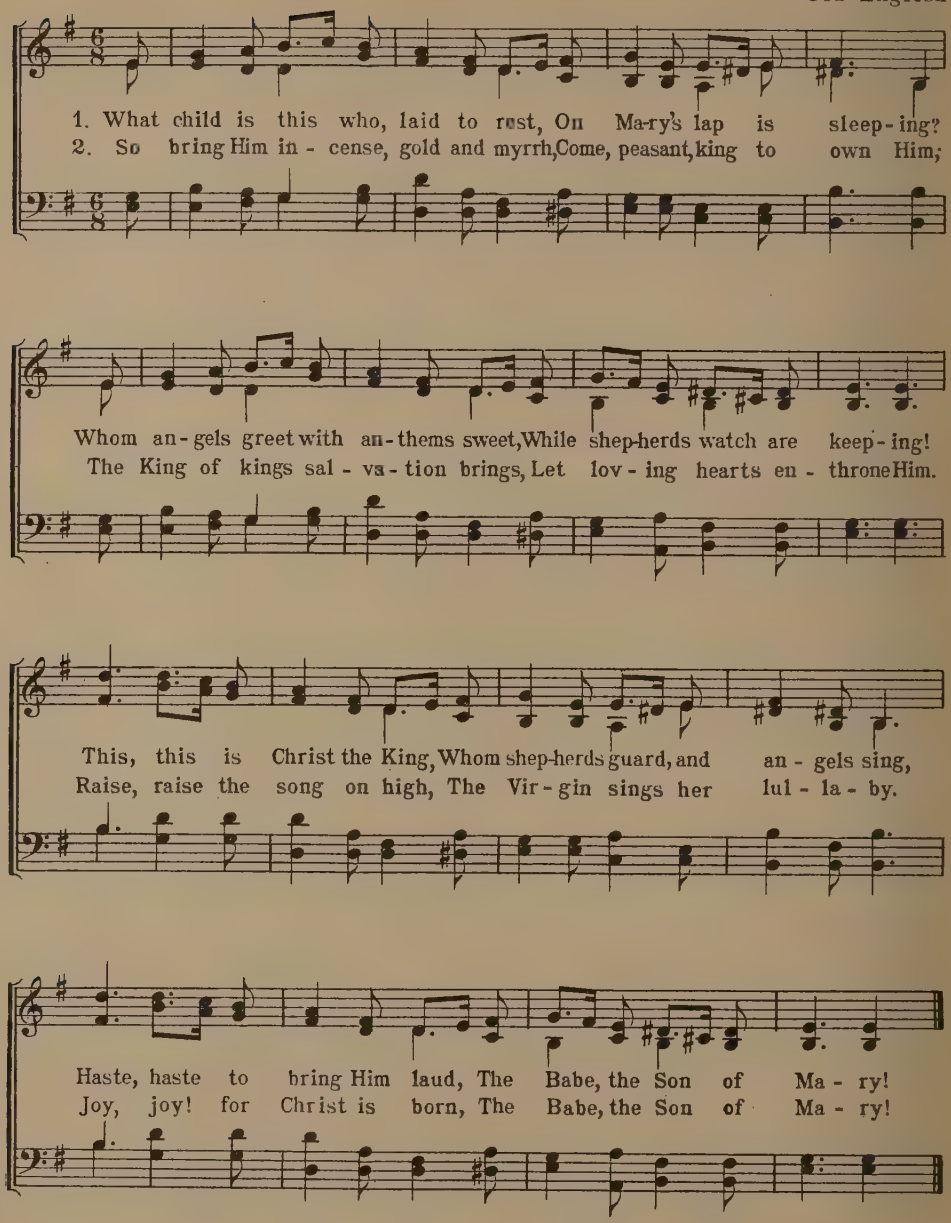
Come and be-hold Him Born, the King of An-gels;
Glo-ry to God In the high-est;
Word of the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-pear-ing;

p *After each verse* *cresc.* *f*
O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O
p *cresc.* *f*

come let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord. *A-men.*

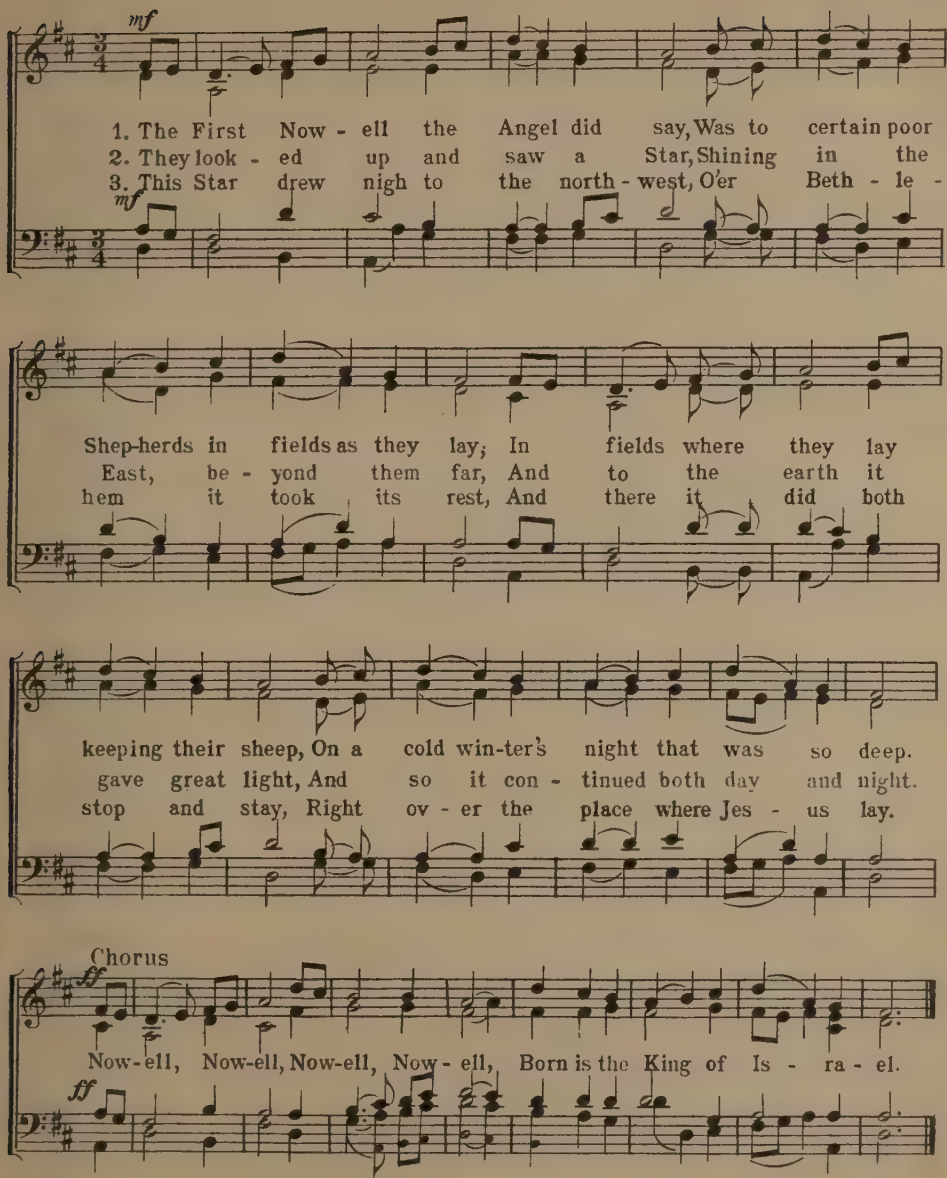
What Child is This

Old English



The First Nowell

Traditional



Silent Night

Joseph Möhr — Franz Grüber

pp

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm,
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God,

all is bright. Round yon vir - gin moth - er and Child!
at the sight! Glo - ries stream from Heav - en a - far,
love's pure light Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face,

Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia, Christ, the Sav - iour, is
With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy

peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

The Wassail Song

Old English — Traditional

Semi-Chorus

mf

1. Here we come a - was - sail - ing A - mong the leaves so green, Here we come a wand - 'ring, So fair to be seen.
2. We are not dai - ly beg - gars That beg from door to door, But we are neigh - bor's chil - dren Whom you have seen be - fore.
3. Good mas - ter and good Mis - tress, As you sit by the fire, Pray think of us poor chil - dren Who are wand-'ring in the mire.
4. We have a lit - tle purse Made of ratch - ing* leath - er skin; We want some of your small change To line it well with - in.
5. God bless the mas - ter of this house, Like - wise the mis - tress too; And all the lit - tle chil - dren That round the ta - ble go.

mf

* *Leather that will stretch*

Chorus

f

Love and joy come to you, And to

f

you your was - sail too, And God bless you, and

send you A hap - py new year, And God

send you a hap - py new year.

Three Kings Of Orient

J. H. Hopkins — John H. Hopkins

1. We three kings of O - rient are, Bear-ing gifts we trav - erse far
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a-gain;
3. Frank in - cense to of-fer have I; In-cense owns a De - i - ty nigh,
4. Myrrh is mine, it's bit ter per - fume Breaths a life of gath-er-ing gloom;
5. Glo-rious now be-hold Him a - rise; King and God and sac - ri-fice;

Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der Star.
King for - ev - er, ceas-ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
Pray'r and prais-ing all men rais - ing, Wor-ship Him, God on high.
Sor-r'wing, sigh-ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Earth to the Heav'ns re - plies.

Chorus

Oh, star of won-der, star of might, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,

rit.

West-ward lead-ing, still pro - ceed-ing, Guide us to the per-fect light.

"God rest you merry, gentlemen"

Old English — Traditional

mf

1. God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men! Let no - thing you dis - may, Re - mem - ber Christ, our Sav - iour, Was born on Christ - mas day, To
2. In Beth - le - hem, in Jew - ry This bless - ed Babe was born, And laid with - in a man - ger, Up - on this bless - ed morn; The
3. From God, our Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, A bless - ed An - gel came, And un - to cer - tain Shep - herds Brought ti - dings of the same: How
4. "Fear not, then," said the An - gel, "Let no - thing you af - fright, This day is born a Sav - iour, Of a pure Vir - gin bright, To
5. Now to the Lord sing prais - es All you with - in this place, And with true love and broth - er - hood Each oth - er now em - brace; This

p

save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r, When we were gone a stray.
which His moth-er Ma - ry Did no thing take in scorn.
that in Beth-le - hem was born The Son of God by Name.
free all those who trust in Him From Sa-tan's pow'r and might.
ho - ly tide of Christ - mas All oth-er doth ef - face.

f *f*

O ti - dings of com - fort and joy, com-fort and

f *f*

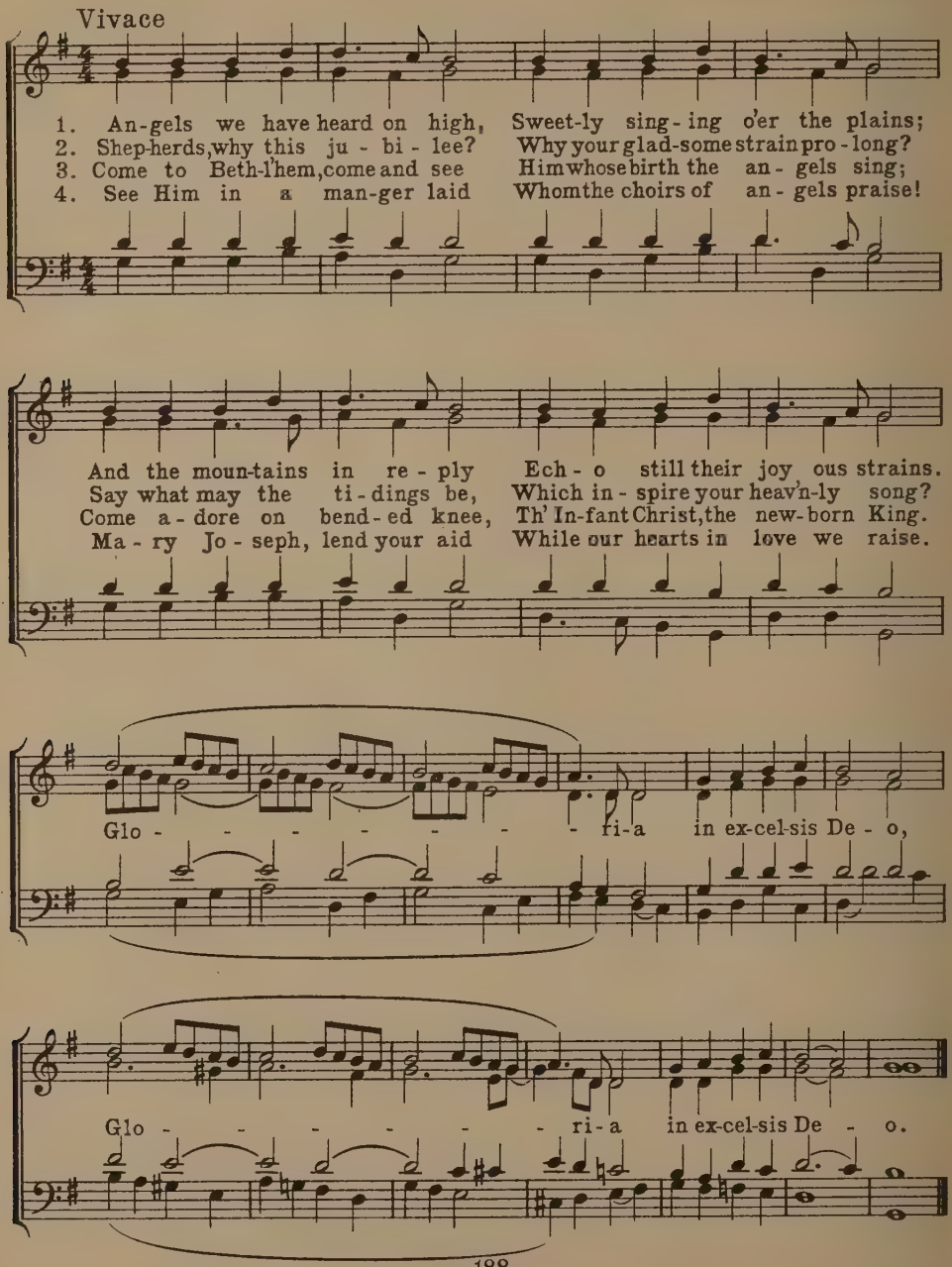
ff

joy, O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

ff

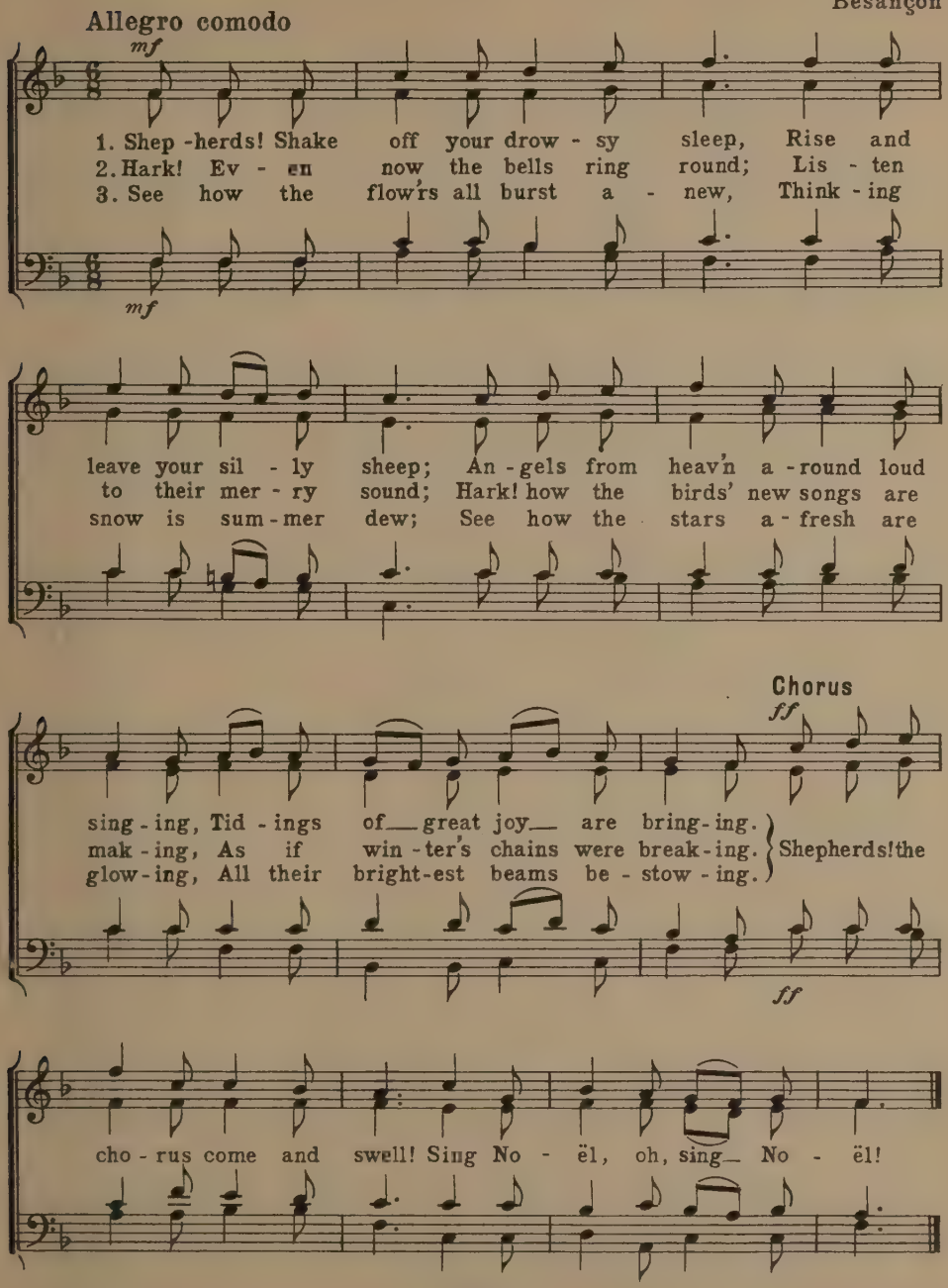
Angels We Have Heard on High

Bishop Chadwick — Traditional French Melody



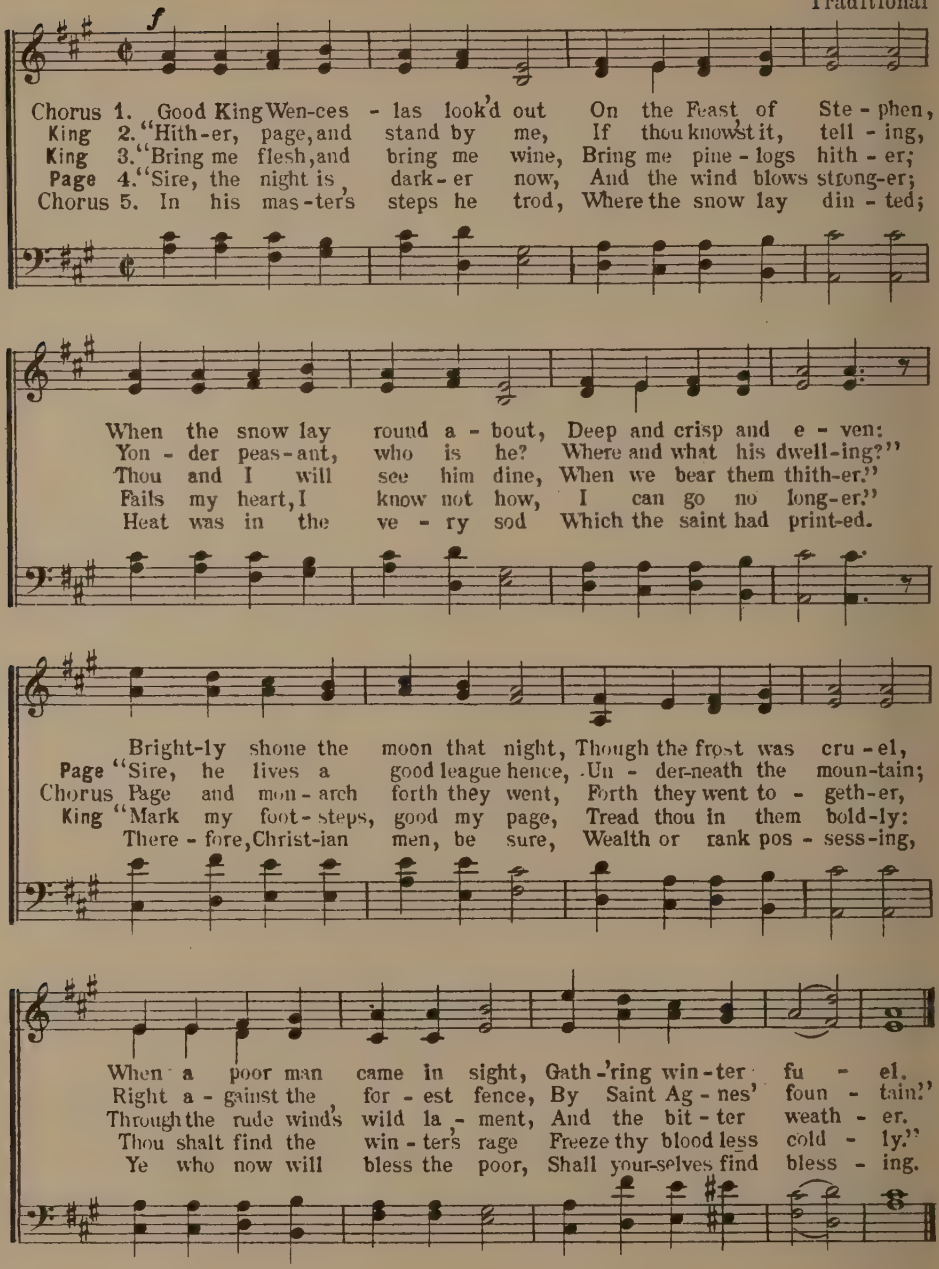
Shepherds, Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep

Besançon



Good King Wenceslas

Traditional



O bienheureuse nuit

Carol of Basse-Normandy

pp

1. O night, peace-ful and blest! For
3. O morn, ra-diant with love! The

slow

pp

now Je-sus doth rest, Near His fond watch-ful mo-ther! Soft
choirs hymn thee a-bove; For their watch now is end-ed! On

cresc.

light o'er Him doth shine, A-round, bright an-gels hov-er,
high, songs nev-er cease, While ours with theirs are blend-ed,

cresc.

mf 1

He is the Child Di-vine.

mf colla voce

a tempo p

2

He is the Prince of Peace.

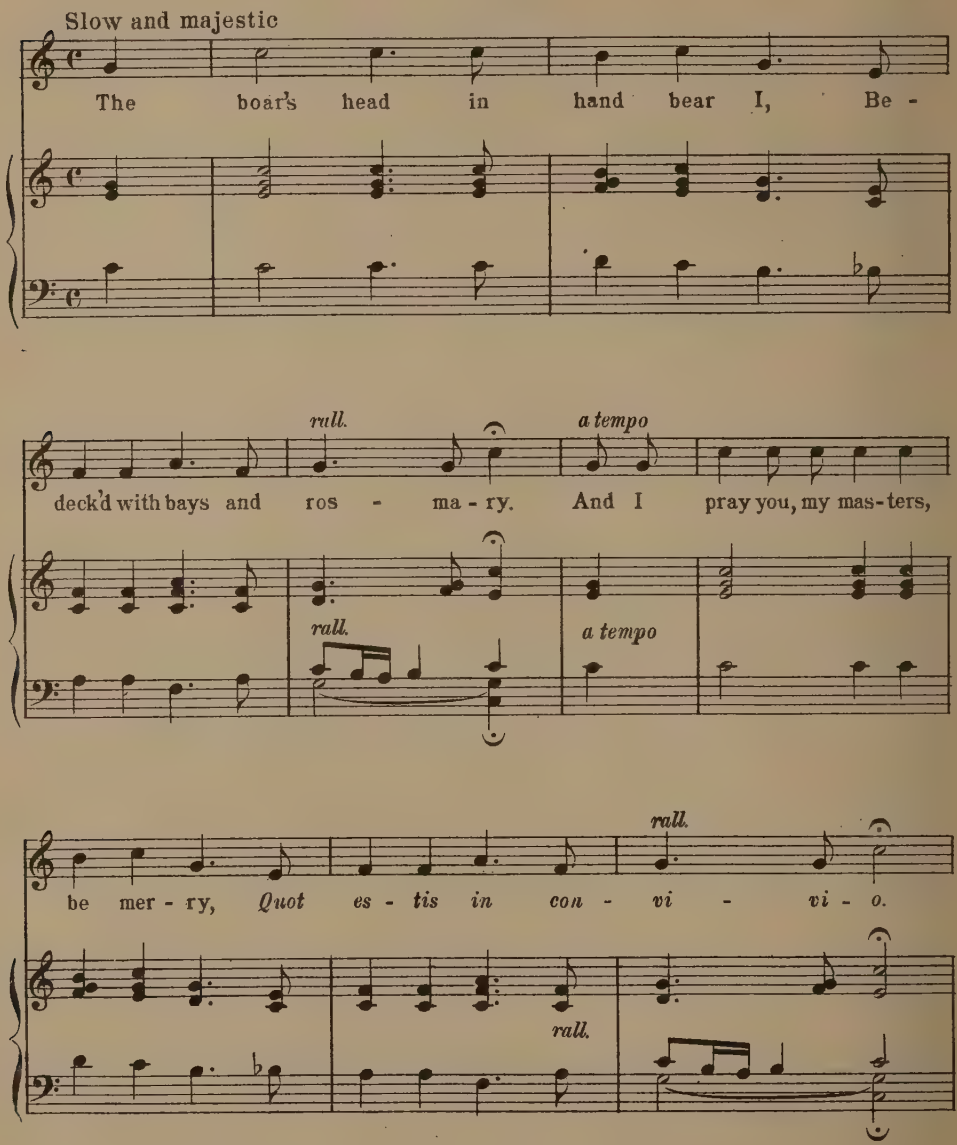
mf rall.

dim.

The Boar's Head Carol

Old English — Tradional

In Elizabethan days, the boar's head was the first dish on Christmas Day and was carried to the table with much state and ceremony.



Chorus

rall.

Ca - put a - pri de - fe - ro, Red-dens laud - es do - mi - no.

f

rall.

Second Verse

Solo

The boar's head as I un - der - stand, Is the

rall. *a tempo*

brav - est dish in all the land; When thus be-deck'd with a

gay gar - land, Let us *Ser - vi - re can - ti - co.*

Third Verse

Solo

Our stew - ard hath pro - vi - ded this in

rall. *a tempo*

ho - nour of the King of Bliss; Which on this day to be

rall.

serv - ed is *In Ile - gi - men - si a - tri - o.*

Break forth, O beauteous heavenly light

Choral from "The Christmas Oratorio"

J. S. Bach

Adagio

TREBLE

Break forth, O beaut-eous heav'n - ly light, And

ALTO

Break forth, O beaut-eous heav'n - ly light, And

TENOR

Break forth, O beaut-eous heav'n - ly light, And

BASS

Break forth, O beaut- eous heav'n - ly light, And

PIANO

ush - er in the morn - ing; Ye shep - herds, shrink not

ush - er in the morn - ing; Ye shep - herds, shrink not

ush - er in the morn - ing; Ye shep-herds, shrink not

ush - er in the morn - ing; Ye shep - herds, shrink not

with af - fright, But hear the an - gels warn - ing. This

with af - fright, But hear the an - gels warn - ing. This

with af - fright, But hear the an - gels warn - ing. This

with af - fright, But hear the an - gels warn - ing. This

cresc.

Child, now weak in in - fan - cy, Our con - fi - dence and

Child, nowweak in in - fan - cy, Our con - fi - dence and

cresc.

Child, now weak in in - fan - cy, Our con - fi - dence and

Child, now weak in in - fan - cy, Our con - fi - dence and

cresc.

ff

joy shall be, The pow'r of Sa - tan

joy shall be, The pow'r of Sa - tan

joy shall be, The pow'r of Sa - tan

joy shall be, The pow'r of Sa - tan

p

break - ing, Our peace e - ter - nal mak - ing.

p

break - ing, Our peace e - ter - nal mak - ing.

p

break - ing, Our peace e - ter - nal mak - ing.

p

break - ing, Our peace e - ter - nal mak - ing.

p

Deck The Hall

Traditional

Welsh Melody
"Nos Galan"

Con Anima

mf *f*

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol-ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;
2. See the blaz-ing yule before us, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;

mf *f*

mf *f*

'Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;
Strike the harp and join the cho-rus, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;

f

cresc. *f*

Don we now our gay ap-par-el, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;
Fol-low me in mer-ry mea-sure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;

mf *f*

mf *f*

Troll the an-cient Christmas car-ol, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
While I tell of Christmas treas-ure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

f

Noël! Noël!

Andante — Old English

mf

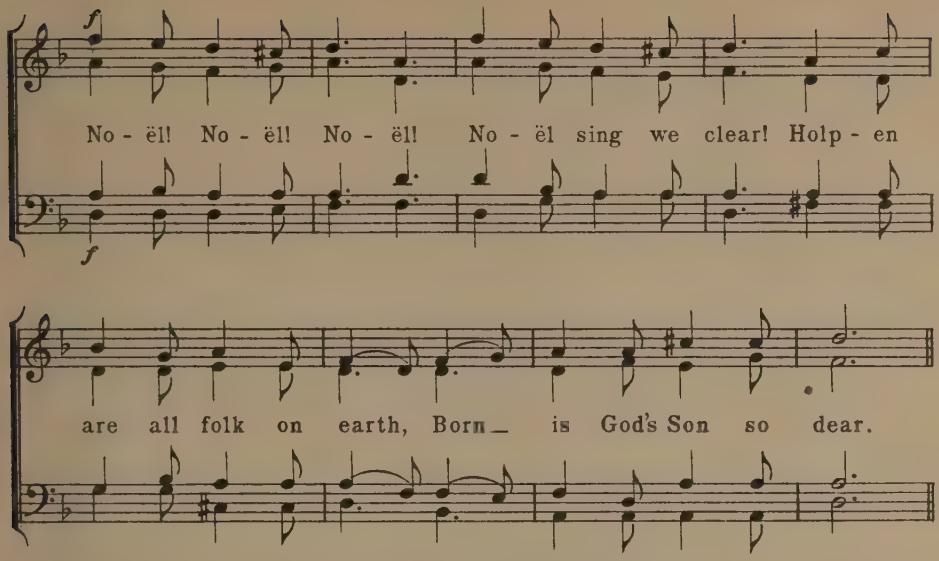
1. Mas - ters in this hall, Hear ye news to - day;
2. Quoth I, "Fel - lows mine, Why this guise sit ye?
3. Ox and ass Him know, Kneel - ing on their knee,

mf

Brought from o - ver sea, And ev - er I you pray;
Mak - ing but dull cheer, Shep-herds though ye be?"
Won - drous joy had I This lit - tle babe to see;

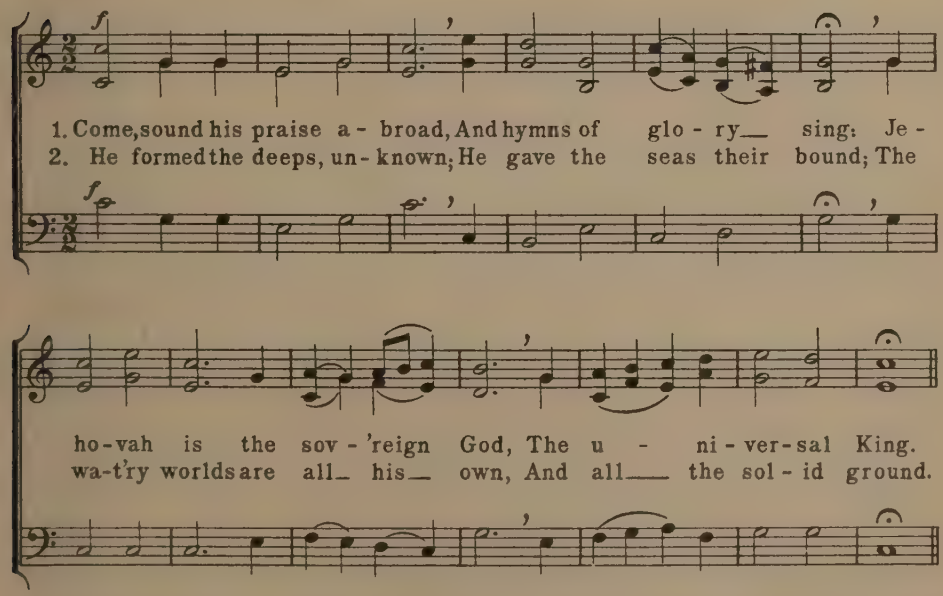
Shep-herds many and one Sat a - mong the sheep,
Quoth these fel - lows then: "To Beth-'lem Town we go, To
This is Christ the Lord, Mas-ters, be ye glad!

No man spake more word Then they had been a - sleep.
see a Might - y Lord Lie in man - ger low."
Christ - mas is come in, And no folk should be sad.



Come, Sound His Praise

Isaac Watts — Isaac Smith



Creation

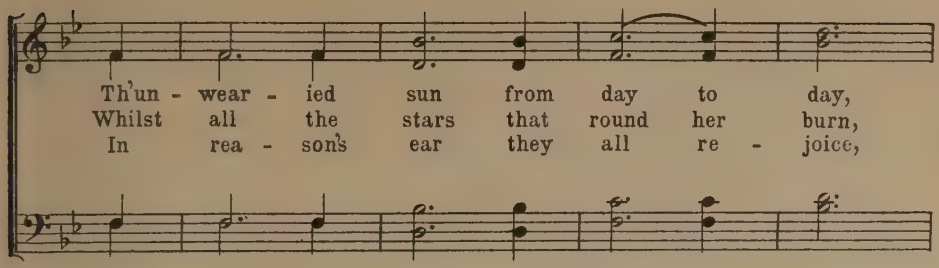
J. Addison F. J. Haydn

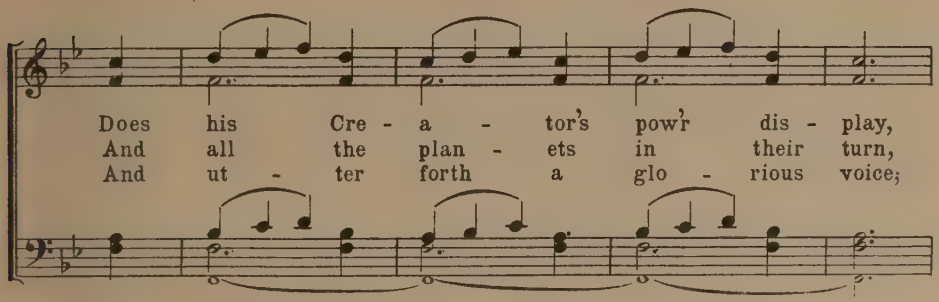
The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high,
Soon as the eve - 'ning shades pre - vail,
What though in sol - emn si - lence all

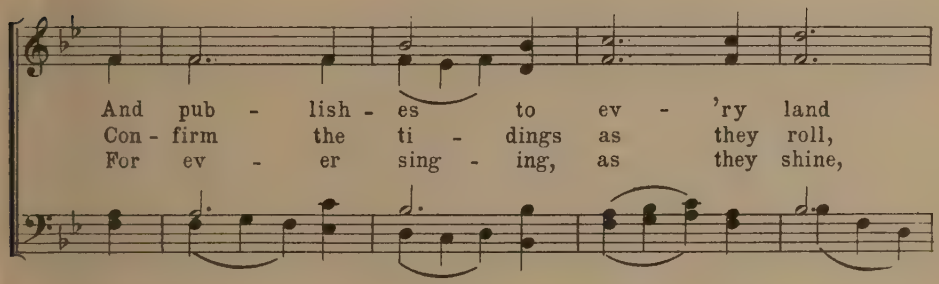
With all the blue e - the - real sky.
The moon takes up the won - drous tale,
Move round this dark ter - res - trial ball;

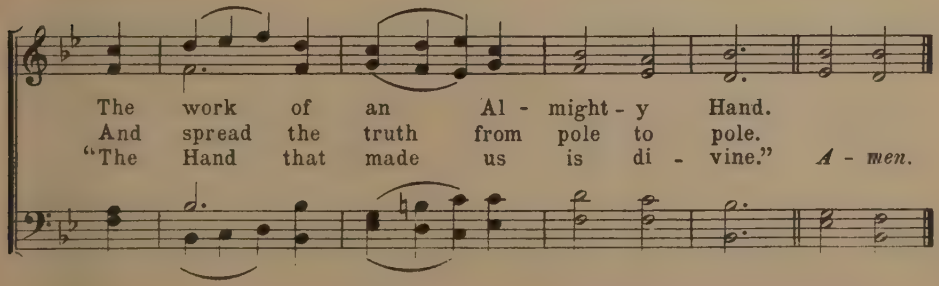
And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame,
And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth
What though no real voice nor sound

Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.
Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;
A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found;


Th'un - wear - ied sun from day to day,
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,


Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play,
And all the plan - ets in their turn,
And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice;


And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land
Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll,
For ev - er sing - ing, as they shine,


The work of an Al - might - y Hand.
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
"The Hand that made us is di - vine." A - men.

St. Gertrude

S. Baring Gould — Arthur Sullivan

On - ward Chris-tian sol - diers March-ing as to war,
Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng!

With the cross of Jes - us Go - ing on be - fore!
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song,

Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we,
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty
This thro count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

On - ward Chris-tian sol - diers march-ing as to war, With the

With the cross of Jes - us Go-ing on be - fore! *A - men.*
cross of

With the cross of

Vox Angelica

F. W. Faber J. B. Dykes

1. Hark, hark, my soul, An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
2. On - ward we go for still we hear them sing - ing,

O'er earth's green fields and o - ceans wave - beat shore;
"Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to

wel - come the pil-grims of the night Sing - ing
night, Sing - ing to wel-come the

pil - grims, the pil-grims of the night. *A - men, A - men.*

Dominus Regit Me

H. W. Baker — J. B. Dykes

1. The King of love my Shep - herd is,
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed,
4. And so through all the length of days

Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
My ran - somed soul He lead - eth, And, where the ver - dant
But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoul - der
Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er: Good Shep - herd, may I

I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
gen - tly laid, And home re - joic - ing, brought me.
sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er. *A - men.*

Canonbury

Charles Wesley — Schumann

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
The task Thy wis - dom hath as - signed
For Thee de - light - ful - ly em - ploy

My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
Oh, let me cheer - ful - ly ful - fil;
What - e'er Thy boun - teous grace hath giv'n,

Thee on - ly Thee, re - solved to know
In all my works Thy pres - ence find,
And run my course with e - ven joy,

In all I think, or speak, or do.
And prove Thy good and per - fect will.
And close - ly walk with Thee to heav'n. *A - men.*

Saint Anne

I. Watts — W. Croft

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home.
2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
3. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way; They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the o - pening day.
4. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home. *A - men.*

Rise Crowned With Light

Alexander Pope

Russian Hymn
A. T. Lwoff

1. Rise crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise!
2. See a long race thy spa-cious courts a - dorn:
3. See bar - barous na - tions at thy gates at - tend,
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay,

Ex - alt thy tow'r - ing head and lift thine eyes!
See fu - ture sons and daughters yet un - born,
Walk in thy light, and in thy tem - ple bend;
Rocks fall to dust, and moun-tains melt a - way;

See heav'n its spark-ling por - tals wide dis - play,
In crowd-ing ranks on ev - 'ry side a - rise,
See thy bright al - tars throng'd with pros - trate kings,
But fixed His word, His sav - ing pow'r re - mains;

And break up - on thee in a flood of day.
De - mand - ing life, im - pa-tient for the skies.
While ev - 'ry land its joy - ous trib - ute brings.
Thy realms shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns. *A - men.*

Leoni

T. Olivers — Jewish Melody

1. The God of A - brah'm praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove; An - cient of ev - er last - ing days, And God of love: Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con - fest; I bow and blessthe sa - cred name For - ev - er blest.

2. He by Him-self hath sworn; I on His oath de - pend; I shall, on ea - gle's wings up - borne, To heav'n as - cend: I shall be - hold His face I shall His pow'r a - dore, And sing the won-ders of his grace, For - ev - er more.

3. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our Right - eous - ness, Tri - umph-ant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of Peace. On Zi - on's sa - cred height His king - dom still main - tains, And, glo rious, with His saints in light. For - ev - er reigns.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

Leonard Bacon (1833) — John Hatton (-1793)

1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand,
2. Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
3. Laws, free - dom, truth, and faith in God
4. And here Thy name, O God of love,

Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea;
Thy bless - ing came; and still its power
Came with those ex - iles o'er the waves;
Their chil - dren's child - ren shall a - dore,

And when they trod the win - try strand,
Shall on - ward, through all a - ges, bear
And where their pil - grim feet have trod,
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move,

With prayer and psalm they wor - ship'd Thee.
The mem - 'ry of that ho - ly hour.
The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
And spring a - dorns the earth no more. A - men.

Marion

E.H. Plumptree A.H. Messiter

1. Re - joice ye pure in heart, Re -
2. With voice as full and strong As
3. Yes on, through life's long path, Still
4. Still lift your stand - ard high, Still

joice, give thanks and sing; Your fes - tal ban-ner wave on high, The
o - ceans surg - ing praise, Send forth the hymns our fa - thers loved, The
chant-ing as we go; From youth to age, by night and day, In
march in firm ar - ray, As war-riors through the dark - ness toil, Till

cross of Christ your King. Re - joice re -
psalms of an - cient days. Re - joice re -
glad - ness and in woe. Re - joice re -
dawns the gold - en day. Re - joice re -
re-joice

joice, Re - joice give thanks and sing.
joice, Re - joice give thanks and sing.
joice, Re - joice give thanks and sing.
joice, Re - joice give thanks and sing.
Re-joice, re-joice,

National Hymn

D.C.Roberts — G.W. Warren

ff — *Trumpets before each verse* — Voice alone

1. God of our fath - ers, Whose al - migh - ty hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the
2. They love di - vine hath led us in the past, In this free land our lot by Thee is cast; Be Thou our rul - er, guard ian, guide and
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in -
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di -

ff — *With Organ* — *cresc.* — *Largando* — *ff*

skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
crease, Thy bount - eous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. *(Amen)*

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A Mighty Fortress is Our God

Martin Luther, 1529
Translated by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

Martin Luther

1. A might - y fort - ress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er he a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing; Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost
3. And tho' this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us; We will not fear for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' him who with us sid - eth; Let

still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His
ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus it is he, Lord
prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His
goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The

craft and power are great; And armed with cru - el hate, On
Sab - a - oth his name, From age to age the same, And
rage we can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One
bod - y they may kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still, His

1, 2, 3 | 4

earth is not his e - qual.
he must win the bat - tle.
lit - tle word shall fell him. A - men.
king-dom is for - ev - er.

Now with Creation's Morning Song

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius *(5th Century)* — Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as chil - dren of the day, With wake - ened heart and pur - pose strong, The work of dark - ness cast a - way.
2. Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet calm in us in - still! A guile - less mind, a heart sin - cere, Sim - plic - i - ty of word and will.
3. And ev - er, as the day glides by, May we the bu - sy sens - es rein; Keep guard up - on the hand and eye, Nor let the con - science suf - fer stain.
4. Grant us, O God, in love to Thee, Clear eyes to meas-ure things be - low; Faith the in - vis - i - ble to see, And wis - dom, Thee in all to know.

Let Us with a Gladsome Mind

John Milton (1623) — The Parish Choir (1850)

1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for e is kind:
2. He with all com - mand-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light;
3. All things liv-ing e doth feed; His full hand sup-plies the need:

For is mercies aye en-dure Ev-er faithful ev-er sure. A - men.

O, Give Thanks

Canon

I

O, give thanks, O, give thanks, O, give thanks un -

II

to the Lord, for He is gra-cious and His mer - cy en -

dur - eth, en dur - eth for ev - er.

Chorale

From "St Matthew Passion"
By Johann Sebastian Bach

Maestoso

mp

Com - mit thy ways, O pil - grim On time's dark storm-y seas, To

mp

mp

Him who or - ders all things Thro' sweet e - ter - ni - ties.

mp

Who meas-ures out their cours - es To clouds, winds, waves be - low, He

too will find a path - way, Where - in thy feet may go.

Ancient of Days

W. C. Doane

J. A. Jeffery

1. An-cient of days, who sit - test, thron'd in glo - ry;
2. O ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led Thy chil-dren

To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray;
In all the a - ges, with the Fire and Cloud,

Thy love has bless'd the wide world wond - rous sto - ry,
Thro' seas dry shod; thro' wear - y wastes be - wild - 'ring;

With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.
To Thee, in rev - erent love, our hearts are bowed.

Come, My Soul

von Canitz, 1609
Tr. H. J. Buckoll, 1848

Arr. from Haydn

1. Come, my_ soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day;_ Come to_ Him_ who made this splen - dor See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble_ strength can pay.
2. Pray that He_ may pros - per ev - er Each en - dea - vor, When thine aim is good and true;_ But that He_ may ev - er thwart thee, And con - vert thee, When thou ev - il_ wouldst pur - sue. A men.
3. On - ly_ God's free gifts a - buse not, Light re - fuse not, But His Spir - it's voice o - bey;_ Thou with Him_ shalt dwell, be - hold - ing Light en - fold - ing All things in_ un - cloud - ed day.

Now Thank We All

M. Rinkart
Tr. C. Winkworth

J. Crüger
Har. S. P. Warren

Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,
Oh, may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us;

Who from our moth - er's arm Hath blessd us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next. *A - men.*

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St. George's Windsor

H. Alford G. J. Elvey

1. Come ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home:
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;

All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown

God our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.
Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be. *A-men.*

Thanksgiving

L. Barbauld — arr. from Köchner by Dix

Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that
All the plen - ty sum-mer pours; Au - tumn's rich o'er -
Peace, pros-per - i - ty and health, Pri - vate bliss, and
As Thy pros-p'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee

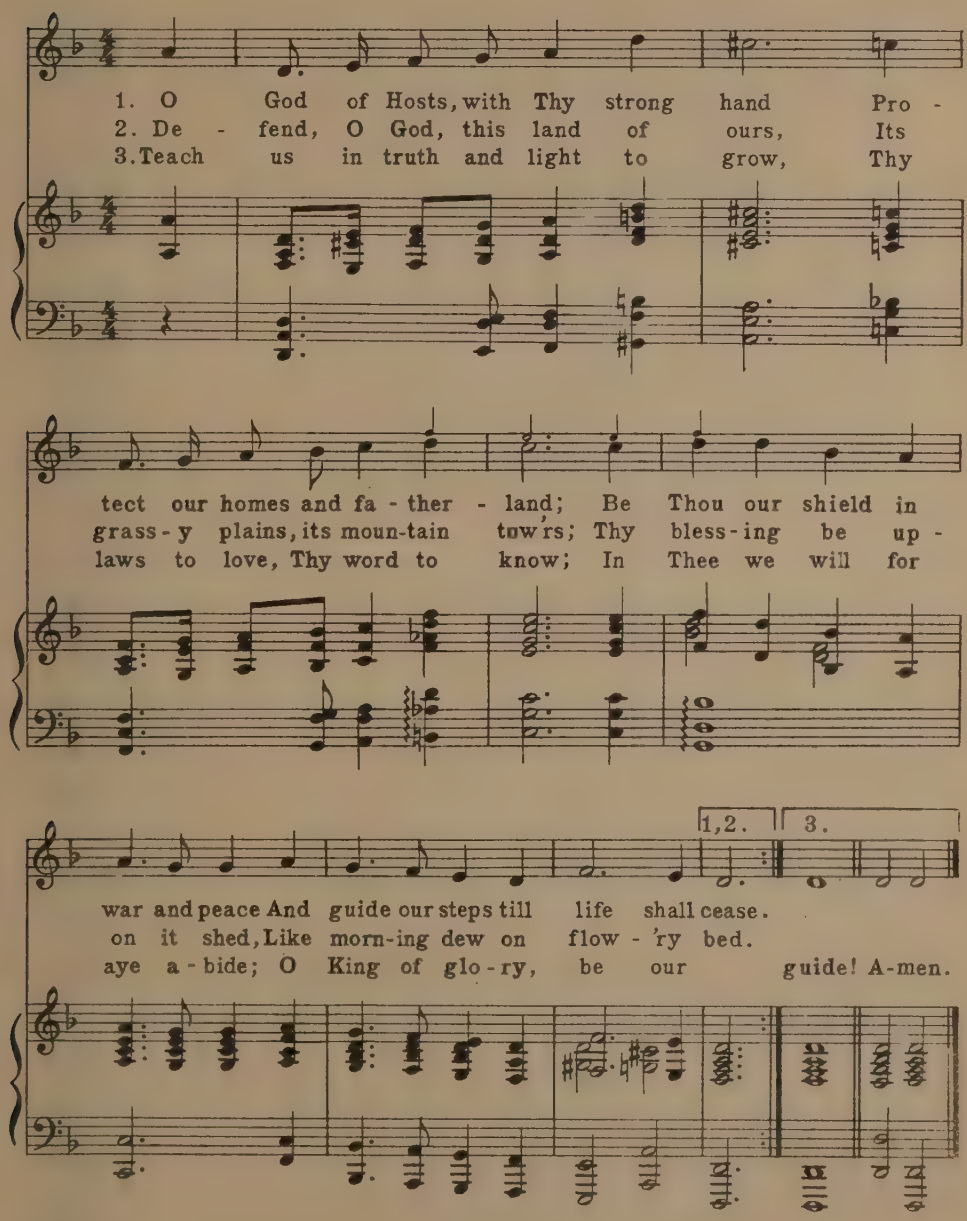
crowns our days; Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy,
flow - ing stores; Flocks that whit - en all the plain;
pub - lic wealth, Knowl - edge with its glad - dning streams,
of our best; And by deeds of kind - ly love

Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy: All to Thee, our
Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain: Lord, for these our
Pure re - lig - ion's ho - lier beams: Lord, for these our
For Thy mer - cies grate - ful prove; Sing - ing thus through

God, we owe, Source from whence all bless - ings flow.
souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise. *A - men.*

O God of Hosts, with Thy Strong Hand

Nordahl Rolfsen — Edward Grieg



Sardis

John Bowring — arr. from Beethoven

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he light - ens;
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays and a - ges move; But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His change-less good - ness prove, From the gloom His bright - ness stream - eth;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove; Ev - 'ry where His glo - ry shin - eth:

God is wis - dom, God is love.
God is wis - dom, God is love.
God is wis - dom, God is love.
God is wis - dom, God is love. *A - men.*

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Hymn of Thanks

Mary Sicard Jenkins — Eduard Kremser

ppp

ppp

We gath-er to-geth-er to ask the Lord's bless-ing, Most ten-der De-

fend-er from dan-gers un-known We stand here as-sem-bled, His

great Name con-fess-ing O Lord, Guide and Lead-er, ac-cept us Thine

By permission of G. Schirmer

own.

p

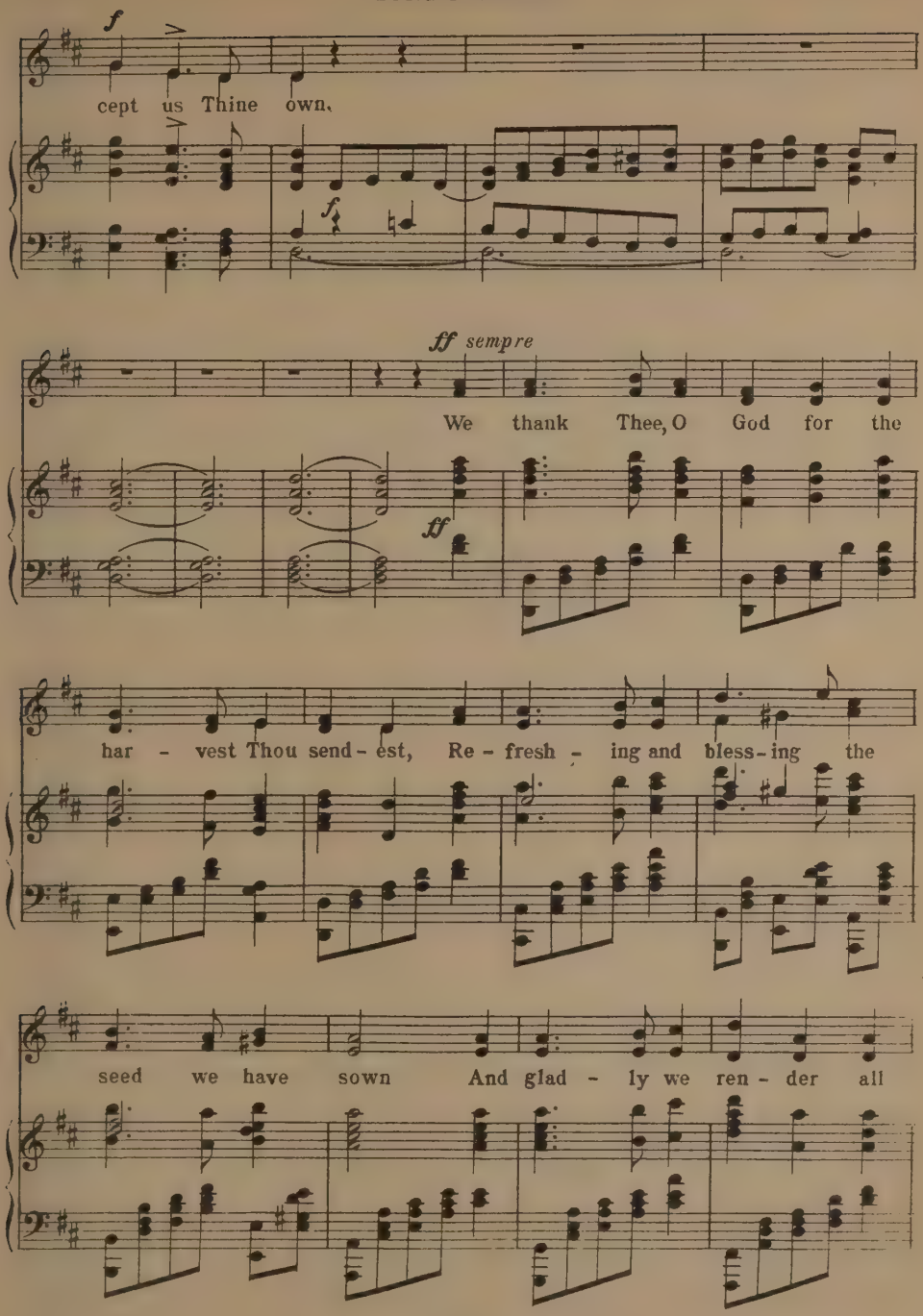
His love as a lamp shin - eth ev - er be - fore us, En -

p

light-'ning and bright-'ning the path He has shown. In joy - ous thanks-

cresc.

giv - ing our hearts sing the cho-rus, O Lord, Guide and Lead-er, ac -


f
cept us Thine own.
f
ff sempre
We thank Thee, O God for the
ff
har - vest Thou send - est, Re - fresh - ing and bless - ing the
seed we have sown And glad - ly we ren - der all

strength that Thou lend - est, O Lord, Guide and

rit. *a tempo*

Lead - er, ac - cept us Thine own,

rit.

fff

ac - - - cept us Thine

ff

own.

ff *fff*

America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates — Samuel A. Ward

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern im-pass-ioned stress A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-a-ting strife, Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

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All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Theodulph of Orleans, circa 820
Translated by John M. Neale, 1854

Melchoir Tichner, 1615
Used by Bach in "St. John's Passion"

1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's ro - yal Son,
3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring.

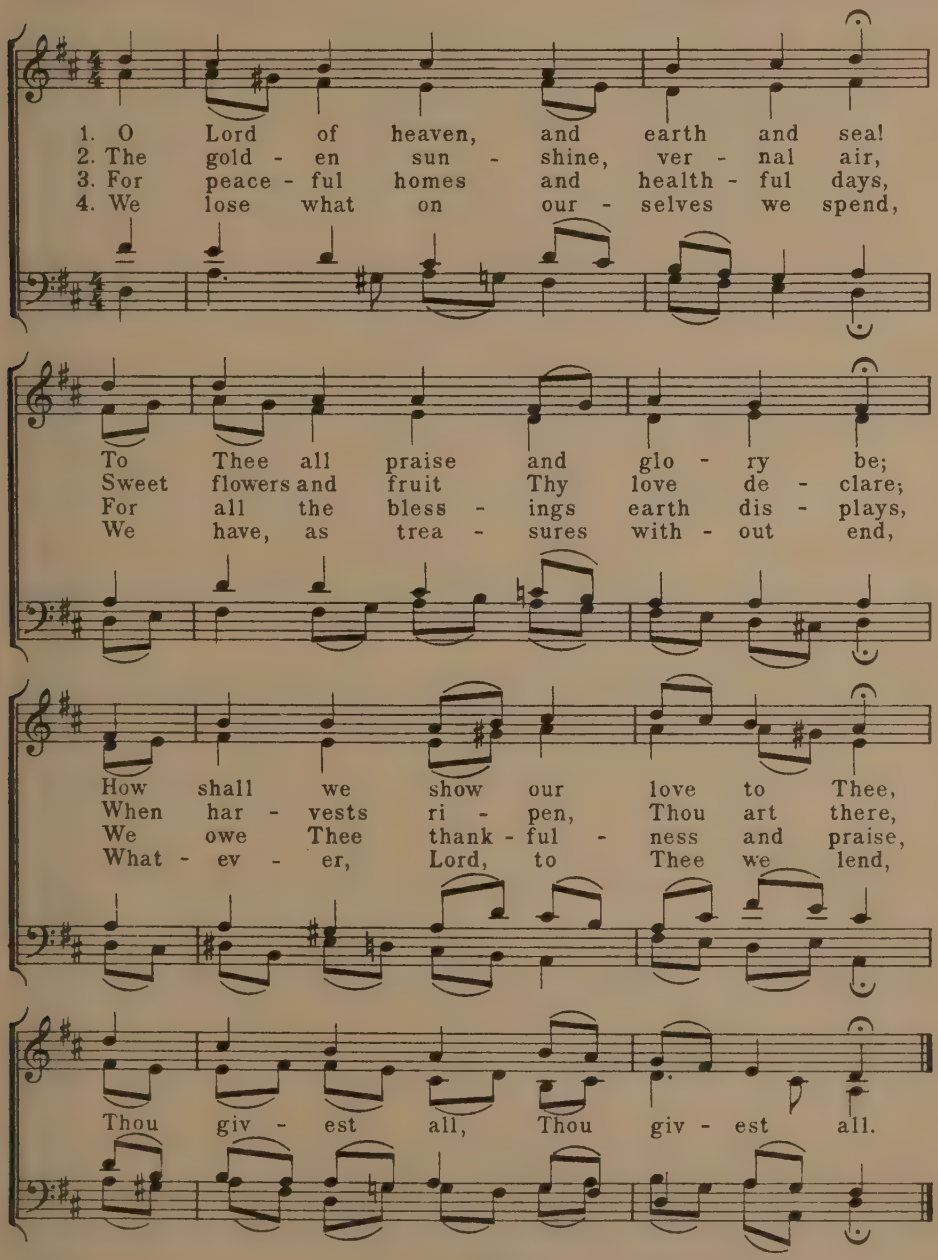
To whom the lips of child - ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One!
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!

The peo-ple loud ex - ult - ing, With palms be - fore Thee went;
To Thee with a - do - ra - tion, They sang their hymns of praise;
All glo-ry laud and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King.

Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed Our mel - o - dy we raise.
To whom the lips of child - ren Made sweet ho - san-nas ring!

O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea

Christopher Wordsworth — Johann Sebastian Bach



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